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ELEMENTS

MORALITY,

FOR THE

USE OF CHILDREN;

WITH AN

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS TO PARENTS.

Translated from the GERMAN of the
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THE FOURTH EDITION.

Recommended by the Committee of Education,
belonging to the Association for discountenancing
Vice, and promoting the Practice of Religion and
Virtue.

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INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

TO

P A R E N T S.

THE design of this Book is to give birth to what we call a **GOOD DISPOSITION** in children: generally as the word is used, it appears to me necessary to ascertain its real meaning. A good disposition is, in my opinion, a superior degree of knowledge: knowledge consists in being acquainted with the characteristics of things; but a good disposition is not confined to a bare acquaintance with their distinguishing characters, it extends to their intrinsic value, and the effects produced by them, to which affection or aversion is, at all times, necessarily attached.

For example, give a child, of five years old, two round yellow pieces, marked with some impression, the one a

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guinea,

guinea, the other a brass counter; shew him the difference between them; tell him that the former is of a clear, the latter of a deep yellow; that one has a fine head, the other a wild uninformed countenance stamped on it; that one is lighter than the other: the child has then acquired a knowledge of both pieces, which may be termed just. But afterwards only make him comprehend the value of the guinea—tell him how many raisins and toys he can purchase with it; you have determined his disposition; he not only knows the guinea, but he loves it.

Teach him that envy is the vexation which is felt at seeing the happiness of others, you will have given him a just idea of it; but shew him its dreadful effects, in the example of Hannah, in chap. 29, who was so tormented by this corroding passion, at her sister's wedding, that she could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, and was so far carried away by it, as to embitter her innocent sister's pleasure: this representation has determined the child's disposition—he will hate envy.



An objection now naturally occurs to me ; how happens it then that children remain indifferent, when the characteristics of envy are pointed out to them ; and feel a degree of abhorrence, when they see a picture of its effect. The answer to this objection is very simple : we love what affords us pleasure, and hate what gives us uneasiness.

As long therefore as I only know a thing by certain distinct characters, I remain indifferent to it ; but as soon as I am persuaded that it will afford me pleasure or pain, I desire or hate it. Suppose, for instance, that my son had never seen any grapes or winter cherries ; I wish to make them known to him, and describe in what respect they differ from each other so clearly, that he can determine the species of plant to which they belong ; I might then, indeed, say, that he had a just conception of both ; but would it make him love one better than the other ? however, bring him some winter cherries and green grapes ; and which do you think his inclination would lead him to at the sight of them ? certainly to the cherries, attracted by the
red

red colour; but let him taste both, and he will, probably, soon alter his tone, and ask for the grapes.

To carry the supposition still further, and taking it for granted that he had the next day a violent tooth-ache, when the grapes and cherries are again brought to him, and he is assured that the former will cool his tooth and occasion a very disagreeable sensation, and that the latter, as they are often prepared, may, perhaps, soften the pain.—Which will he now prefer? doubtless the cherries. By this method it appears, that we may direct the inclination of a child which way we wish, if we only know how to make him rightly comprehend the pleasure or pain which certain things will procure him.

What has been said of grapes and cherries, may also be applied to vice and folly, to the love due to God, our fellow creatures, and ourselves. If the love of God is represented as a desire to do his will, and vice as a departure from his law, they may understand the meaning of both; but if an idea be not given them of the vexation which is inseparable

rable from the latter, and the pleasure which results from the former, they will remain as indifferent as the child was to the fruit, which he only knew by description. This is the reason, I believe, why many children, who have a number of fine maxims by rote, still neglect to practise the virtues they can well so describe; but when experience has taught them, they will continue to prefer that manner of acting from which they expect the most agreeable sensations.

Besides, if I have rightly observed, pleasure and uneasiness are feelings, and I conclude from this, that desire or aversion increases, in proportion as the uneasiness or pleasure attached to a thing is forcibly felt.

If, for example, to make a child have an aversion for idleness, I say to him, idleness, my dear child, is a vice: it makes a man discontented, injures his health, and ruins his circumstances. This discourse, I believe, would not have much effect; for the child cannot form a right idea of discontent, health, or circumstances: but, if I say to him, there was once a farmer, named Brown, who

who was a very idle man, and describe him, as he is drawn in chap. 16. I shall certainly give birth to a wish, at least, not to be idle; for his imagination representing idleness in so lively a manner, in the description of Brown, he will feel the uneasiness inseparable from it.

After this explanation, I hope my design will be understood, when I say, that I aim at giving birth to a good disposition; I have therefore, in little tales, equally marked the value and effects of things, the knowledge of which is the most necessary for children; and endeavour so to address them to their senses, that whilst they strike the imagination, they may be felt by reason.

Some people may imagine that I have overlooked a few subjects. The omission did not arise from forgetfulness. I had a sufficient reason for omitting them. I have not, for example, inserted any tale to represent the usefulness of magistrates, because children are not in any immediate connexion with them, and during their infancy ought to consider their parents and schoolmasters in that light.

Parents

Parents and teachers, I now present this book to you, earnestly wishing that it may have a proper effect on your children, and that the perusal of it may render them more obedient, complaisant, industrious, patient, &c. But I must say a few words to you concerning the right use of it. I do not think that it will have much effect, if you give it to them to read just as they please, for they will naturally be so eager to come to the end of the tales, that the truths which they contain would be passed slightly over; they will suck off the sugar, and leave the medicine which is concealed behind. The hasty reading of so many good lessons must have much the same effect as those dry precepts, which many parents have a custom of continually repeating—none at all. When so much advice is given in a breath, and men are told at once, what they should, and what they should not do, they, in general, do nothing.

I would therefore advise you to relate them yourselves, but not for an hour together, in the cold tone of instruction, or your trouble and mine will be lost.

Rather take advantage of an unexpected moment, after dinner, during a walk, or when the children themselves beg you to tell them something; nay, after you have begun the tale, sometimes break off suddenly; they will entreat you to go on, but you must not be prevailed on; and merely to try their patience, tell them that if they behave well, the following day you will continue the relation.

In this manner their desire to hear the tales will be kept alive, and the relations will appear to them to be a reward, which is always more pleasing to children than instruction. The tales must be told with warmth and interest, or they will have little effect; try to make them have the vivacity of plays, by assuming the voice and manner of the different persons who are mentioned.

It would be useful when children have committed some fault, to relate to them the history, which represents the bad consequences of it, or the excellence of the contrary virtue. But this must be done with great caution, for if the stories be told in a tone of anger, they will soon
become

become disagreeable, and produce a very bad effect. Wait then till the first emotion of anger is over, and when you are sufficiently calm to speak with coolness of the fault which the child has committed, point out the tale most applicable, laying particular emphasis on the bad effects which naturally follow, not as a punishment, but as a consequence.

However, though I am persuaded that the recital of these tales in the manner I have recommended would be the most useful, yet I am afraid that many people, who have not the habit of telling a story well, would find the attempt very irksome, and I advise them to pursue another method.

Let the children read the tales aloud, and after every two or three periods, ask them some pertinent questions. If, for instance, a child is reading the tale, in which it is said, that the poor are necessary to the rich, it may then be pointed out that health and every other blessing of life only arises from good conduct, and that all men are equal, till they distinguish themselves by superior virtues or attainments: dwelling on this circumstance

stance is particularly useful, because children are apt to consider themselves of too much consequence.—This method of making them read is also an excellent exercise to sharpen their attention, and make them reflect.

But where shall I find, asks an affectionate mother, a person who possesses sufficient abilities to instruct my children in this manner?—Respectable woman, since thou hast sufficient tenderness and sense to be anxious about the person to whom thou wishest to intrust the weighty charge of educating thy children, I approach thee with respect, and with pleasure offer thee my advice. The properest person to form the character of thy children, is thyself.

Your sex has undeniably more tenderness than ours; the female voice is, in general, more persuasive and soft, and more easily insinuates itself into the hearts of children. They have a greater affection for their mother, if she do not resign the office, than for any other person in the world, and your vivacity and tenderness will enable you to give a degree of interest and familiarity to the
tales,

tales, which a man who enters into the busy scenes of life will seldom be able to equal.

To you does the pleasing task belong of forming their tempers, and giving them habits of virtue; for as the sight of your breast is a hint to you that you were destined to suckle your children, so is the consciousness of your abilities, and the domestic ties, which so firmly attach your children to you, hints from God, that the first formation of their character belongs to you.

If you have sufficient resolution to persevere, you will be amply recompensed for the trouble this employment gives you, and it will become, after you have acquired a taste for your duty, your most agreeable relaxation. The society of your children, which was, perhaps, sometimes a little troublesome to you, will soon, when you are anxious to improve them, become your dearest enjoyment. You will drink deeply of that inexpressibly sweet pleasure, maternal intimacy, a cordial of which so many mothers only taste a drop.

Your

Your blooming, obedient, active daughters; your robust sons, full of honesty and goodness of heart, will procure you more respect than the most costly ornaments; and when you walk in their company in the meadows, you will see them free from the prejudices, faults, and cares, which in the houses of your neighbours feed pale discontent and marrow-consuming grief; you will find in every word the expression of innocence, good sense, and contentment—then, recollect that you have laid the foundation of all this. What a thought! would you give it up for all the pleasures in the world?

But if through particular circumstances you are prevented from instructing your children yourself, I will give you some further advice: search for a young man of sound understanding and irreproachable morals, who has presence of mind, who on observing a fine moon-light scene, is pleased without ecstasy; who takes a part in the sufferings of his fellow creatures, but at the sight of their misery does not instantly burst into tears; who will not wrinkle his brow when the
 children

children play, but good-humouredly take a part in all their diversions, and make their very toys instruct them.

When you have found this man, confide in him, and be not very anxious to know whether he is acquainted with Latin or Greek, but let him relate every day to your children some little tale, and you will be astonished at the effect it will produce.

But it is from the nature of things, and not because I have written this book, that I expect it will do good; for I cannot help thinking that it has advantages which the generality of books destined for children have not. If I do not deceive myself, it is calculated to catch their attention, and fix sound principles in their hearts. A tone of command, which always gives to any thing good a disagreeable form, and to mischievous tricks a certain charm, is here avoided, because even a good action, which would, perhaps, be done with pleasure, becomes irksome as soon as it is commanded.

Buy a boy a top, shew him how he may use it, and you will see with what pleasure he will whip it. But command him

to do it; tell him he must whip it an hour a day, and he will find an hundred pretences to avoid the employment.

Place in a room a bottle of wine and another of water, and tell the boy that water is very wholesome, and wine very hurtful to children. If he have not already been accustomed to wine, if the praises of some grown up people have not excited a desire to drink it, he will not have any inclination to taste the wine; but if in a tone of command he is told that he must not drink it, he will instantly long for it, and as soon as he is alone begin to sip it.

Laws may indeed engage men to do good and to avoid evil, with respect to exterior acts, but they will never make them love virtue or hate vice. On that account, in this little book, I tried to avoid every thing which appears like laws or commands. It does not say to children, you must not be extravagant; love your parents, &c. but it makes them forcibly feel the bad consequences of extravagance, the happiness of having parents; and this conviction will lead them to hate prodigality, and love their parents.

Though

Though this book does not speak of Jesus Christ, it nevertheless contains the holy doctrines which he came to promulgate ; and one of his principal employments, when amongst us, seems to have been to redeem us from the law. By the precepts which he has given to men, he wished to lead them to virtue, and to avoid vice, not because he has commanded the former, and forbidden the latter ; but because they are persuaded that there is an essential difference between them, one being conducive, and the other injurious to our happiness ; consequently that the one ought to be loved, and the other hated.

For this reason, in many passages of the holy scriptures, I suppose the word faith only to mean a conviction that one action is good, and another hurtful ; and, when the apostle says, that whatever does not proceed from faith is sinful ; he says nothing more, in my opinion, than simply this, that whatever is not done through conviction is sinful : again, when it is asserted that faith only gives merit to our actions before God, this is merely saying, as it appears to me, that our actions only
 please

please God, when we do not do them because they were commanded, but thro' a conviction that they are good and conformable to his wise designs.

When children have been sufficiently instructed in the principles contained in this book, you may speak to them of Jesus Christ, of his person, his doctrines, and his death. You have now prepared the way to their hearts—the vallies are exalted—the mountains laid low—and that which was crooked made straight; that is to say, those prejudices and bad habits, which create a repugnance against the doctrines of the gospel, have been prevented from taking root.

I ought not, however, to forget a very important remark,—this book can only lead children to love good and hate evil; but they are still far from practising virtue, and avoiding vice. When, for instance, I make children comprehend how excellent early rising is, I can make them love it; but if I do nothing more, they will certainly sleep in the morning till the Sun shines on their beds.

To practise good and avoid evil, the mind must be strengthened, and good habits

habits acquired, for without them affection or aversion will not be sufficient to produce active virtue. A whole volume might be written on this subject, but I will restrain my pen, and only give the two following rules: when I have leisure I shall probably treat the subject more at large.

First, constantly procure for your children opportunities to gratify the good inclinations which your narrations have excited. You have, for example, excited in your children a desire to obey you; you must, therefore, in order to lead them daily to practise obedience, sometimes command them to do a thing without telling them why, and sometimes to give up what is dear to them, making them always forcibly feel that they act wisely when they obey; for every virtue is a habit, and habits can only be acquired by exercise.

Secondly, always judge and act as you would wish your children to do, for children have more faith in your actions than in your words. Should one contradict the other, they will, instead of crediting

diting your words, imitate your actions. You may have shewn the deformity of anger; but if on every trifling occasion you suffer yourself to be carried away by passion, and in your heat use improper expressions to your friends and servants, children will not readily believe that anger is so very hateful, when their parents are subject to it. Experienced has convinced me that children catch their faults from their parents and servants; and in education a good foundation is laid when they are not taught to do ill.

Receive now, respectable parents, this Book, with my sincere wish that it may produce much comfort in your families. Great, inexpressibly great would be my reward, if it prove half as useful as I intended it to be.—If it prevent, or root out of our little posterity the number of prejudices, which prey, like poisonous insects, on human happiness,—if it excite in them a love for virtue, and a detestation for every thing mean and vicious,—if it twist the relaxed band between parents and children, and give the former a taste for the sweetest of all enjoyments which

God

God has sent us—a taste for domestic pleasures. Those which are sought for from home are, in general, costly, producing trouble and weariness of mind, and weakness and pain of body; on the contrary, the felicity which is enjoyed in the bosom of our families is always within our reach, and healthful both to the mind and body. Without domestic happiness, no other joys are able to procure us lasting satisfaction, or tranquillity, but when this is secure, all others please.



ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

CHAPTER I.



IN the city of Bristol lived once a merchant, whose name was Jones. He was an honest man, and had been so attentive to business, that in the course of ten or twelve years he acquired a large fortune; sufficient to procure more than the necessaries of life. He had a flower-garden, and his house was hung round with various beautiful pictures; besides, he could afford, when he wished, to ride in a coach, to drink wine, to enjoy many pleasures which men may live very contentedly without; therefore he was called a rich man.

But amongst the various beautiful things which he possessed, none were so dear to him as his wife and two children, Charles and Mary. After the fatigue of business, he always rested himself in their society; and a cheerful look from his wife, a kiss from his children, afforded him more delight than all his fine furniture and pictures.

He seldom relished any pleasure without them, but was constantly endeavouring to contrive such amusements as would both instruct and please them. When he walked in his garden, or in the fields, before breakfast, to taste the sweet morning air, and hear the birds sing, or sought the cool shade in the evening, they in general went with him, unless the children had been naughty, but this seldom happened, for they really were good; and though they probably had many of the faults common to children, yet they always sincerely desired to please their parents, and every body. One day Mr. Jones was sitting with his wife and children by the side of a river, eating cherries with them; he pointed to the fish as they sported in the water, and related many wonderful things of the animals, which our gracious Creator had given life to in the water.—He was interrupted by the sound of wheels.

The children eagerly listened, and looked earnestly up at their father's face, as it were to ask leave to run to the road side to see the sight. He smiled, waved his hand, and away they both ran, and saw a beautiful coach drawn by four black prancing horses. Make haste, make haste, cried the children, come and see this fine carriage! Mr. Jones was willing to indulge them; but when the gentleman in the coach saw him, he stopped it, and jumping out caught Mr. Jones by the hand, and shook it in the most friendly manner, saying, how glad I am that I chanced to meet you, for I am now returning disappointed from your house,
where

where I hoped to have found you. Mr. Jones invited Sir William, for he was a baronet, to sit down and partake of their little feast; but he excused himself, because his stomach was weak, and he was afraid of the evening air. I came, added he, to request your company at my country seat to-morrow, because it is my birth day, and I shall be happy to see Mrs. Jones and the children: I know she is never willing to leave the little ones at home. They began to smile, and made signs to each other, as much as to say, yes, we shall go; our father will go and take us with him. Mr. Jones, reading in the face of his wife, and the eager looks of the children, that they wished him to go, readily gave his consent; and the children jumped for joy, as they attended Sir William to the carriage.

They then returned, and seated themselves again round the basket of cherries, and could talk of nothing but the pleasure they expected the next day.

Going home they were full of little plans, and asked so many questions, that they stopped at their own door before they were aware of it. A servant was directly sent to hire a coach, which she was to order exactly at five o'clock in the morning. The children were then sent to bed, and were desired by their parents, when they kissed them, and bade them good night, to remember and rise early to dress themselves in time, that they might not have to wait for them.

Mary was up before four; she roused the whole house, and ran from room to room, singing and dancing; and when she saw her mother ready to go down stairs, she returned to her own room to look for her bonnet.—Suddenly she dropped her song, and remained silent near her closet door, on the floor of which her bonnet lay: she had tossed it carelessly there when she returned from paying a visit with her mother. Her brother, who had followed her, saw her eyes full of tears, and enquired what was the matter that she would not come and play with him.

Let me alone, said she, I do not know what I shall do. He ran, half crying, to his mother, to know the cause.—What have you done to Mary? said he, in a sorrowful tone; we were laughing and playing together just now, and indeed I have not vexed her, yet she turns her back on me, and will not speak to me.

The maid brought in the breakfast, whilst they were speaking.—Go and call your sister, answered the mother, and I shall soon hear what is the matter with her. He went, but quickly returned, saying his sister could not eat any breakfast this morning.—Not eat any breakfast! repeated the tender mother; go again, and desire her to come to me directly.

Mary came trembling, her eyes were red with weeping; she hung down her head, and held in her hand, behind her, the muslin bonnet her mother had made her when she went last time to see her cousins; it was covered with dirt, and unfit to wear

wear. How has this happened? asked Mrs. Jones. Pray my dear mother forgive me, sobbed out the weeping girl, and indeed I will never in my life again neglect to do as you bid me, and put my bonnet in the box. The father entered and saw her in tears, and his wife, whom he had left a moment before very cheerful, now looked vexed and angry. She pointed to the dirty rumpled bonnet; and Mary caught her father's hand, still crying, but unable to speak: poor girl, said he, you have deprived yourself of the pleasure we wished to procure you. Dear father, dear mother, cried Mary, turning from one to the other, surely you will not leave me at home.—Oh! you will not leave me! My child, answered her mother, do you not know that you have not another bonnet fit to go in; and that this is the second time that you have neglected to put it by in the box I gave you, that you might keep it clean till you wanted to wear it again; I cannot help you: I must leave you at home, because I should be ashamed to let you appear in company such a dirty figure. I shall not enjoy half the pleasure I expected, now I am obliged to leave you at home; but remember, that the disappointment entirely arises from your own thoughtlessness, and your not paying proper attention to my example, who always keep my clothes in order.

Mary would have said more, but they saw the coach drive up to the door, and finished their breakfast in a hurry, not to keep the horses waiting. Mr. Jones took hold of Charles's hand;
and

and after desiring Mary to be more careful for the future, they drove off, leaving her weeping on the steps. Her longing eyes followed the carriage till it turned the corner of the street; then she stole sobbing to her own room, undressed herself, and wept till her eyes were sore. *What a hateful thing is slovenliness*, said she; it has deprived me of all my promised pleasure. The other day, when my little cousins came to our house, I was ashamed to go into the parlour, because I had thrown ink on my frock, after my mother desired me to be careful. Another day, an old gentleman came into the room, when they were playing with me; he kissed them all, and gave them some fruit—yes, all of them—yet he left me standing as if he did not see me: my mother told me afterwards, that he was angry with me because my face was dirty, and my hair tangled; now I am left at home, and I have vexed my father and mother; I know that they love me, and wished to take me with them, when they went in a coach such a pleasant journey.—How the sun shines, and here I am alone, crying, instead of going with them to see a fine house and garden—foolish girl that I am!

She sat silent some time; then dried her eyes, and began to fold up her clothes, and put her drawers and closet in order; and she gave the house-maid a shilling, she had saved, to wash the bonnet, over which she had shed so many tears. This employment amused her a little while; but she

she began to cry again, when she had no more to do. My shilling is thrown away, thought she, as much as if I had tossed it out of the window; had I been more careful, I might have bought a new book full of stories, or have given it to the poor girl my mother sent my old shoes to, whom I yesterday saw trembling with cold; it is all my own fault: *Ob! this slovenliness is a nasty thing.*

Mean while the coach drove quickly over hill and dale.

CHAPTER II.

ABOUT eleven o'clock they reached Sir William's fine house; a servant received them, and made an excuse for his master, who was still in bed: he informed them that he had caught cold by being out so late the evening before, in the air; and had taken something warm when he went to rest, which obliged him to stay longer in bed than usual. He then offered to shew them the way to the breakfast parlour; but Mr. Jones, who saw the garden through the hall look very inviting, proposed a walk, and his wife and son readily consented.

It was a beautiful garden, or rather pleasure ground; and every sweet path offered something new to their view, whilst they breathed the air perfumed

perfumed by violets, pinks, roses, and various other flowers: they came to a grass-plat which surpassed all, and commanded a fine extensive view of the country; a little stream, artfully conducted from a neighbouring river, bubbled through it, and pretty seats made of roots and plaited osiers were placed under shady trees. They stopped to feast their eyes with the smiling prospect, and sat down on one of the inviting seats; for some time they remained quite silent, 'till, pressing each other's hands, they said, all at once, well, this is beautiful! this is charming! After they had gazed some time, Mr. Jones observed that man was a noble creature; that he made all nature bend to his power, and by his industry turned a barren waste into a fruitful garden, planting therein a number of wholesome vegetables and sweet flowers, collected from different parts of the world; forcing the wild trees to produce delicious apples and pears, and making the water run over dry ground.

While he was speaking, they heard a little noise behind the hedge: Charles started up to look from whence it came, and saw a poor labourer eating his dinner; a crust of brown bread, and a morsel of cheese. This was his whole meal, and he washed it down with a draught of pure water from the brook. Look, said Charles, there sits a very poor man, who has nothing to eat but bread and cheese, and only water to drink. Poor man! I pity him. And yet he may, perhaps, be a contented man, answered his father. Come,

we

we will try to make an acquaintance with him; and hear what he has to say for himself. They turned down another walk, and found the man under a shady tree. In his countenance they saw; when they approached nearer, a look of honesty; and contentment smiled in every rough feature.

God give a blessing to your meal, said Mr. Jones: thank you master, replied the countryman. And do you contrive to live contented, my good man, asked Mr. Jones; for this little boy thinks you must be very unhappy with such a scanty meal? The world goes very well with me, master, replied he, I wish it went as well with every body as with me: *I am well, thank God, and health is dearer to me than a whole sack-full of gold*: as long as I have health, I can work hard, and laugh at the foolish fancies rich people vex themselves about. After I have dug from five in the morning almost till noon, blest my heart, how good I find my meal; with what an appetite I eat my bread and cheese; believe me, my noble master, though he be lord of the manor, finds not his dainties half as good; and when I go to bed, my sleep is so sound, I do not want a soft bed, I assure you; nay, I could sleep on the ground, if it was to come to that. I have worked in this garden ten years, and maintained my wife and children by the sweat of my own brow; have had a decent coat to go to church in, and a bit of meat of a Sunday, if times were not very hard; and no one ever heard John complain, I will be bold to say: but, thank God, I

have never been sick; sickness throws a man sadly back in the world, and sends many a poor child to the workhouse.—John was going on, but a servant came to tell them that Sir William was up, and waited for them; so they were obliged to wish John a good morning.

They hastened to the house. What a grand house! The hall was supported by pillars of fine marble, with beautiful statues in the niches; and a number of servants were busy preparing for dinner.

They mounted a noble flight of stairs, and were conducted through some large rooms, elegantly furnished and hung with pictures and glasses richly gilt: at last they were ushered into the drawing-room, and saw Sir William reclining on a sofa, leaning his head on his hand; his face was pale, and his languid eyes, sunk in their red sockets, were scarcely opened. When they entered, he rose with some difficulty to receive them. Excuse my staying in bed, said he, for I have had a wretched night; towards the morning I slumbered an hour or so, but I am not at all the better for it. My head, my head is very heavy, and my stomach turns at the very sight of food; I have an oppression at my breast, a stitch in my side. Oh! Oh!—Mr. Jones expressed his compassion, and he went on for an hour, giving them a history of his various complaints: he mentioned a number of physicians, to whom he had applied; described the disagreeable operations he had undergone, and the nauseous medicines he had taken.

taken. Before he had finished the dismal recital more company entered, who wished him joy, as is usual on birth days ; but he could only complain of his disorders, which rendered life a burthen, and would not allow him one day to rejoice with his visitors. His lowness of spirits spread a gloom over the conversation, 'till they were relieved by a servant who came to tell them that dinner was served up, and all the company gladly repaired to the dining parlour.

They passed through a range of servants, who stood in the hall, dressed in rich liveries ; and, on entering the room, it was a superb sight to see the table covered with silver dishes, and plate and glass glittering on noble sideboards. They were soon seated, and one course followed another, consisting of the greatest dainties the season afforded, dressed in such various ways, that it would require the knowledge of a French cook to describe them : sweetmeats, fruit, and many different sorts of wine, were last placed before them. A fine band of music struck up, and played the most lively airs ; and the company seemed to enjoy the feast, all but Sir William : he was helped to many things, which he sent away after he had tried to eat a bit or two, to shew his respect for the company.

When they returned to the drawing-room to drink coffee, Mr. Jones and his son stood with Sir William at a bow-window, to view the grand prospect it commanded. A fine tract of ground extended itself on every side, but it was
only

only a part of Sir William's great estate. I am glad to see you so happy, said Mr. Jones, addressing his friend: you have all that the heart of man could wish for; your garden, your house, your table and servants are princely. Happy! exclaimed Sir William, I! wretched man! I believe there crawls not under the Sun a more miserable creature than I am. *Of what use are all these things, when I have not health?* Did you not remark, that I scarcely tasted of any of the dishes; and all my costly furniture is lost on me. I am so continually in pain, that when I lie down I turn from side to side, unable to sleep; or should I slumber, frightful dreams, the consequence of a slow fever, fatigue me as much as watchfulness. You tell me that my garden is pleasant: I seldom walk in it, lest I should catch cold; and my children were all so weak, they died in their infancy. I have no one to nurse me, and sickness makes all my acquaintance fly from me.—It is true, many of my relations visit me; but I think they only come to calculate how long I shall thus gradually be sinking into the grave. Believe me, my dear friend, I often wish to be in the place of one of my day labourers; to be able to eat, drink, sleep, and laugh; and to have children to take care of me in my old age. I see them dancing round my sturdy plowman; while I, wretched man, am a burthen to myself.

He raised his eyes towards Heaven, and a tear stole down his pale cheeks.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER III.

AFTER dinner, Charles went to play in the garden, and was so delighted with the variety of new objects which caught his eye wherever it turned, that he thought he could never see enough. At last he observed, through the garden gate, that there was still much more to be seen. A river ran through the meadows, and willows grew on its banks. He followed its winding course, 'till a wood diverted his attention; now, thought he, I must see where that pretty path leads. He ran to it, and trembled with pleasure when he entered the cool shade; but he had scarcely advanced twenty steps before he lost sight of the meadows. Thick bushes surrounded him; above which oaks and beeches raised their proud heads; on whose top he only saw a little blue sky. All was still, as in an uninhabited country; unless the croaking of a raven, or the cooing of a wood-pigeon, resounded through the trees. This gloom, the profound silence, and the hoarse croaking which sometimes interrupted it, made Charles feel an indistinct sensation of fear. He advanced cautiously, and looked round with timidity at every step. Sometimes it came into his head to turn back, but still he loitered, attracted by

by the sight of many wild flowers he had never seen before, and other pretty things.

One moment he pursued a butterfly; then stopped to gather blackberries, and here and there he found some wood strawberries; sometimes he gathered them for his mother, then for himself. In short, when he had his pockets and hands full of blackberries and flowers, he resolved to turn back and seek for the garden gate. He turned, quickened his pace, and walked a long time looking forward, expecting every moment to see the end of the wood; but he looked in vain; he walked till he was tired, yet no meadows could he see. Then it came into his head that he had lost himself, and was wandering still further out of his way. At this thought, he felt a cold shivering run over his body, and he could hardly draw his breath, his heart was so full. *What will become of me, thought he, if I am obliged to remain in the wood, with nothing to eat or drink! must I—oh, must I lie in the dark; perhaps, a serpent, or some bad man, may come and kill me whilst I am asleep. I have heard my mother talk of gypsies, who strip little children, and leave them naked or carry them away, and they never see their dear parents any more. O my mother, dear mother, I shall never see you again!—*He was so disturbed by these sad apprehensions, that he knew not what to do, or which way to turn. But he might easily have found his way out, if he had had sense enough to remark the position of the sun, and direct his steps accordingly; or if he had pursued a beaten

beaten path, it would have led him to a village, or at least to a farm-house ; but fear made him incapable of reflection. He never thought of looking at the sun ; and after pursuing one path a little while, he turned without any reason into another, which for a moment he believed to be the right one. Once he was indeed in the right path, because he found a branch of blackberries which he had left there, intending to take them home with him when turned back. Had he been a man, he would probably have continued in this road ; but the reason of a little child is as weak as its body. He could not reason justly on account of his youth ; and wanted his father's advice to teach him how to think, as much as his strong arm to support a poor tired boy, whose legs tottered under him.

More and more confused, he scrambled through thorns and briars at the glimpse of a new path. In this state of anxiety, the night came on. It grew darker and darker, and as the day shut in, he began to weep aloud. However, the moon soon was up ; it was at the full, and enlightened the whole wood ; but it only increased poor Charles's terror. Whilst it was dark the wood appeared all black, and he could not distinguish any particular thing to be afraid of ; but the confined light of the moon gave to the objects around him the strangest appearance. At a little distance he fancied that he saw a little black man sitting, waving his head backwards and forwards, that then a great white thing came out of a bush ; nay, that a death's head peeped through an oak,
and

and not far from it something with horns and a long tail. In fact there were none of these things; he only saw bushes, broken branches, and a white horse; yet fear rendered his mind so weak, that he could not consider tranquilly how foolish his conjectures were, nor had he sufficient courage to approach to see the objects distinctly.

At last he recollected his father's advice, and fell on his knees and prayed to God to have pity on him. Oh, my father, who art in Heaven, he sobbed out, forsake not a poor lost child! Tears almost choaked him; but he was soon roused by a rustling among the bushes, and now indeed he really saw a tall black figure approach him, with a white cap on its head, and a milk white pigeon flying before it. He started up, but was so weak that his legs sunk under him, and he fell again on the ground; however, as he plainly saw it advance nearer and nearer, fear gave him strength, and screaming out he sprang forward.—The thing followed him, crying *stop, stop*; but he ran heedlessly on, and running against the root of a tree he fell and was caught.

The terror which seized him is not to be described; he neither heard nor saw any thing, and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth when he attempted to utter a few half formed words.

Notwithstanding all this terror, the black man was not such a wicked thing as Charles supposed; his hand, far from being as cold as ice, was warm, and pressed him gently. Poor child, said he, what aileth

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aileth thee? how camest thou here? and why art thou afraid of me?

The black man was obliged to repeat these questions several times before Charles had power to answer him. At last, gathering a little courage, he asked, with a trembling voice, who are you? I am, replied the black man,, neither a spirit nor a thief, but the curate of a village not far off. Now the half dead Charles began to breathe again; and observing the figure his imagination had made so hideous, he saw in reality a clergyman with a white wig.

The joy he felt may easily be conceived, for he now hoped to find his way out of the wood, conducted by this friendly man; but recollecting himself, he asked, where is the white pigeon which flew before you? A white pigeon, answered he, I did not see one; where should it come from at such a late hour, when most birds are at roost? Fear has undoubtedly clouded your sight. While he was speaking, Charles saw him rub a white handkerchief across his forehead, for he had been walking fast to hasten home, and had taken off his hat to wipe his temples when Charles took his wig for a huge cap. Now that he was more at his ease he could reflect, and sensibly concluded, that fear had transformed that very white handkerchief into a pigeon.

Glad

Glad to hear the sound of his own voice, and to hold a man's hand, he began to relate how he came into the wood, lost himself, and what terrible things he had seen, adding, when I saw you coming, I thought—I know not what I thought, I was so terrified. And did you not tell your parents, asked the clergyman, that you were going to walk in the wood? No, replied Charles. The clergyman drew back a step or two, astonished, and let fall his hand, saying, thy father know nothing of it!—what an imprudent child thou art. Such a young boy, who can have learned so little, should never have ventured out of the house without leave. God put it into the hearts of men to keep their children longer at home with them, than dogs keep their puppies, or hens their chickens, because a child is still more helpless, has more to learn, and could not so readily find its own food, or act properly, if not directed by a man who had lived a long time in the world. As you grow taller, if you are a good boy, you will grow wiser, and learn from the example of your parents, and other men, how to take care of yourself. But now your parents know that you are so ignorant and helpless they will be very uneasy. Charles had forgotten every thing when he was terrified almost out of his wits; but he began to cry again, as soon as he thought of his father and mother. Be easy, said Mr. Benson, for that was the name of the clergyman, I will send a message to them as soon as I reach home. Charles again recovered his spirits, and encouraged by the kind treatment

treatment he had met with, ventured to ask more questions.

Charles. Dear Sir, where are all the things I saw just now?—the little man in black—the death's head—the horns?

Curate. I will explain the matter to you. Did you not perceive that as soon as you imagined you had lost yourself, you thought of all the accidents which could happen to a lost child; you trembled, and could scarcely breathe;—was it not so?

Charles. Yes, just so.

Curate. What you felt was fear. Fear is a sad thing, it makes people very foolish. They can neither see clearly, nor hear distinctly, when it becomes violent; and it seems as if all the accidents they thought of were just at hand: and they often, indeed, have cause to be sorry; for thinking they have not strength to avoid the real danger, they make no effort, or run directly into the evils they should shun.

This happened to a man who now lives in my parish, who was a soldier in America last war. He was an idle boy, and never learned to think or do any thing in a regular manner. Very late in the evening of a winter's day, his captain had occasion to send him in a hurry, with some orders to a detached troop, and he was obliged to cross the skirts of one of the vast wastes in America. He had often heard that the natives lurked in thickets, and rode trembling along, expecting to see them rush out of every bush. At last he actually thought

thought he saw a body of the copper-coloured men, who inhabit those trackless woods, coming towards him with menacing gestures, loud shouts, and horrid yells, as he had heard described. Tho' all was still, save the rustling of the leaves, which a strong wind whistled through, he imagined that they were close at his heels, and spurring his horse, it set off full speed, till he let fall the reins; endeavouring to catch them again, he fell over the horse's head, and broke his leg by the fall. On the ground he remained a long time groaning, till his groans reached the ears of one of those men whom we Europeans with white complexions call savages; his heart, however, was humane; the same blood warmed it which mounts to beautify a fair face. He held the soldier's head against his bosom till he recovered his senses, then took him on his shoulders, and carried him to his cabin; for the terrified man had actually approached one. He soon gathered some sticks together, lighted a fire, and brought him all the refreshment the cabin afforded; afterwards he made him a bed, covering a mat with the skins of all the wild animals he had killed. Nor was this all; he ran fearlessly to the same common to seek for some herbs, which he applied to his wound and bound up his leg. Every day did he hunt for food, and dress it for the enemy of his country; and when he could limp along, carried him within sight of the camp, and pressing his sick brother's hand against his forehead, he prayed the Great Spirit to take

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take care of him, and conduct him safe to his own country.

It was just the same in your case; you thought so long of the accidents you had heard of, that you created them. Believe me, the little black man, the death's head, and the rest of the things you have mentioned, were only branches of trees, which your terrified mind, like the soldier's, gave forms to, though in fact no such things were nigh. If you had not been terrified, and had always followed the same beaten path, you would certainly have found your way out of the wood, for it is not very extensive: but fear made you wander foolishly from one path to another, without considering what you ought to have done the moment you discovered that you had lost your way. If I had not met you, some unlucky accident might, through this unreasonable fear, have befallen you, for you looked like a fool when I caught you. Charles now held the clergyman's hand still faster: and when you saw me, continued he, how did you feel?

Charles. I can scarcely tell you, I trembled in every joint; tried to scream out for help, but my tongue would not move, and when I attempted to run, my legs bent under me.

Curate. What you felt was the passion of fear, which is very useful to make men careful, when directed by reason; but very hurtful to weak men and children, who have not sufficient strength of mind to moderate it, and keep it within due bounds. I have heard of men who have

have suddenly dropped down dead with terror, or been seized with dreadful fits : and sometimes it renders them so foolish that they lose all their senses for a moment, and fly into the very danger they wish to avoid.

My own experience taught me this. When I was at the university, the house in which I lived took fire. You may suppose that we were all terrified, to see the flames bursting out at midnight ; but my presence of mind soon returned ; I hastened to pack up my books and clothes, and carried them to a place of safety, and returned to assist the rest of the family. But the student who lodged in the next chamber to me was so disturbed by fear that he knew not what to do—lost time in enquiring how the fire began, and complaining of the carelessness of the servants : in short, he brought nothing out of his chamber but an old draught board ; and if I had not exerted myself, all his books would have been lost, as well as his clothes, which I had not time to carry away. If then, my child, you wish to live contented, and have such a degree of presence of mind as will enable you to be useful to your fellow creatures, guard against vain fears.

Charles. But how am I to do it ? Now the terror is over—I wonder at my fear ; it is quite gone.

Curate. It is not possible to guard against all fear, or entirely banish the sudden sensations which, in a certain degree, are useful, or God would not have planted them in our mind, but

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try to moderate them by reflection, that they may not disturb your reason and senses; and only fear the danger you really see, and not those your fancy creates. You will soon succeed, if you think often that many things have not happened as you feared they would, and that those you could not avoid were not half so dreadful as you had represented to yourself in the first moment of fear. You should try to think of the best method to avoid real danger, instead of giving way to fear, which creates imaginary difficulties. If you are good, and learn to think as you grow up, your mind will grow strong, and you will acquire true courage, which in the hour of danger keeps the head clear, and enables the mind to see the proper step which it should resolutely take, undisturbed by unnecessary terror.—When you can trust in God, however, as you now trust in me, you will have nothing to fear.—A child looks up to a man for protection—a man to God.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER IV.

YES, *there he is!* my dearest husband.—
There comes our father, our dear father! cried
out the wife and children of the curate, who had
expected him above an hour, and growing a little
uneasy, came towards the wood to meet him.
His wife kissed his cheek, and two of the children
caught his hand, while the little one, who could
not speak plain, embraced his knees.

They instantly asked who that little boy was,
whom he had brought home in his hand? He
informed them, in a few words, that he was a
child who had rambled into the wood unknown
to his parents, and lost himself. At the same
time requested his wife to walk home before them,
and call on one of his poor parishioners, who
would, for a mug of cyder, go to relieve Char-
les's parents from their anxiety, by assuring them
that he was safe; he added, that he would follow
her slowly with the children, because the poor
stray child was so fatigued he could not walk fast.
The tender mother, feeling for the afflicted pa-
rents, hastened to the village, and sent a peasant
immediately with a message to them. The cler-
gyman followed with his three children, who
tripped along before him, while he slackened his

pace

pace that he might converse with Charles, who could hardly drag one foot after the other.

Curate. Were you pleased, my dear, to see my children run with so much joy to meet and kiss me?

Charles. O yes! If my father were now to meet us, I should do so too, I should be so glad.

Curate. You would be glad, and why?

Charles. Why? Sir, I do not understand you; he is very good to me, and loves me dearly; how can I help being glad when I see him again?

Curate. Do you know then what joy is? We feel it when something agreeable suddenly occurs. My wife and children rejoiced to see me again, because they love me, and know that I have their good at heart, and you would on the same account rejoice to see your parents.

But believe me, my dear child, that even joy, when it is too strong, does as much harm as violent fear. It disturbs the operations of the understanding to such a degree, that a man is no longer directed by reason, and in this confusion often hurts himself. I have a sister who fainted when she heard that she had gained a great prize in the lottery: and a peasant in my parish, whose son came home suddenly from sea, after he had given him up for lost above five years, felt such lively joy, that he ran like a madman down stairs, and missing a step, fell and snapt his ancle. — Guard then against immoderate joy.

Charles. How am I to guard against it?

C

Curate.

Curate. You must often think that the unexpected good is never as great as we at first imagine, and that there is always something disagreeable attached to it.

My sister, for instance—her prize caused her much vexation. As soon as it was known that she had been so fortunate, all her relations flocked round; some borrowed money, and others received handsome presents from her; yet few of them were satisfied; and after they had tormented her almost to death, they did not scruple to call her unfeeling and covetous. If she had foreseen all this care, or only considered a moment that riches never purchased content, she would not have fainted through excess of joy. And as for the peasant's son, who returned so unexpectedly from sea, he had been from ship to ship, and became a thief; so that after he came back he would neither work nor obey his father. If the unfortunate parent had thought of this, and represented to himself that perhaps the son, who had so long neglected to write to his old father, might not be an honest man, he would not have been so intoxicated with joy, nor have stepped so heedlessly.

They now approached the Curate's house, and the dog sprang out to meet them, testifying his joy by a number of tricks and marks of fondness, till they all entered through the garden into the house.

CHAPTER V.

THE Curate's wife received her dear guests very affectionately; and after informing them that she had sent the message to Charles's parents, she conducted them into the room in which she had spread a table for supper.

It was a very frugal one. There was neither meat nor pastry to be seen, a plate of cherries and some bread and milk made the whole of the meal. But the healthy, kind faces which surrounded the table, made it appear much more pleasant than Sir William's grand feast.

Come children, let us eat and be merry, said the good clergyman, we are in health, are hungry, and here is sufficient to satisfy us; and, turning to Charles, he added, you are with good, friendly people, and what more is necessary to make us all happy?

Charles seated himself, and eat with a good appetite; and he grew still more lively, when Mr. Benson began a conversation which was entirely new to him. How, asked he, have you nothing new to relate? His wife soon related that she had read of a Lady, who when an acquaintance visited her, and begged to see her jewels, and other precious things, sent for her children, and said, behold my treasure; these are dearer to me than

all the gold or jewels in the world.—George, the eldest son, told the little history of a man who had been ship-wrecked, and hearing all the crew lament the loss of their goods, said calmly, I have every thing with me. Henry, the youngest son, said that he had read of a nobleman, who would not give his daughter to a gentleman, who had demanded her in marriage, before he had learned a mechanical trade. The little Caroline lisped out something about a young mouse, who had not obeyed its mother, and went, contrary to her advice, to play with the cat, who caught her and worried her to death. And the curate entertained the company with the history of a ghost, which in the beginning was very dreadful to hear, but in the end excited a universal laugh, because it soon appeared that it was only the trick of some giddy young people, who wished to amuse themselves by terrifying others.

It was a custom at the Curate's, that whoever supped with them, should repeat something to amuse the company; and now came Charles's turn; they pressed him, according to custom, to tell them a story; but as he could not recollect one, he simply related how he had wandered out of the garden and lost himself. As he was obliged, during the relation, to speak sometimes of his father and mother, they soon perceived that after uttering their names he became more sad, and before he concluded, tears rushed into his eyes, and he asked permission to leave the room for a moment. He was allowed to retire, and not returning

ing soon, the Curate sought all over the house and in the yard for him; but no Charles could he find. At last he discovered him behind the kitchen door, crying bitterly.

Curate. What is the matter with my little guest?

Charles. Nothing at all.

Curate. Something must ail you, or you would not cry.

Charles. *Ah! if I were with my dear father and mother!*

Curate. You now feel, my child, sorrow, or a violent and uneasy desire to see some absent person, whom you love; I do not blame you for it, no one ought to be so dear to a good child as his parents; and he should feel a little uneasy when he is parted from them. But my dear child, if you would live contented, you must learn to moderate this as well as fear and joy, or you will miss many pleasures. Do you think you can bring them here by your longing and crying? Certainly not; you know it is impossible. Of what use is then this violent desire, which makes you so very uncomfortable?—Come, we are just ready to begin to play in the parlour, where you will find something to amuse you and make you laugh; but if you still obstinately indulge your useless longing, you will lose, at least, one pleasant hour of your life. Come with me and be cheerful; your father and mother are well; before this time, they know that you are with those who will take care of you, therefore they are no longer uneasy.

uneasy on your account. To-morrow I will take you to them, then you may kiss and talk to them as much as you please.

Charles. No, no, leave me alone, let me cry here, I cannot play.

Curate. Well, if you will cry, I cannot help you.

He returned to the parlour, and they all came round him, asking eagerly, where is he? what is the matter with poor Charles?

Curate. Behind the kitchen door, sighing and crying after his father and mother.

Poor boy, they all said, in the same breath, let us try to do something for him. They ran out, and taking him by the hand, they prayed him not to cry; but he cried still more. They drew him into the parlour; but he turned his face to the wall and continued to sob.

Begin to play, children, said the Curate, the evening is passing away; but they did not hear him, they were so anxious to persuade the little stranger to leave off crying. So it happens, continued he, when we long for any thing out of our reach; we not only deprive ourselves of much pleasure; but by continuing to weep and lament we disturb the social comfort of our friends. I have looked forward during the whole day to the pleasure I should enjoy this evening;—my wife and children have eagerly expected my return, and this little boy destroys all; come, my dear, take the children to bed, and I will go to my chamber.

chamber. He rose, and they all prepared to follow him, quite disappointed.

Charles now began to reflect, that it was very ungrateful and unbecoming to disturb the pleasure of those good people who had taken so much pains to amuse him. Dear Sir, said he, do not go to bed, I will not cry any more, I will play, only stay a moment. Then all were alive again, and little Caroline kissed him, saying, he will be a good boy; that he will.—They soon brought their stools back, and seated themselves round the table.

Now, my dear, said the Curate to his wife, which of the children has behaved best to day? Henry smiled. Do you not see, answered she, in the smile of the little blue-eyed boy, that he has been the most industrious, attentive child to-day. The Curate took him by the hand, and said, while he kissed him and pinched his cheek, are you not contented since you have this evening received such praise? Do always your duty, my child, and you will ever find this sweet satisfaction. However, I am going to procure you another pleasure; you shall choose the game you love best, and we will all play at it.

The play of the merchant, said Henry.

Good children, said the Curate, this evening let us play the pleasant play of the merchant; I am the merchant; I have to sell all sorts of catables, beautiful clothes, books and natural curiosities; in short, all that you wish for at a just price. Every one must now ask for something. Then the Curate enquired where they were made?—of what material?

terial?—who made them?—the use they were of?—and how much they commonly cost?—and whoever could not answer these questions, or answered wrong, must pay a forfeit: George, for instance, asked for a hat; and he was questioned, who made it?—of what it was made?—if there were more than one sort of hats?—and of what use they are to men, &c.

This ever furnished something to laugh at, and particularly when they drew out the forfeits. At last all were redeemed.—Let us once more play, they all cried out. The Curate shook his head: I thought you would be more moderate in your pleasures, and go to bed. But the children begged and kissed their father's hands and cheeks, till he said, well, play once more, but you will soon see what will happen.

They then began to play again, but not in such a spirited manner as at first; and they were all soon weary. George began to yawn, Henry to rub his eyes; Charles was almost nodding with sleep, and the little Caroline began to cry and complain, to bed mama, will you go to bed;—and George himself asked, if they might soon leave off playing? *So it happens, said the Curate, when we know not how to be moderate in our pleasures; vexation or disgust always follows. If you had left off playing in time, you would have gone to bed contented; but you are now dissatisfied.*

Thus ended the play, and all the children went to bed. Caroline half crying for want of sleep, and the rest weary and almost out of humour.

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CHAPTER VI.

EARLY in the morning, every one was in motion in the Curate's house, and so full of spirits that Charles could not remain in bed, though he wished to have slept an hour or two longer, because he still felt weary after his long walk. He was a child accustomed to neatness and order, so he washed his face, cleaned his teeth, and combed his hair before he left his room. He then came down stairs, and found them all dressed in the most decent manner, ready to join in a short prayer, which the Curate addressed to their heavenly Father; thanking him for the protection he had afforded them while they slept, and entreating him to grant them food the ensuing day, and sense to do their duty. They then all ran on the common before the door till breakfast was ready, and returned with an appetite to eat their bread and milk.

George left some milk in his basin, and broke part of his bread into it, when Charles enquired what he was going to do with it, he said, I am going to carry it to my dog Pompey, for the poor fellow has not had any breakfast yet.

Then he took the milk to his little playful puppy; but they soon heard him cry bitterly, and all the family ran out to see what was the matter

with him. There stood poor George, dissolved in tears. They asked him what had happened? Oh, answered he, *my dog, my little dog, my good dog! Pompey is dead.* They surrounded him and joined in the lamentations. There lay the poor dog George had been so fond of, that he always divided his meals with him; and no one could guess how he had been so suddenly deprived of life, till Charles saw some blood on his forehead, which led them to suppose that he had received an unlucky kick from an unruly horse.

The Curate spoke tenderly to him, and said, I pity you, my dear George, for I know you were very fond of your little dog; but leave off crying, I will take care to procure you another next week. All this signified nothing, George continued to weep. Oh! my poor fellow, my dear Pompey!

The boy, said the Curate, is very sorrowful. That which we feel when any thing disagreeable happens, we call sorrow. But it is misery, when men carry it so far that they like to indulge it. Sorrow does no good, and if George should cry for a whole year, my good dog! my dear Pompey! it will not bring him back. Nay, immoderate sorrow will make him neglect his duty, and then he cannot expect much pleasure in the evening. Come, Children, let us go into the garden to our business.

Sir, said Charles, with a sorrowful tone, will you not soon take me back to my father and mother?

Yes,

Yes, answered the Curate, only it is necessary that I work a little in the garden first, and tell the children what they ought to do, and visit my sick parishioners. For whoever would live content, mind this, Charles, must dispatch his business in an orderly manner. We never feel satisfied with ourselves when we always think of something we should do, and yet leave it undone.

Charles followed him, a little sad, but when he came into the garden, his countenance soon began to clear up. It was a charming garden. There were not firs, yews or aloes, to be seen, it is true, nor the statues and fountains which ornament the gardens of the rich; but all was simple and useful, yet sweetly pleasant. The walls were hung with peaches and nectarines, and fine cherry, apple and pear trees were planted in such a manner as not to screen the vegetables, which grew in great profusion: peas, beans, and various other useful plants, were placed in beds to catch the sun-beams, and currants and gooseberries grew near the walks.

One part of the garden was reserved for flowers; the bee-hives were placed there, and a seat shaded with trees, around whose trunks honey-suckles and jasmynes twined, afforded a cool retreat at noon, and here they retired when it was too hot to work in the garden. Roses bloomed on all sides, and a number of flowers sprung up in succession to perfume the air, and afforded the Curate an opportunity to remark the wisdom

wisdom and goodness of God, displayed in the most minute wild flower, as well as in the nobler works of creation, animals, and men.

Beyond the garden was a field; they entered through a little gate, and saw two cows feeding, a calf bounding near them, and some poultry, seeking for their own food, which gave a still more chearful appearance to the whole scene. The hen clucked to gather her chickens, and birds sung in the hedge which enclosed the meadow; all was gay, and seemed to laugh with joy. Charles laughed too, and catching the Curate's hand, he said, what a beautiful place this is! if my father and mother were here, I should never wish to leave it while I lived.

Then the Curate gave each of the children their task; but George was so sorrowful on account of the death of his dog, that Henry good-naturedly offered to pluck all the kidney-beans for his mother himself, and the little Caroline had a bed given her to weed. George, when he had nothing to do, cried still more, and his father sent him into the house, that he might not disturb their pleasure, since he would not try to employ or amuse himself. After the Curate had looked over the garden, and plucked some ripe fruit for their supper, he returned to Charles, and led him to a seat, raised on a little eminence which overlooked the whole garden.

I am very glad, said he, to see you so pleased, but this place was not always as pleasant as it is now. When I came here, about fourteen years

years ago, it was full of weeds, briars and stones. I came to be the curate of the village, and married my wife, because I loved her with my whole heart; but she had no fortune, and my curacy was not sufficient to maintain us. This made me very uneasy, and some months passed away in fruitless vexation.

While I was in this wretched state, a rich old farmer came to visit me, and soon observed my sadness. Friend, said he, why are you so troubled? how, answered I, can such a poor man as I am be contented? You poor, replied he, you may reckon yourself worth above two thousand pounds. You joke with me, said I, if you will give me a hundred pounds, you shall have all I am worth in the world, and you would have a poor bargain. Very well, returned he, drawing a knife out of his pocket, and seizing my hand, he made a stroke, as if he meant to cut it off: Full of terror, I snatched it away. Give it to me, only give this little hand, I will let you have two hundred pounds for it, and leave you your left hand and all your goods. You cannot think, dear Charles, how much I was terrified by this demand: I stepped back, and looked full in the farmer's face. Do you perceive, said he, Mr. Parson, how rich you are! That single limb only you would not sell me for two hundred pounds. If I had attempted to cut off your head, you could not have been more eager to prevent me. Without joking, Mr. Parson, a young man, in health, with a sound mind

mind, and robust body, ought not to complain of poverty. See there, the hen, she finds every where food for herself and chickens, and so do these pigeons. It is the same with all animals; the raven, the owl, the fox, and even flies; they all have sufficient industry to procure themselves food; and why not man? Hold up your head, and instead of anxiety and weak complaints, think how you can better your situation;—think of using your arms, and all will go well. God preserve you, Mr. Parson! next week I shall come again to see you. And so he left me deep in thought.

Sorrowful I lifted up my eyes from the ground, and discovered a spider who had just caught a great fly in her web, and the whole web was full of the remains of dead flies. The spider, thought I, lives without care, she procures her daily bread—then I sprung angrily up,—and thou a man, exclaimed I, who canst reflect, read and write, who hast a vigorous arm, and ingenious hands, with which so many useful things have been made, and thou canst not procure thy own subsistence!

From that moment I turned all my thoughts to the main subject, to find some work which might maintain me. I passed the whole night without sleeping a wink, and sleepless nights are particularly favourable to reflection; I could think of nothing else; it seemed to me as if my whole village was before me. My thoughts ran
over

over every corner, to search for something to do to maintain my family.

Then this waste place presented itself to my mind suddenly, which you now see a cultivated garden. Some years before, a house had stood on it, but the thatch caught fire, and it was soon burnt to the ground; and the inhabitants left it in ruins, and went to live some where else. The moment I thought of it, I could think of nothing but clearing away the rubbish. Yes, thought I, I could earn sufficient to maintain my wife and the coming infant, if I had money enough to build a little house on this waste ground, which originally was stolen from the common. If the lord of the manor would give me leave, I should be a contented man.

This lucky thought pleased me, and I counted the hours till the good farmer came again. At last he came, and his first question was, well, how are your spirits now, have you thought of any thing? Yes, replied I, all would go well if I could obtain leave to build a little house upon the common, and if I could borrow some money, to add to the little I have, I should soon be able to build a house, and buy a cow; and before my little one came into the world, I might reasonably hope to maintain it and its mother comfortably.

Leave all these cares to me, said he, giving me his hand, the place is yours, I will build the house for you, because I understand these matters better than you scholars, who have been poring
over

over books half your lives, and you may pay me by degrees, as you find it convenient.

The grant was soon obtained, and while they were building the house, I worked hard every day to clear the place of stones, and grubbed up the briars. I laid the stones on one another, and made a kind of wall, plaistered with mud, to keep out the cattle, that they might not spoil my garden. The rubbish and cinders I burnt to ashes, and they made excellent manure for the ground.

The next year I brought my wife cabbages, peas, beans, and sallad; beside many other things which already had grown in the garden; and I felt sincere pleasure when I could bring her something which I had cultivated myself. My parishioners brought me slips and suckers, which I planted with care, and you see what they are come to; nay, some of the young trees rose from the kernels which I put into the ground after I had eaten the fruit. In that spot I sowed hay seed and clover, and every year make hay enough to serve my cows, when I take them off the common; and they not only supply us with what milk we want, but sufficient butter and cheese for the family: The flowers my wife got by degrees, and my good friend the farmer gave me a swarm of bees.

Thus passed two years, and my labour made me more healthy than ever; but in spite of all this, I had my cares, I was in debt to some tradesmen, who live in the next market town. One day, when the farmer visited me, he expressed

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sed his satisfaction to see all look so comfortable, and that my labour had been so successful. Now, said he, I hope you have enough to live on. I threw my eyes down on the ground, and said no, I am still thirty pounds in debt.

Hearing this he grew angry, and struck his oaken staff on the floor, and said, not enough to live on, how comes that about? You have only need of food, clothes, and some books! Your garden and poultry would almost supply you with sufficient food: and the money you receive from the curacy is surely enough to purchase clothes, books and other necessaries—let me see what you are in debt for? He was a respectable old man, so I could not be angry with him, though he hurt me when he spoke so quick.

I took out the bills; he mumbled over them. Silk for a gown, wine, coffee, soap, a glass for the parlour, china cups, &c.—I see how it is, added he, only the soap is a necessary, all these other superfluities you could have lived comfortably without; or, at least, have purchased some things at a cheaper rate, which would have answered your purpose quite as well.—Where is all this money to come from? Sir, if a man cannot pay for coffee, he must drink milk; and beer, instead of wine. Your wife should have been contented with a cotton gown; and china is quite unnecessary. A glass for your wife to put her cap straight by, would be sufficient; I thought you had more sense than to wish for such a childish ornament in your parlour. Do
you

you see that raven, he has picked up a snail, and is devouring it with pleasure. Every day he procures sufficient to satisfy his appetite, and lives without care or debts, for nature produces all that he wants. But as soon as it should come into his head, that the snails, mice, and bones of his native country, and the wood he had seen grow, were all too mean for him; and if this foolish pride led him to sell them, to purchase with the money the cinnamon, and mice of India, certainly nature would not afford him sufficient to satisfy his luxury; and he must soon be plunged into a sea of cares and debts.

I do not like those people who hoard up their money, after they have supplied the pressing wants of nature, not allowing themselves any innocent pleasure; but I likewise believe that men ought first to be careful to secure necessities, before they think of superfluities. The art of avoiding superfluous expences, to be able to procure necessities, I call œconomy. *Œconomy*, *œconomy*, dear Mr. Parson, you have still to learn, or else all your industry will go for nothing; care will still pursue you; and do not take amiss what I am going to say, you will only leave your poor children debts, and cheat the trades-people. Good day, Sir, do not take offence at my well meant reprimand.

I must own this rough admonition hurt me a little; but when I coolly reflected, I could not help acknowledging that the good farmer was in the right. I considered within myself, whether

God

God, who had taken such care of the raven, had not been equally good to me, and soon saw, though there were some things above my reach, that I was surrounded by every necessary of life, as well as the raven.

My ground afforded flax, my sheep wool, and with the help of a maid, who milks the cows, and does the hardest part of the work, my wife could spin sufficient of both to clothe the whole family. My dairy supplies us with milk, butter and cheese; my garden furnishes all kinds of vegetables; and poultry and pigs serve to vary our meals; instead of beer, we make cyder of the apples you see the trees are loaded with. Nay, I found I could spare some milk and vegetables to my poor parishioners after our own wants were supplied. And whatever was necessary besides, the income of the curacy enabled us to purchase. I then proposed to my wife that we should first provide food and clothes, and not allow ourselves any superfluities till we had money to spare.

From that moment I dismissed my cares, and never forgot my dear bought experience. After I had paid my debts, I saved enough to render my house neat and convenient, and even to buy some furniture and books, besides improving my garden, and giving a little to the poor—and *for all this I am indebted to labour and œconomy.*

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the Curate had finished the last sentence, he rose, and said, he was now obliged to visit a sick person, who wanted his advice. Do you wish to go with me, Charles? Yes answered he, I should like to go wherever you please.

They then went out together, and soon came to a little thatched house. The Curate knocked with his stick against the door; a woman opened it, and the moment she saw him, began to wring her hands and cry, it is all over, it is all over;—but come in.

She opened the chamber door—gracious God, what a dreadful sight! On the bed lay a man, whose mouth and nose were almost eaten away by a cancer. On the foot of the bed sat four children, who, as soon as the Curate entered, burst into tears, and cried, our poor father, see how he suffers! the Curate could not restrain his tears, he turned his face to the wall and wept, and Charles wept with him. When he had wiped away his tears, he came towards the sick man, and said in a softened voice, how do you find yourself, my poor friend?

As well as can be expected, replied he; I take care as much as possible not to be fretful; I am patient, and by the help of patience one
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may endure the greatest pain. If I were impatient, and threw myself from one side of the bed to the other, and quarrelled peevishly with my family, I should soon be quite lost. My pain would become more violent, my blood heated by impatience, and restless anxiety would increase the fury of my disorder, and my wife and children, who have, without this, God knows, sufficient trouble, would no longer tenderly watch over me. But resignation moderates every pang; and my wife and children, and neighbours pity, nurse, and hearten me up.—*Patience can soften every pain.*

You are right, my good friend, answered the Curate, when we suffer we cannot do better than moderate our impatience, and conceal our anguish. It is not the fault of the innocent people who surround us, that we are afflicted; why then should you make them suffer for it? or by our ill-humour, drive them away, whom duty does not compel to take care of us; how much more grateful is it to be nursed rather from a motive of affection, than mere duty. Poor man! you know not how sincerely I pity you, and with what satisfaction I visit you; but I should have little compassion for you, and visit you with regret, if your painful state only excited murmurs and discontent. God bless and support you! continue to give proofs of your patience and fortitude, till death delivers you from all your misery, and trusting in the mercy of your heavenly Father, you composedly close your eyes.

eyes. The curate said much more to comfort this poor sick man, and affectionately squeezing his hand, slipped a piece of money into it and hastened out of the cottage, because he had heard that another sick man stood in need of his advice.

Charles followed him, and they soon came to a hut, where they saw a still more dreadful sight.—A man with a pale disfigured countenance, and livid lips, was lying groaning on a bed of half rotten straw. Miserably dirty tattered rags covered his body; but in such a manner, that through the many holes and rents they could see the form of a skeleton. He wished to speak to the Curate, but a violent cough tormented him so, that he could not, till he had thrown up great clots of blood from his lungs. Great God pity me! how I suffer! he exclaimed, lifting his sad eyes to Heaven, when the cough ceased for a moment, and fell back spent on his wretched bed.

The Curate saw his miserable state, and begged him to try to compose himself, since patience was the only remedy for such violent pain.

After a few minutes, he enquired what was the matter with him? a consumption, answered he, with a voice almost choked with sobs.

And how did you fall into it? again enquired the Curate.

The sick man was silent for a moment, then collecting all his strength to raise himself, he
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gnashed his teeth through anguish, and rose with much difficulty.

All this misery, said he, in broken sentences and a low hollow voice, for his lungs were already half gone, *all this misery I owe to my intemperance.*

Some years ago, I unfortunately became acquainted with a number of idle dissolute young men, and they taught me to drink.—

In the morning I drank drams, and in the evening sat at the ale-house till midnight, swallowing strong beer. Thus I neglected my work, and often, when I was half drunk, quarrelled and fought with my neighbours, to whom I was obliged to give money to hush it up; nay, one of them went to law with me, it cost me a main fight of money, but to be sure I used him very ill. Where could money come from, to pay for all this? I sold one piece of ground after another, sheep, cows, horses, clothes; till every thing was gone—only for drink. And now see what I am become—a beggar.—Oh!—and through drunkenness, and drunken broils, I am come to this—oh, reverend Sir, here, pressing his hand to his side, here I feel it—and I am afraid even to pray to God to have mercy upon me, I have been so wicked.

He would have said more, but a violent fit of coughing which almost stopped his breath, prevented him. He struggled and struggled for breath, till he had brought up a quantity of blood, and sighing piteously, cast his eyes on his wretched

ed bed. The Curate then said to him, try to compose yourself, unhappy man, you experience the dreadful effects of intemperance. God has given us an appetite to eat and drink, that we may never forget to refresh and nourish our bodies; and if we only eat till our hunger was satisfied, and did not drink till we were thirsty, we should relish our food and preserve our health and strength. But when we take more than is necessary, to please the palate, it all turns to poison; we become indolent, and bad humours break out in nasty sores, and at last corrupt the blood, stomach, lungs; and, by degrees, the whole body. Poverty and sickness follow, and extreme pain, which only ends in an untimely death. Is not this a truth, which I for some years have been repeating to you without effect?

O yes, too true, answered the sick wretch, but I did not believe you, because I did not fall sick suddenly—this dreadful cough came on by degrees, and my companions persuaded me it was only a cold, till I had no more money to treat them with; then they left me to starve alone, and remember when in want all you had said—yes, it was all true—I now feel it—what a fool I was, not to listen to you, who had only my good at heart. You wish now, asked the Curate, that you had lived a different life? It racks me, answered the poor wretch, when I think what a wicked life I have led. Gracious God! if I had obeyed thy commands, if I had
been

been temperate, what a happy man should I now be, enjoying my health and the fortune my father left me ;—instead of that, I am lying here sick and in misery—a beggar !—Merciful God, have pity on me ! A flood of tears rolled down his pale cheeks, and the Curate and Charles felt both shocked and affected.

The Curate tried to comfort him, and promised to send him some broth ; after he had left him, he turned to Charles and said, if that poor wretch had repented sooner, he might perhaps have avoided all this misery, or at least a great part of it, but now it is too late. It is a fearful thing to put off repentance, till a man cannot shew by his conduct that he is ashamed of his faults. This example should warn all young people to correct their faults as soon as their troubled conscience tells them they have done wrong, for even a child never does wrong without feeling uneasy. The Curate turned homewards, intending to go with Charles to his parents, after he had taken leave of the family.

CHAPTER VIII.

BETTY, a country woman, waited for them at the door, to pay the Curate a small sum which he had lent her. He enquired how her farm now went on? She looked him full in the face, and said, very ill. How so? enquired the Curate.

Then the woman burst into tears, and said, I am a miserable creature, *I have not had a peaceable hour since I saw my brother-in-law's good luck.* Yes, he lives a fine life, he has built a house, and bought, one year, the fine meadow by the church; the next, two more, almost as good—what can I purchase? nothing!—There sit I in the old farm, which my grand-mother left me; and so far from being able to build a house, or buy meadows, it will be well if I can keep together the little furniture and the poor piece of ground my father gave me. But these things will not last for ever. I hope I shall live long enough to see my boasting brother-in-law with a beggar's wallet at his back; I have known many fine folks, as proud as he, who were at last obliged to leave their farms, ashamed to shew their faces—tho' they had held their heads so high. But I cannot guess where all the money comes from! The rogue must get it by some strange means;

if

if so much could be earned by labour, why cannot I earn it ? I never sit with my hands across when there is any thing to be done.

Good woman, said the Curate, are you sick ?

Betty. God be praised, I have no sickness to complain of.

Curate. And your husband ?

Betty. Nothing ails him.

Curate. And your children ?

Betty. As gay as larks.

Curate. How are your poultry, and the rest of your live stock ?

Betty. Why I cannot say I have much reason to complain of them this year.

Curate. And you have something wholesome to eat and drink every day, I suppose ?

Betty. Yes, I never knew what it was to want a meal.

Curate. And yet you call yourself a wretched woman ?

Betty. Yes.—Can I build a house ? Can I purchase a field ?

Curate. I now see clearly, that you are an unhappy woman. You are well, have sufficient to live on, and have every thing necessary to render your life comfortable ; but you indulge a vicious passion—Envy ; which prevents your enjoying the blessings you possess, and makes you grieve and pine for those which Heaven has given to your neighbours. Poor woman ! as long as you nourish envy, you will eat bitter bread, and enjoy none of the comforts within your reach.

Look at yourself in the glass, you had formerly a ruddy fresh colour, and now you are grown quite fallow: Envy is the cause of this change, it has turned the red to yellow. And at night, I know you have not any rest, by your sunk eyes—Envy keeps you awake. But what is worse than all, envy has so misled you, that you have told lies of an innocent man, who never did you any harm.—What horrid wickedness! Recollect yourself, you have called him a rogue; yet I know, that there is not an honefter man in the whole village. He has only to thank his constant industry and prudence for thriving so well in the world. What, do you call that friendly man a rogue? who was so kind to you, when your husband was sick at harvest-time, some years ago: he then worked hard to save your wheat, without expecting any reward.

The woman began to cry, she wished to excuse herself, but the Curate interrupted her, saying, is it possible to call a man so good, so honest, and so friendly,—a rogue? You also deprive yourself of all your comfort and pleasure, health and sleep, and render yourself old and ugly before your time. Consider a moment, how foolish you must be, and that envy is a hideous vice.

The woman perceived now that she was envious, she hung down her head, thanked the Curate for his counsel, and went away.

Charles now took leave of this kind family, and the Curate reached his hat and stick to accompany him; but a bird that hung in the window

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made such a dismal noise, running from one side of the cage to the other, that he stopped a moment, and looking into the drawer of the cage, found that the poor bird had not one grain of seed left, nor any water. It was a bird George had caught, when it fell from its nest and hurt its wing, and ever since he had been very fond of it; but he was so taken up this morning with lamenting the death of Pompey, that he had quite forgotten his lark. The Curate was displeased, and called George, bidding him look at his bird; he added, see the effects of immoderate sorrow; if I had not observed the poor lark, it would have died with hunger this night; and in the morning we should have had a fresh cause of sorrow, only because you neglected your duty.

George fed the bird, while the Curate and Charles went out through the garden gate.

CHAPTER IX.

THEY soon came to the wood where Charles had lost himself the day before, and to the place where he thought he had seen spirits. Charles could not help laughing, when he saw and touched the bushes and branches which had raised such terror in his mind. Stop little man, said he to a bush, which the wind had made nod the evening before, and propping it up, I will teach thee to frighten people again.

But Sir, asked he, are there no ghosts? I believe not, answered the Curate; I have lived some years in the world, and walk in the dark at all hours, and yet I have never seen one. Many people will say that they have, and I will tell you how it happens. Sometimes people see something when it is almost dark, it frightens them, and fear makes them take it for a ghost; then they start and scream, and tell what a frightful spirit they have seen. If you had not returned to the wood to-day, and examined the things which caused you such terror, you would have had some dreadful stories to relate; and you might positively have declared that they were true. Sometimes foolish people play malicious tricks to disturb their acquaintance. I have heard of many of these tricks, I will mention one.

Three

Three officers came, some years ago, to an inn, and were conducted into the best room. Soon after their superior officer came, and they were obliged to give up the room to him. This vexed them, and they consulted together how they should play him a trick. As soon as he was asleep, they came into his chamber, with sheets wrapped around them, and danced about his bed. That the General was alarmed at first, you may easily suppose; but he had great presence of mind, and soon guessed the trick, and silently pulling up the sheet, he slid out of bed, covering himself with it, without having been perceived by them, and joined in the dance. What, what! four white things! The officers were frightened, hastened out of the room without further consideration, and the next morning declared that the house was haunted.

It is thus, my dear Charles, that stories of spirits and haunted houses gain belief; either the people did not see clearly, through fear, or others have deceived them. When at night you see something, which you do not know what to make of, advance with courage to it, and look more nearly at it, and you will always find, that you have deceived yourself, or that some one has played you a trick.

Charles shook his head, as if he could not believe him, and said, I will tell you a story that is certainly true. Our old maid sits sometimes in a room till eleven or twelve o'clock: one night there came a little white man, not bigger than I
am,

am, into the room, and continually made a motion with his hand. The maid, who had been told how she ought to behave to such a spirit, should she chance to meet with it, followed it. Then the spirit led her into the cellar, gave her a spade, and said, dig in this place, but observe, you must not speak a single word. She dug, and found a great brass kettle full of gold. She went to seize it, crying out, what a heap of gold! Then she heard a violent noise, and it all vanished.—What think you of this, Sir? did the maid not see clearly, or did some one play her a trick?

In this case, answered the Curate, it was neither the one nor the other; but the old maid has told you a lie, to divert you; she knew it was not true. There are many people who amuse themselves with inventing such stories, and telling them to children and foolish creatures, who are idle, and glad to catch hold of any foolish story.

Will you not give something to a poor man, cried a voice (from behind an oak) which interrupted their discourse. The Curate and Charles looked round, to see from whence the voice came, and saw a miserable beggar, who had lost his right arm, and with the left held his hat out to receive charity. The Curate was moved, and gave him a penny; and Charles threw a half-penny into the hat.

How came you to lose your arm? said the Curate.

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The beggar rose with some trouble, and answered, if you will permit me to walk a little way with you, I will tell you. I came into the world as well formed as you ; but when I was a child I was a foolish rash creature. I did nothing but climb and scramble up trees and dangerous places, only for the sake of climbing. My father and mother were always desiring me to be careful. Child, child, my mother would say, pray do not climb up such dangerous places. But I did not mind what they said ; if I had obeyed my good parents, I should now be another kind of a man. One day I saw under our thatch a swallow's nest. I will soon have that, thought I, and I raised a great ladder against the wall, and stepped from it on a rotten board over a window. Crack, crack went the board, and I fell with it to the ground, and broke my poor arm—my right arm ! My father and mother wept, and ran for a surgeon to set it, but before they could find him it was terribly swelled. He tormented me above three weeks, drawing one splinter out after another. At last the whole arm was black—black as a coal ; and nothing could save it, it must be cut off.—It was a dreadful operation ; and afterwards they took a red hot iron, and held it to the part, to stop the blood. So I became a cripple ! My father loved me, and when he died left me all the money he had pinched himself to save for me. But as I could not work I soon spent it, and now I must live on what I beg from charitable people. My brothers,

who received nothing from my father, earn a comfortable livelihood, for they have arms, while I am wretched, and often sick through hunger and cold. *Truly, Sir, sound limbs are of more value than gold.*

The Curate tried to comfort him; be not troubled, poor man, said he; if you are an honest man, and bear your infirmity with patience, and hurt no one, you will always find charitable people who will have compassion on you. Believe me, you will never come to want.

Very well, answered the man,—but Sir, if I could only be of some use! I eat the bread of idleness—is it not dreadful for me to see all men working for one another, and that I alone must be a burden to them? I often wish to die, that I might no more be pointed at as a miserable creature.

The Curate gave him sixpence, and bid him call sometimes at his house, and if he was sober and honest, he would try to find him some employment.

CHAPTER X.

WHILE they were conversing in this manner they heard the sound of coach wheels. Curiosity led Charles to advance a few steps before them, and he saw it peep from behind the bushes.—Is it possible ! yes, indeed, indeed—Sir, Sir, here comes my dear father and mother ! cried he, running towards the coach. The coachman stopped, he flew like the wind, and threw his arms first round his father's neck, then his mother's, and could only bring out, dear father ! dear mother ! His parents were also almost melted into tears, and held their lost son in their arms a few minutes without speaking a word. At last the father broke silence, and asked, had you no companion with you ? A companion, answered Charles, O yes, there he is ; scarcely had he finished these words before he sprang out of the carriage, caught the Curate's hand, led him to his father, and said, this is the good man who yesterday saved my life.

Mr. Jones stepped out, and taking the Curate's hand, said, as he shook it, dear Sir, now shall I thank you for all you have done for my poor lost boy ? Pray come into the coach, and speak to my wife ; we came this way to meet you,

you, and spare you part of your walk, and now we will carry you home.

As soon as the Curate was seated, drive on, cried Charles to the coachman. But the Curate said, be not in such haste, my young friend, I must make that poor man known to your father. He beckoned to him, and related in a few words his history. Mr. Jones was moved with compassion, and threw half a crown into the poor man's hat, and his wife followed his example. The miserable creature's eyes sparkled with joy—and he almost bowed to the ground as he drew back; at the same time Mr. Jones squeezed the Curate's hand, and thanked him for having procured him the pleasure of making glad a poor man's heart.

As they drove along, Charles was desired to relate what had happened to him the day before; and, he repeated again and again, how kindly he had been treated by the Curate and his family. Mr. Jones and his wife became more and more attached to this good family the longer they listened to Charles, and eagerly wished to see them all together. They desired the coachman to drive faster, and away they went full speed, throwing up the dust, and rattling over the gravel, and splashing through the little brooks which ran across the road. Now they entered a narrow rocky road, yet Charles was very unwilling to let the horses slacken their pace, though the way was so rough. But could he have foreseen the disagreeable accident which awaited them in the narrow lane, he would have wished to have gone a
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mile round to have avoided it; for they had hardly advanced an hundred yards before they met another coach.

Make way! cried John, the driver of the other coach. Fool, replied Nicholas, Mr. Jones's coachman, how would you have me make way? Do you not see the rock on one side, and the mountain on the other? Why did you enter such a narrow rough road? asked John. And if you were so well acquainted with it, sneeringly retorted Nicholas, why did you venture? Then the two coachmen began to curse and swear at each other, in a most dreadful manner.

Mr. Gruff, the man who sat in the other coach, called out to his coachman, knock the rascal down, if he will not clear the way. This brutal speech roused Mr. Jones's anger, he snatched at his stick, nor could his wife or the Curate detain him. Mr. Gruff jumped out at the same time; and they advanced angrily toward each other. The coachmen sprang from their seats, threw aside their whips, and began to fight so furiously, that the blood soon streamed from their heads. Mr. Jones and Gruff raised their voices more and more. Mrs. Jones called out, for God's sake, my dear, come back! Charles could only say, Nicholas, Nicholas, pray make it up! The Curate tried to soften matters by good words; but all this was of no use. There was a dreadful bustle, and the Curate expected every instant to see the two gentlemen proceed to blows, as well as the coachmen.

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At last Mr. Jones recollected himself;—he stretched out his hand in a friendly manner, saying, I beg your pardon, Sir, I am too hasty.

Mr. Gruff. What then—what then—why are you so hasty?

Mr. Jones. It is very foolish to be so, and if we do not moderate our anger, we may, in the heat of dispute, forget ourselves, and fall on each other like wild animals, or like those two men.

Mr. Gruff. It might happen—but perhaps you think that I am afraid of you?

Mr. Jones. No; but would you be so cruel as to strike an innocent man?

Mr. Gruff. If he provoked me, what would you have me do?

Mr. Jones. And if you had beaten me till I could no longer stand, would that have moved my coach one inch out of the way?

Mr. Gruff. No, to be sure; who ever thought of such a thing?

Mr. Jones. Would it not have been more reasonable, if I had ordered the coachman to back his horses till he made room for yours to pass?

Mr. Gruff. Yes, if you would do that.

Mr. Jones. I will do it with pleasure.

Mr. Gruff. Why did you not do it at first?

Mr. Jones. I should have done it very readily if your coachman, and excuse me, Sir, if you had used different words.

Mr. Gruff was softened by this frank treatment, he took his offered hand, saying, forgive me

me, Sir, I feel that I have been very unreasonable and rude! I am the cause of all—my violence encouraged my coachman, I ought not to have suffered him to use such gross language.

The Curate was very glad to see that this disagreeable affair had taken such an unexpected turn. He caught Mrs. Jones's hand, and said, how noble it is when a man can moderate his anger! *How beautiful is forbearance!* A violent enemy has often been so touched by it, as to become ever after a firm friend; what dignity has this self-command given to your husband's appearance, my heart begins to warm to him.

While all this passed, the coachmen were on the ground fighting like two bull-dogs. My dear Sirs, said the Curate, we have no time to lose, let us part these mad men, or we shall never be able to pursue our way.

They ran to the furious coachmen, but they were so covered with blood and mud, that they could not distinguish the colour of their coats. They called to them, but anger is deaf, they forgot every thing in their fury—and all attempts to separate them only rendered them more violent. At last, John's eye met his master's, and he would have disengaged himself, but Nicholas flung him so unmercifully down again, that his head struck against one of the wheels of the coach, and he remained motionless on the ground. Now when John could no longer resist him, Nicholas first came to himself; he grew calm
in

in a moment, and would have raised John, but there appeared no more life in him; his face was as pale as death, and his head fell on his shoulder. Nicholas shook him gently, crying out at the same time, John, John, canst thou not hear me? but John answered not a word. He then leaped up, struck his bloody hands violently against both sides of his own head, and screamed out in an agony—God be merciful to me, what have I done! What a fury I have been in—I have, I have killed thee, John, my old friend John!

They were all terrified by these lamentations, and surrounding poor John, joined in them. The Curate had most presence of mind, and resolution. What signifies all this sorrow and compassion, said he—let us see how we can help the man. He bid Charles bring a little water in his hat, from a small stream which ran among the rock, and Mrs. Jones held her smelling bottle to the poor man's nose, while the Curate rubbed his temples till there was some appearance of returning life. They all stood silent, eagerly watching over him, and joy appeared in every face when he again opened his eyes. Nicholas was almost frantic with delight, he squeezed John's hand, begged him to forgive him, and tried again to help him up. But John was so weak that his legs could not support him; he tottered, and would have fallen, if Nicholas had not held him up.

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Now what was to be done? Mr. Gruff had not a man to drive him, nor Nicholas any one to assist him to back the horses. They all stood lamenting a quarter of an hour, and could not think of any means to go forward. At last the Curate said, if we do not find an expedient, we must pass the night here, and perhaps this poor man may lose his life by our delay. Come, let us not trifle away any more time, one of the coaches must first be drawn back, which shall it be?—Mine, mine, cried out Mr. Jones and Mr. Gruff, in the same breath. They would both gladly have had the merit of yielding first. The Curate considered a moment, and then observed that out of respect to the lady, who was not to blame, it appeared most reasonable that Mr. Gruff's coach should be backed to let them hasten home, and then Nicholas might return to assist Mr. Gruff. But what can I do alone with John, answered he in a compassionate tone; suppose he should faint again with loss of blood?—I know of no other way, interrupted the Curate, than to take him in Mr. Jones's coach to my house; and I will take care of him till he is perfectly well.

And now must the people, who an hour before would not yield a foot of their pretended right, submit to the greatest inconvenience: first they brought John, all covered with mud and blood, to seat him in Mr. Jones's coach; and the Curate said to Nicholas, with some indignation, as he helped to lift him in—*Behold the fruits of anger!*

anger! When men give themselves up to anger, they act foolishly, and know no longer what they are about; and, after the fit of anger is over, they sorely repent of their folly, as you do now.

Nicholas drew the coach back with great difficulty, large drops of sweat ran down his cheeks, he was so fatigued, though they all assisted him, except Mrs. Jones and Charles, for they sat in the coach, and supported John. After this laborious business, Nicholas mounted his box and drove slowly and mournfully forward.

Mr. Gruff followed them with his eyes till they were out of sight, and would willingly have accompanied them; but he was obliged to stay and watch his horses till Nicholas came back. Poor man, the time seemed to him very long; he remained alone two hours in the place of his servant; he might have amused himself, but he could think of nothing but his foolish conduct, and how little his anger must have made him look in the strangers eyes.

CHAPTER XI.

MEAN time Mr. Jones and his company advanced towards the village where the Curate lived. But they were continually terrified; for John fainted several times, falling first on one, then on another.

It may easily be supposed what nasty figures they all appeared, covered with mud and blood; but they would willingly have borne all this, if John had been better: but he grew worse, and worse, and they were dreadfully afraid that he would die in the coach before they reached the Curate's house. They every moment looked out of the window, to see if they could see the steeple rising out of the trees; and bid Nicholas drive as fast as possible to ease them of their fears; but the coach road was three or four miles round. Nicholas did all he could to hasten forward; yet, they were an hour on the road, and their apprehensions made it appear as long as four or five.

When at last they arrived at the door, their first care was about John. They wished to lead him into the house, but the motion was too much for him, and he sunk senseless into the arms of the Curate, who prayed some countrymen, whom
curiosity

curiosity had gathered round the coach, to assist in carrying him into the house.

It is easy to suppose the terror this sight raised in the family. Mrs. Benson looked at her husband, when she saw them bring in a stranger, who seemed to be dead. The children cried,—Mr. Jones and his wife stood mute,—and the Curate himself walked in an agitated manner once or twice up and down the chamber. At last he said, let one instantly go for Mr. Smith, the surgeon. George started up immediately, and ran down stairs. How tedious did the quarter of an hour appear. They went every moment to the window, to see if he was coming; and from the window to John; felt his pulse, rubbed his temples, held vinegar to his nose; but all would not do; he did not open his eyes. He is dead, cried the Curate's wife; he is dead, cried Mrs. Jones; yes, yes, he is dead, said the children after them, and they all began to weep.

The Curate himself was alarmed; he walked sometimes quick, sometimes slow, up and down the room, looked earnestly out of the window, then returning to John, would soon leave him with a sigh, and yet come back again. In one of his walks, he turned on Nicholas, who stood stupid with grief in a dark corner. What do you do here, asked he, I thought you were returned long ago to Mr. Gruff? I could not go, replied he, if it was to save my life, till I know
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what will become of John. They all tried to persuade him; but he could only answer, that he could not leave that place till he knew what would become of John. While they were disputing, Mr. Smith, the surgeon, entered. They all flocked round him, eager to hear if he thought the poor man had any life in him.

We shall see, we shall see, said he, and made them relate in a few words the sad accident; he approached the bed, took a fine feather out of the pillow, and held it to John's nose; the down on the feather moved. He lives still, cried he, see he breathes; but let us strip off his clothes, and open a vein. He opened one, and the blood flowed. A moment after he breathed with more force, opened his eyes, and looked round with a stare of wild astonishment—where—where am I? said he, with a weak voice. By me, by me! cried Nicholas, surely you know me again, dear John? John groaned, and shut his eyes. The surgeon examined his head; they all had their eyes fixed on him, but he remained silent, till Mr. Jones asked, *is there any hope?* Then every one joined in the enquiry but Nicholas, and his eyes were fastened on the surgeon's face, while he stood with his mouth open, almost afraid to breathe.—Yes, said the surgeon, there is hope, and if nothing unexpected happens, he may be able to return to his master in a few days.

They all rejoiced, when they heard this news. God be thanked! cried Nicholas, for such good hopes

hopes; now I am happy, and shall go with a light heart and drive Mr. Gruff home. He went, and found Mr. Gruff very uneasy and impatient.

After John was placed comfortably in bed, the Curate desired the children to be very quiet; we may now all be content, said he, for there is hope.—*Oh what a charming thing is Hope!* How satisfied we are, when in any vexatious situation, we can look forward to something good which still awaits us!

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CHAPTER XII.

IT now grew late in the evening, and the Curate with reason, supposed that his guests must by this time be very hungry. He requested his wife to let them quickly have something to eat; this was soon done, she brought out all that her pantry contained. It was not much; but all was good of its kind, and produced with such neatness and order, that the whole company sat down with a sharp appetite, and would have enjoyed their meal if they had not been interrupted just as they began to eat. John's room was over the parlour, and they heard such loud groans suddenly issue from it, that they hastily rose, and all ran anxiously to ask, what was the matter? What he wanted?—Ah! my poor wife! my poor children! what will they think when they find I do not come home to-night! If they hear of my quarrel, and if they do not hear that I am still alive—what will become of them!

The whole company felt for him, and looked at each other, not knowing what to say to comfort him, his grief was so reasonable. Mr. Jones drew his wife aside, and said, I can easily represent to myself the trouble this poor man must endure—
if such an accident had happened to me—and I
could

could not return to you.—My love, interrupted she, if you were once to stay from home, and I heard that you lay at the point of death—dearest life, I could not bear that! Charles began to weep, and said, if you were to die, dear father, and I not be with you, I too should die of grief!

The poor man, the poor woman, and her children, I wish I could think of some way to help them, said Mr. Jones. Dear father, said Charles, I am sure you can think of something. Mr. Jones rubbed his forehead, and said, true, I could think of something; but then it would be expensive. I will not ask for sixpence before Christmas, eagerly answered Charles, if you will help this poor man. Well, replied Mr. Jones, we will see what can be done. He then turned to the Curate, to enquire if he could procure him a messenger, to set off directly for John's little hut, and inform his family that he was out of danger, and with people who would take care of him. It would not be very difficult, replied the Curate, but as it is late, and the way long and dreary, he will expect to be well paid for his trouble. I would willingly give a guinea, said Mr. Jones, I should think that would be sufficient?—Yes, more than will be expected, interrupted the Curate; I dare say I shall procure a strong lad in this neighbourhood for half the money.

He went out, and soon returned with one; who had seized with joy the opportunity of earning some money, and promised to deliver his mes-

sage very faithfully.—And the surgeon, said Mr. Jones, I will settle with him, and discharge all the other expenses; pray let him want for nothing. I will take care that he wants for nothing, replied the Curate, but you, Sir, need not be at any further expense. Nay, interrupted Mr. Jones, you have already had trouble enough, without being obliged to pay the surgeon; you, my good friend, have too much sense to indulge false pride; your poor parishioners want all the money you can spare, you must let me settle this matter. The Curate shook him by the hand, and consented. They then approached John's bed, and informed him that a message had been sent to his wife, and that he and his family would be taken care of till he was able to work. Indeed, indeed, cried John, have you sent to my wife, and will you be so kind to me? God reward you, you are a tender-hearted man, *your compassion has saved my life*, and made me quite content. Now I shall go quietly to sleep, since I know that my wife and children will not be fretting all night. The whole company felt pleased with John, for having such an affection for his family; and the meal they returned to seemed sweeter than ever.

During supper time the Curate spoke more than usual, and they were all chearful. Is it not ordered in a wonderfully wise manner, said he, that a good man always grows sad when he sees another sad?—that is to say, he feels compassion. It is no doubt true that compassion renders many hours uneasy, which might have passed

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pleasantly,

pleasantly, if we were not disturbed by the misery which others suffer.—For instance, we should have gone on quietly with our meal, if John's groans had not affected us. But pity, the compassionate feeling I am describing, is very useful, as it impels us to assist our suffering fellow-creatures. As soon as Charles felt compassion, he offered to give up all the money he was to receive till Christmas; but before he felt this emotion, he did not think of it. Thus we find by compassion a number of persons have been saved, who might have been lost, if others had not been disturbed by their sufferings. And when we have comforted an afflicted man, we are so light, so gay, that every pleasure has a finer relish—as you Charles now find that apple-pye has—am I not right?

Charles smiled, and said, that is very true, I never before thought my supper tasted so good—and when I think that John will soon be well—I am so glad!—

Good Charles, continued the Curate, always exercise your compassion, instead of trying to stifle it for present ease. If in future you see a man in distress or pain, and your mind is troubled, do not soon try to overcome this anguish of heart; but rather imagine yourself in the place of the sufferer, and think what you should feel if you were in the same situation.—Then would your heart soon tell you what you ought to do; and pity would procure you many such pleasant moments as you now enjoy.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Curate would have continued the conversation, if he had not been interrupted by the maid, who whispered something in his ear.—How? asked the Curate, will he not come, tho' I have so earnestly invited him? I did not believe that there had been in the world a man with such an hard unfeeling heart.—Well, if he will not come to me, I will go to him.

He rose hastily, took his stick, and was going out—But the company seemed disturbed, and stopped him to ask what disagreeable accident had happened? I beg your pardon for leaving you a few moments, I am uneasy, but I hope that I shall soon return much easier. He then went out, and left them unable to guess why he went so abruptly.

The cause was this—his eldest brother for above half a year had not behaved to him like a brother. He had not written to him as usual; nay, when the Curate wrote to him, he did not answer his letter, and he had passed three times through the village and never visited him. Now this evening the Curate had heard from the surgeon that his brother was there, and intended to sleep at

the inn; he therefore sent his maid privately to entreat him to spend the evening at his house; but he rudely answered, that he would not come. The Curate then went to him.

When he opened the room door, he saw his brother in deep thought, walking backwards and forwards with hasty strides and frightful gestures. He stood still at the door a few moments, till he was perceived by his brother, who turning fiercely on him, asked what he wanted?

Curate. I am come to visit you.

Brother. Did I invite you?

Curate. No, indeed; but I think it would not have been right to have had a brother, who once loved me, and whom I still love, so near me, and not to have called to see him. I invited you, why did you not come?

Brother. Unworthy, hypocritical man—do you ask why?

Curate. I do; nay, I am still more—why have you passed three times through my village, and have not visited me?

Brother. Do you wish to know?

Curate. Certainly I wish it, and I shall not leave you before you have told me.

Brother. Know it then—I hate you!

Curate. Hate me!

Brother. Shall I say it again—I hate—I detest you!

Curate. And you do not wish me any good?

Brother. No.

Curate.

Curate. Nay, perhaps, you wish some misfortune may befall me?

Brother. I heartily wish, that no good may ever reach you and your wicked wife!

Curate. Brother! brother, take care, God hears you! can such thoughts rise in your heart against me who have ever been an affectionate brother—and against my innocent wife?

Brother. Yes, because you are my brother; if a stranger had injured me, it would not have hurt me half as much.

Curate. I injur'd you!—How?

Brother. I suppose you wish to excuse yourself.

Curate. No, not to excuse myself; but to know what I have done.

Brother. Is it not to you that I owe—I tremble with rage when I think of your wickedness? I cannot go on.

Curate. What wickedness?

Brother. Is it not wickedness to separate a brother from his promised wife?

Curate. What, to whom were you attached?—I cannot guess what you mean to say.

Brother. Did you not know that I wished to marry your wife's sister?

Curate. No, I knew nothing of it.

Brother. Did you not know that she was inclined to consent?

Curate. I knew nothing of the matter.

Brother. Do you not know that you have prejudiced her against me, and persuaded her to marry another?

Curate.

Curate. All this is news to me.

Brother. Now, this is contemptible! first to injure me, and then to have the insolence to deny it.

Curate. But, dear brother, did I ever injure you before?

Brother. Never.

Curate. How can you then believe that I should suddenly become such a hypocritical wretch?

Brother. It was with great difficulty that I could believe you so wicked, but the whole conduct of your sister-in-law gave rise to my *suspici-*
ons against you.

Curate. And what was there in her conduct to give rise to it?

Brother. I gave her to understand that I wished to marry her; she heard me so mildly, and promised in such a soft tone of voice to give me soon a final answer, that I firmly believed she would accept of my offered hand. Soon after she spent a short time at your house, and when she returned she sent me an absolute refusal, and married Mr. Roberts. What could I then suppose, but that she went to ask your advice, and you advised her to marry your friend Roberts, whom you ever had a greater affection for than me.

Curate. When did you make the proposal?

Brother. Towards the latter end of February.

Curate.

Curate. But what if I could prove to you, that she was engaged to Mr. Roberts the foregoing year?

Brother. I wish I could see that proved!

Curate. You shall soon see it.

Saying so the Curate hastily left the room, and returned in a few minutes with a letter, which his sister-in-law had written to him the November of the preceding year; in which she mentions to him that she was engaged to Mr. Roberts, but she wished that it might still remain a secret some time longer.—The angry man read this letter twice over, and stood motionless a few minutes, as if he had been thunderstruck, then hastily exclaimed—is it possible! have I been so unjust, and suspected you without a cause?

Curate. You see how it is.—

Brother. I have injured you, my brother.—How could I harbour such vile suspicions—best of men: saying so, he timidly took his hand; pray forgive me, I will never again, while I live, indulge such unjust suggestions.

Curate. (With his eyes full of tears) What a happy hour is this, in which I again find my brother!

Brother. Good brother, I am sufficiently punished. Suspicion and hatred are terrible things, they have continually tormented me. Suspicion produced hatred; because I believed ill of you, I wished ill to happen to you. Since that time I have not had a contented hour. If I
thought

thought of you, if I only read your name, I felt my heart beat quick, I trembled, and, forgive me, suffered curses to escape from my lips. I was ill humoured, and rude to the people about me. At night I had no rest, and if I did slumber, in my dreams I quarrelled with you. O how my heart used formerly to throb with joy, when from the hill I saw your village; and how I spurred my horse on quickly to be with you.— But since the time I hated you, I have gnashed my teeth when I discovered this little village; and the nights I passed at the inn were always dreadful to me. *Ah, how unhappy is the man who hates another.*

Curate. Come, let us forget all, my brother; and, from this hour, have no more unquiet nights from hatred.

The violent man now looked mild, and accepting his brother's invitation, accompanied him to his house.

Mr. Jones and his wife were very desirous to know what had disturbed the Curate, and where he was gone; and a look of anxiety, which they observed on Mrs. Benson's countenance, made them still more curious. While they were endeavouring to converse about indifferent things, the Curate entered with his brother, whom they did not know; now, thought they, the whole mystery will be cleared up.

What, is it you, dear brother? cried out Mrs. Benson, is it you who come to us again with

with such an affectionate friendly look ; what a happy day, added she, tenderly pressing his hand. Then she ran to bring him some refreshment, while the children expressed their joy. They clung about him, crying, dear uncle ! dear uncle ! one brought a night cap, another his slippers, and the little Caroline brought out the closet part of the cake which Mrs. Jones had given her, and thrust it into his hand. The uncle was delighted when he saw how eagerly the whole family testified the pleasure his return gave them. It is affection which renders us happy, he exclaimed, *if we love others, they will love us in return* ; I should have missed all this pleasure, if I still fostered hatred against my brother.

Mr. Jones begged him to explain what he meant by these hints. May I relate it ? asked the Curate, looking at his brother. O yes, answered he ; but I should like better to relate it myself. And he began to relate the whole misunderstanding ; how he had first nourished suspicions against his brother, and afterwards hated him ; what sad days and miserable nights he had passed since, and how comfortable he now found himself, because love had taken the place of hatred.

During this relation, time ran away without their perceiving it. They would have remained still longer together ; but just as Mr. Jones was beginning to give them another example of a man of his acquaintance, who, by nourishing

hatred, had deprived himself of all his comforts, the clock struck twelve, and they recollected that it was full time to go to rest.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE whole family rose very early, and as soon as they were dressed they went together to John's room, to enquire how he found himself? Very well, answered he; I was in great pain till long after midnight, and could not close my eyes; but about two o'clock I fell asleep, and I cannot describe how comfortable I found that sleep. All my pain left me; and now I am awake, I feel as if I were new born. *Yes, sleep is a charming thing!* it frees us from all care and pain, and gives us new strength and vigour. He that sleeps well has always reason to be thankful; I never felt, till now, its full value! In future, when any one wishes me a good night, I shall thank them with all my heart; and if I have had a good night, I shall not complain if I am obliged to work hard in the day. What a shame it is that men live who abuse sleep; for when we sleep too long, we are indolent the whole

whole day: I often think of Madam, whom I have been coachman to these four years; she sleeps, as true as I am here, almost ten hours on the stretch; and when she rises, she finds nothing right; the servants are scolded all round; and she has often called me a blockhead when I have told her that my oats were out. Sleep appears to me like beans and bacon; if we eat moderately, we are strengthened; but if we are gluttons, bad humours break out, and we are heavy and idle; so that, in the whole world, nothing appears right.

While the company conversed with John, they heard a noise in Henry's room. He went to bed first, and by sleeping an hour longer than the rest of the family, became so stupid and heavy, that he was attacked by a certain disorder, called *ill-humour*. It is a very disagreeable one; and, in the morning, arises from that kind of sluggish stupidity, which men feel when they have slept longer than nature requires. Those who are under the influence of this disorder, expect that every thing should be directed by their whims; and if the least trifle goes contrary to their foolish humour, they murmur and scold though they want nothing. All the family felt the good effects of sleep as well as John, and were cheerfully preparing to discharge the duties of the day, except Henry; but his ill-humour, which arose from indulging himself too long in bed, till he grew stupid and sick, made him very
uncom-

uncomfortable to himself, and troublesome to others.

While he was in bed, a poor boy brought a quail to sell; and George, who loved his brother and sister, bought it for Henry. He hid the bird under his coat, and crept into Henry's room. O, good morning, good morning, Mr. Lie-a-bed, said he; you have almost lost your breakfast. Hold your tongue, cried he out peevishly, why did you not wake me? you were very ill-natured; you let me sleep on purpose that you might play alone with Charles. You do not know what you are talking about, interrupted George, I have called you above ten times, and you would not get up; it is hard to scold me for your own laziness. Then Henry grew still more ill-humoured, and called out, mother, mother!—his mother ran quickly, almost afraid that some accident had happened to him, and asked him what he wanted? George laughs at me; he called me a lie-a-bed; yet, he never waked me. But the mother soon perceived that George was innocent, and that Henry was stupid and out of humour; so she bid him rise quickly, and speak in a kind manner to his brother; rouse yourself, my child, added she, or you will spend an indolent uncomfortable day.

Mean time George slipped out of the room with his quail. On the stairs he happened to meet Caroline; that affectionate girl began to smile when she saw him; he kissed her, and said, guess what I have under my coat. The little girl
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thought it was a cake or an apple ; but George said it was something alive. Is it a frog, a sparrow, or a little dog ? asked she. He then let the head peep out, and she began to jump for joy when he told her that she should have it, because she was not out of humour, like Henry. She ran to her mother, and told her how good George had been to her. Henry saw her with her bird, and longed for it ; but Caroline did not mind him, or his angry looks.

Scarcely had the tender mother reached the bottom of the stairs, when she heard Henry call out again, mother ! mother !

Mrs. Benson, who at first had spoken kindly to him, was now displeased ; she returned, and when she opened the door, Henry saw that she had no longer a smiling face. She frowned, and asked, what do you want now ? naughty boy ! my half-boots are not here, answered he, weeping ; I must have my half-boots.—They are at the cobbler's, you must put on your shoes to day ; so saying, she left the room, left the foolish child sitting on the side of his bed ; and there he sat weeping as bitterly as if some great misfortune had happened to him.

But in the parlour was nothing but cheerfulness ; the guests were treated with coffee for breakfast ; and, because it was a holiday, the children had each a cup of coffee, and three slices of white bread and butter. It is true, poor Henry had none ; for he had neither washed his face, nor combed his hair.

A number

A number of little amusing stories were told, and they all joked and laughed. George and Caroline brought out all their pictures and playthings, which were admired by all the guests. But when they collected them to put them by—they were surprised, and asked, in a tone of joy, what is this? where did that come from? for Mrs. Jones had, unperceived by them, slipped some pretty pictures among their own. Poor Henry! had he been there, he would certainly have had some of those pretty pictures.

The company then prepared to go in the coach to a neighbouring wood, and pass the morning there. Am I to go? am I to go? asked George and Caroline, and their mother looked at them with such a smiling face, that they soon perceived she did not intend to leave them at home. What pleasure did they not promise themselves? they kissed their mother, and jumped for joy. The horses were quickly brought out of the stable and harnessed; and when all but the children had seated themselves in the coach, George missed Henry. Is not Henry to go? asked he, addressing his mother, in a sorrowful tone. If he is ready, let him come, answered she.

Then George sprang up stairs to tell his brother; but he was disappointed in his good-natured hope—there he still sat on the side of the bed scratching his head—he had not yet drawn on his stockings, and because he could not have his half-boots he would not put on his clothes.

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George soon saw that it would be vain to wait for him, for he knew his mother would not detain the carriage, till an ill-humoured boy was dressed; he therefore returned directly, got into the coach and off it drove.

When Henry heard the rolling of the coach, and learned that the whole company were gone to take an airing, and had left him behind; he cried bitterly, stamped with his feet, and behaved like a foolish child. Who knows what he might have done, if an old nurse had not brought him to himself. She advised him to put on his clothes directly, and follow the company, to beg his father and mother to forgive him, and perhaps, added she, they may permit you to partake of their pleasure.

After some soothing and encouragement, he resolved to follow her advice; he then ran across the fields and met the carriage, but not before he was tired and out of breath. His father and mother did not receive him with their accustomed kindness; nay, he was obliged to listen to a very severe proof for his obstinacy; but after he had humbly acknowledged his fault, and promised to behave better for the future, they allowed him to stay with the company. If he had kept his word, he might still have enjoyed much pleasure; but he soon let them see, that he had not yet conquered his ill-humour.

George proposed a play in which they all might engage; they fixed on one called the Hunter, and the open down before the wood was
a fine

a fine place for it. But Henry found no pleasure in this game, he insisted on their playing at blind-man's buff. The little company tried to convince him that he was very unreasonable to expect them all to do just what he pleased, but he heeded them not.—And when they saw that he would not pursue them, they tried to coax him, till he turned rudely from them; then they began to play without him. Charles was the hunter, George the dog, and Caroline the hare. Charles began the chase, crying out several times leveret, hide thyself—the dog is coming to seize thee!—close!—close! The leveret exerted all her powers to escape from the dog, and when it came near, pretended to cry like a hare; at last she was caught, and they all burst out into a loud laugh.

Henry saw with much vexation their common joy, he was tired of himself and his ill-humour; yet he was so stubborn and foolish, that he would not make one in their party. He imagined that Charles or George would again invite him to play with them, and he would gladly have accepted of the invitation; but they thought of no such thing:—none of them pressed a little obstinate boy who had been so long out of humour to join in their play. Then he threw himself, full of sorrow, under a tree, and lamented his folly:—I am very uncomfortable—*how unhappy has my ill-humour made me!* It has to-day already deprived me of the quail, my brother bought for me, and my breakfast—besides, I have
offended

offended my parents, and the strangers looked black on me—*how much pleasure have I lost by ill-humour!* No one wishes to have any thing to do with me, though I now am sorry; oh, I will never again be so foolish! Whilst he was thus bemoaning himself, his father passed by with Mrs. Jones, who had hold of his arm; and as soon as he observed Henry, he went up to him, and asked what was the matter with him? Why he did not make one in the play with his brother and sister? He was ashamed to answer, turned his face away, and held his hands before his eyes. What have you done? said the father again. Speak—I am ashamed of myself, answered he, I cannot tell it. You are ashamed, replied the father, you are afraid of my reproofs, you have done something wrong. *For those who feel shame always know that they have done something wrong.* Speak, what is it? Then he related, shedding many tears, how foolishly and ill-humouredly he had behaved all day, and how much trouble he had brought on himself.

The father pitied him: but desired him at the same time to try to govern his temper, and be for the future a good boy, then he would no more feel that kind of shame which made him afraid to look his father in the face. Do you, continued he, still desire to play with your companions? Very much, answered he, only I am afraid they will now refuse to play with me. You do not deserve indeed a kind reception, said the father; but if you wish to be more sociable,

if

if you will try to give up you own will to others come with me, I will intercede for you. Then Henry wiped away his tears, and taking hold of his father's hand, went with down-cast eyes to join his playfellows. They received him gladly when their father assured them, that for the future, he would no more tease them through his ill-humour.

He joined them, and they went to play again with fresh pleasure, now they had both a hare and a leveret to hunt.

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CHAPTER XV.

HENRY made a fine hare, and was so nimble that he sprang through the bushes, and they caught him with difficulty after he had advanced far into the wood.

But by this chance they made a discovery which they rejoiced at. They came suddenly on four fine healthy-looking boys, who were playing with a ball. They were the sons of the forester, who lived not far from hence. The huntsman, dog and hares were so pleased with this discovery that they ceased playing, to look at the flying ball, which these boys threw from one to another. Yes, it seemed as if they were all at once tired of hunting, and wished to begin to play at ball. Nay, Henry said aloud, if I had my ball here, we might also play at ball. Scarcely had Henry said so, when one of the boys came up to them and said, if you wish for a ball, wait a moment, and I will run to the house and bring you one; and all the rest said, O yes, run quickly and bring it.

Away he ran, but before he could come back, one of his brothers offered to lend them his

his ball till he returned. The children refused because they felt that they ought not to disturb their pleasure to amuse themselves. But they continued to press them, till they all agreed to play together. This afforded them new pleasure: some struck the ball in the air, and others received it as it fell. Nay, they were quite delighted when Charles, who was very expert at the game, made the ball rise almost out of sight, and when George ran to catch it, as it was falling at a great distance from the place it was thrown from. They were so amused, that they did not think of returning to their parents; but played one game after another.

Who knows how much longer they might have played, if the Curate had not called them. He came up to them, and desired them to come back, because Mr. Jones thought it time to proceed on his journey. Seeing the ball they were playing with, he enquired where they had found it, or who gave it to them? One of these good-natured boys, answered George, we are playing with. You cannot think how good-natured they were; as soon as Henry wished for a ball one of them ran to their house for it, and another lent us his, that we might not be tired with waiting. And did this civil behaviour please you? asked he. Very much, cried they all; how we wish that we could do something to please them. I too am glad, continued the Curate, to meet with such good children;

pray

may ask them to walk with us, that my wife and guests may see them. It was not necessary to speak twice, they ran to their new friends, and led them a little against their will forward to the company.

The little boys blushed at being praised for doing what their father had always told them to do, and what he always did himself; for a beggar never came through the forest without receiving a slice of bread, and a draught of small beer. He used to say to his boys, that the child who did not give part of his play-things to another, should be left to play alone—and what child can find pleasure in playing alone?

One day they had quarrelled about a kite, each would insist that it belonged to him. The father gave them four kites, which they were to call their own, but as they were so unfociable, he would not allow them to play together, and what pleasure was there in looking at a kite, though it mounted almost to the clouds, when they could not call out, see! see! how high the kite flies! In a few days they begged their father to take back three of the kites, and let them play together. It was the same thing with their tops, marbles, &c. there was no amusement in playing with them alone, and whenever they quarrelled, their father only punished them by making the selfish boy play in a little yard by himself.

After

After the company had asked the boys several questions, to which they gave modest answers, the Curate said to his children, next Monday you know you are to have a little feast, after all the cherries are gathered, and would you not wish for more company? Yes, indeed, answered George, may I ask these good boys to come? The father nodded, and he turned to them—yes, pray come next Monday, we shall be very happy together; I will shew you my garden and you shall eat some of the pears off my own tree. Yes, yes, cried Henry and Caroline, catching hold of their hands, you must promise to come and see all our gardens and birds. The father said that they would very gladly come, but they must ask their father's leave before they promised. You are very right, said the Curate, for a good child ought never to promise to go on without the consent of his parents; but I will call myself on your father and ask him to give you leave.

Mrs. Benson had brought a basket of fruit with her to regale her guests with; she now set it before them, and gave, as may be supposed, a sufficient quantity to the civil children. Mrs. Jones, who always had something in her pocket for good children, felt for a little parcel—what could it be, wrapped up in paper?—She opened it, and let them see some pretty pictures, very pretty pictures, of lions, tigers, and many other animals: she divided them amongst the

forester's

orester's sons, who at first refused to accept of them, but Mrs. Jones pressed them, saying, like these pictures, good, well-behaved children: *the civility deserves another.*

Now came the moment when the company must separate; the separation was painful to them all. When they first met they were civil to each other, because it is right to shew civility to every body; but when they became acquainted, they began to love as friends, and wished to have remained longer together. But Mr. Jones had some important business which required his presence, and he was obliged to take leave of the family; he did it in the most affectionate manner; and shaking the Curate's hand, with a look of regard and respect, put five guineas into it for John's use, which the Curate assured him was more than sufficient to pay the surgeon: Mr. Jones then desired him to let John have the rest in his pocket when he returned to his family: and, stepping into the coach, they were soon out of sight; mean while the Curate and his family turned into the foot-path which led to their house.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON the road Mr. Jones observed, with affectionate interest, the plentiful harvest, and the chearful looks of the reapers. He admired, sometimes, the abundance of ears which grew from a few grains of corn; sometimes, the industry of the country people in cutting it down, making it up into sheaves, and carrying it into their barns. He was so charmed with the view, that he could not remain any longer in the coach; he stopped it, and after he had handed out his wife and son, desired the coachman to follow them slowly.

They could, now they were on foot, observe all the objects far better than when they whirled by them in a carriage; and they were astonished to see that many men might receive nourishment from a single field of wheat; and that not only men obtained a subsistence from it, but likewise a number of birds, beetles, grasshoppers and field-mice: this afforded matter for conversation on various subjects.

Charles remarked that the grain did not appear equally fine in all the fields. In some the

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ears stood thick and strong, like a wood; in others it appeared thin; and, in several, was so mixed with weeds, that they could scarcely perceive that any had been sown. Charles could not conceive the reason of it: the fields, thought he, have all the same soil; the blades grow up near each other, exposed to the same weather, from whence comes this difference? He mentioned to his father this remark, and asked what could be the reason. Had we not better enquire of a countryman? most people know something of their own business, said he, and I see one yonder with such an honest countenance as makes me hope that he will readily answer our questions.

They went up to him, bowed, and asked why there was such a great difference in the crops? They asked, that they had seen many fields so fruitful that they charmed their eyes; and others almost covered with thistles and weeds. Yes, yes, replied the peasant, smiling, these were certainly my neighbour Brown's fields; he has always on his ground trash, not worth carrying home. But how can it be otherwise? When I and other farmers have been at work some hours, ploughing or hoeing, he is still snoring in bed. When our corn is almost in the ear, he is sowing his seed; and when our after-grass is fit for mowing, he is only bringing home his first loads of hay. There he comes, there he comes! you will soon see, by his dress and gait, what sort of a man he is.

They turned, and saw coming towards them a horse drawing a cart; but it was such a sorry poor creature, it could scarcely put one foot before the other. Upon him sat Brown, with a tattered coat loosely wrapped round him, and his hat was so old and dirty, that it would not have been easy to guess of what colour it had been. His hair was uncombed, and the feathers, which came out of a soft bed, were stuck in it; his face was covered with red blotches, and he sat in such an indolent manner, as if he were scarcely awake, or ready to fall asleep again. They expressed their surprize, and Charles declared that he should not have believed that there were such idle people in the world, if he had not seen it with his own eyes. Yes, continued the honest countryman, the master resembles the fields, the horse the master, the house the horse; the kitchen, sleeping-rooms, dairy, farm-yard and barn—all are alike. He never takes the trouble to drive a single nail; and when a stick lies in his way in the road, he will stumble ten times over it before he will stoop to pick it up.—But as he makes his bed, so he must lie in it:—the fields produce, every year, less and less; the house will fall down, and the horse be unable to drag the crazy cart any longer—and at last he will be obliged to beg. Though he indulges himself thus, he is never content; nay, so long as I have known him, I have never seen him once laugh,

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and he has convinced me, *that an idle man will never be content.* Wherever he looks he sees work that he has left undone : he sees his property going to the dogs, which always puts him out of humour ; and by sleeping too much, and sitting still, his blood grows thick, and his limbs are stiff and heavy : how can such a man be in a good humour ? I, for my part, ought to praise work ; for I am never so happy as when I have something to do ; I have then no dull hours ; and when I walk over the ground I have turned up with the sweat of my brow, and see my corn waving—my very heart leaps for joy. You are right, my good friend, said Mr. Jones, do not forget this experience ; stand firm to your plough, be industrious, and not only a good harvest will be the reward of your labour ; but you will have health and cheerfulness whilst looking forward to it, and doing your duty in the station in which God has placed you.

Saying so, they left him ; and the coachman telling them, a second time, that if they went on at this rate, they should not get home before midnight, they got into the coach again. He smacked his whip—and away they went full drive.

Charles was sorry when they got into the carriage again ; because he could not here half so well enjoy the sight of the beautiful fields as when they were walking. He leaned on the coach door, to look as far as his eye could reach ;

and, as the coach whirled along very quick, it appeared to him as if the sheaves, trees, fields and villages passed by him : and these moving pictures pleased him.

But his mother called to him ; child, child, sit down. He sat down, but asked why must I sit ? When I am seated, I cannot see half so well the sweet fields, and the other fine things, as when I stand up and lean on the door. You must, said Mr. Jones, always obey, when I or your mother desire you to do any thing, if you cannot guess why we bid you do it ; for we are older than you, and must know better what will be useful or hurtful to you. As you grow up and acquire more sense, by attending to our instruction, and observing what men do, you will know the nature of things yourself ; and instead of commanding, I shall reason with you. At present, you must trust us when we tell you, that a thing is not good for you. But if you wish to know why your mother refused to let you lean on the door, I will explain it to you, because it is not above your understanding. Observe, that the door only shuts with an iron spring ; but much jolting on a rough road may—Whilst he was saying so, the carriage passed over a rough stony place, which gave it such a jolt, that Charles was thrown forward into his mother's arms, the door on which he had leaned flew open, and Mr. Jones's cane fell out. The coachman was obliged to stop ; Mr. Jones

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got out, and Charles followed him; and there lay the beautiful cane snapped in two, the wheel had passed over it. Charles turned pale when he saw it, and all his limbs trembled; he caught his father's hand—O my dear father, said he, from what a dreadful accident has my good mother saved me! If she had not warned me, or if I had not obeyed her before I knew the reason, I should have fallen out of the coach, and the wheel would have gone over my head, arms or legs.—Yes, dear father, *While I live, I will never disobey you.* He sprang into the coach, embraced his mother, and promised, with tears in his eyes, never to be disobedient. They were all so affected by this accident, that they sat for some time without speaking a word.

CHAPTER XVII.

THEY might have remained much longer in this state, if their silence had not been interrupted by a new and unexpected accident. As the coach mounted slowly up a hill, Mr Jones observed a man very shabbily dressed walking before it. He shook his head, and said, I know that man; yet cannot now recollect where I have seen him. I hope it is not—no, impossible! it cannot be—he was a very rich man. The coach now overtook him; the man stopped, and made Mr. Jones an humble bow. What do I see, cried Mr. Jones? It is he! it is he! stop, Nicholas!

The coachman stopped; Mr. Jones got out of the carriage, and allowed Charles to follow him.

Are you not, asked Mr. Jones, Mr. Noel, whom I knew in London about twenty years ago?

Mr. Noel. (sighed) Yes, I am he. And you—I should know you;—are you—are you not Mr. Jones?

Mr

Mr. Jones. Right, I am he. But my old friend, you seem to be in a distressed state. Have you been unfortunate? Have you lost your fortune at sea; or has a fire consumed your substance?

Mr. Noel. Alas! no.

Mr. Jones.. Have thieves or sharpers plundered you?

Mr. Noel. No, no.

Mr. Jones. Or have you lost all by a lawsuit?

Mr. Noel. Nothing of all this. If I could attribute my misery to any of those causes, I should still find some comfort; but I cannot—I myself am the cause; all my misery comes from my own folly. *Prodigality has made me poor.*

Mr. Jones. Prodigality?

Mr. Noel. Yes, prodigality. My father left me forty thousand pounds. I married a wife who brought me twenty thousand more: but we neither of us knew how difficult it is to acquire money, and how easy to spend it. We did not believe that it was possible to dissipate such a large fortune, and paid little attention to the expences of our family, or the management of our house. Every thing that pleased us we purchased. My wife followed every new fashion, and I wore the most extravagant clothes. As soon as a dress was a little out of fashion, or worn by the common people, we gave it away. Our own countrymen could not make furniture to please us, we
sent

sent to Paris for a number of useless things. We drank the most costly wines, had the dearest dainties, a few weeks before our neighbours, who had more prudence; went to all the public amusements, and had continually large card-parties at home; in short, we had a splendid equipage. I had seen a noble pleasure-ground belonging to a Duke; the foolish idea of turning my meadows into such a one came into my head. I expended, in this manner, twenty thousand pounds of the principal, beside the interest of the whole. At the end of five years, I remarked that this extravagant way of living could not last long, because I had already wasted more than half my fortune.—I mentioned our circumstances to my wife; but she said, that we could not retrench our manner of living without appearing mean in the eyes of all our acquaintance. We had a large estate to expect from a rich uncle, who could not live long; and when we inherited his fortune, we could very well afford to live in the same way we had done ever since our marriage. I suffered myself to be persuaded: my expences always exceeded my income, and most part of the things I purchased were superfluities: thus did I throw away my fortune and plunge myself in debt, always hoping that my uncle would soon die. He, however, still lived, and my debts increased every year, till they amounted to such a considerable sum, that when he did die at last, his noble legacy (for on account of my extravagance, he left the estate to a distant relation,

of

of whom he had a better opinion) was not sufficient to satisfy my creditors ; they now grew importunate, suspicion was roused, and they seized my house, furniture, garden and clothes, in short, all I had left—but all was not sufficient to clear me, so I was sent to prison. My wife could not long endure this misery ; for having been accustomed, from her infancy, to live a life of indolent ease, and to follow selfish pleasures, she had not sufficient strength of mind to bear up against poverty ; it appeared so frightful to her, that in a few weeks, grief brought her to her grave. And I—if I had died with her, what misery should I have escaped ! I should not have seen the contempt which my old acquaintance have shewn me. Here he sighed bitterly—and his voice was choaked by his groans.

Mr. Jones. I pity you ; yet cannot conceive how you could have acted so inconsiderately. When you saw that you exceeded your income one year, why did you not live within bounds the next ? For if you had thought a moment, the consequence must have occurred to you—you must have foreseen your ruin.

Mr. Noel. You are in the right—you think like a reasonable man ; but I and my wife were spoiled in our youth. As our parents were rich, we obtained from them all we desired—yes, more than we desired. We eat every day a dinner, such as children should never partake ; one course followed another ; we wore the most expensive

clothes, and when we wished to pay a visit, two fine horses were harnessed to the coach to carry us in state. Thus from our infancy we lived a foolish life; and as we had not acquired any useful knowledge, when we grew up, we could not turn to more rational pursuits; we had not strength enough to practise virtue, nor sense to seek for knowledge; and our slavery to vanity was so great, that we could not deny ourselves any thing our weak minds longed for.—How happy I should now be, if my father had been a day-labourer. I should have been content with homely fare, have thankfully eaten a crust of brown bread, drunk small-beer, and have made this little journey with pleasure. But, dear Mr. Jones, you cannot suppose how woeful, how hard it is to submit when a man in his youth has pampered his appetite, eaten dainties, drank good wine, and always rode in a coach, to be obliged in his old age to accustom himself to miserable food, and to go miles on foot.

Mr. Jones was affected by this relation, particularly as he saw that he did not attempt to deceive him, but owned his folly. He promised him that he would think of some way to help him; but requested him, without saying any more, to come into the coach, and sleep that night at his house. Mr. Noel looked stedfastly on him with sorrowful eyes, while a blush rose in his cheeks, and faintly asked, if he would not be ashamed to sit by the side of a beggar?

If you are sincerely sorry for your past life, and intend to begin a new one, I shall never be ashamed of you—God forbid!

He was now seated in the carriage, when he had a little recovered himself, he recounted many more particulars of his past life, and present misery; and earnestly addressing Mr. Jones, he said, if your children are dear to you, do not let them live a life of idleness and luxury! Men may at any time, when they acquire a fortune, enjoy the pleasures of life; accustom themselves to good cheer, and wear more costly clothes, but it is difficult, yes, very difficult, to bring one's self to relish coarse food after wild-fowl and pastry—to submit to wear dirty rags, or even coarse clothes, when we have been dressed in fine linen every day.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEFORE they had finished this conversation, they reached Bristol. Mary had been a long time watching at the window, waiting for the arrival of her dear parents. Now she discovered the coach; in a moment she was on the steps, and before her parents and brother got into the door, embraced them weeping, and could only bring out, my father! my mother! my brother! They kissed her very tenderly; Charles brought her some fruit which the Curate had given him, and she received it with pleasure.

Mr. Jones conducted poor Mr. Noel to a room, and begged him to accept of a coat and some linen; then he returned to his parlour, and said this evening I shall not think of business, I will spend it with my family.

He afterwards called Mary to him, and began carefully to enquire how she had employed her time during their absence. She then related all; brought down the bonnet which the maid had washed, shewed the work that she had done, and the copies she had written; nay, repeated some stories, which she had read, in such a distinct manner as proved that she had paid attention to them whilst she was reading.

Mrs.

Mrs. Jones examined her work, and asked if she had done it all herself. No, answered she, my cousin did the left seam of the shift, whilst I worked at the right. But, asked her father, have you had no one to visit you? Yes, Charlotte has been to see me and my three cousins, and I went out to drink tea yesterday with my aunt.

Mr. Jones. Has any thing else happened?

Mary. Be not angry with me, do not frown, I have broken something.

Mr. Jones. What?

Mary. When my cousins were here, we played at blind-man's buff; and when I was blinded, I ran against the closet, and knocked down one of the best china cups.

Mr. Jones. Indeed you should not have been so giddy; but you shew your sense in not concealing or denying it.

During this conversation, Mary's aunt entered, who took care of the house while they were absent. Mrs. Jones enquired how her little charge had behaved, and received a very particular account, which perfectly agreed with the one they had just had from Mary herself.

Good girl,—said Mr. Jones, you might have told us lies; but what purpose would it have answered, we should soon have discovered that you told them, and then we could never again have believed what you said; for when I discover that a child or a servant has once told me a lie, I cannot trust or respect them. But you have related every thing just as it happened, *you have spoken*
the

the truth, and now I see that you love truth, I shall always in future believe you. Then her father and mother kissed her.

While they were expressing the pleasure they felt in finding that they could confide in their daughter, and that she would tell truth, though she exposed her own faults, they were interrupted by the entrance of a stranger.—He caught Mr. Jones by the hand with great warmth, and said, how glad I am, dear Sir, that after so many years I can again shake your friendly hand! Mr. Jones was not a little surprized by the tenderness and familiarity of a clergyman, who was entirely unknown to him. I cannot recollect, said he, that I ever had the honour of knowing you. Not me, said the clergyman, laughing; do you not remember little Jack, who used to sit by you at the writing-table at school. Yes, I remember him well, answered Mr. Jones, but——

But you cannot conceive, interrupted the clergyman, how the poor son of a taylor should have acquired the appearance of a gentleman?—To be frank, said Mr. Jones, it does surprize me, and I am very desirous to know how it happened—pray be seated, and satisfy my curiosity.

He seated himself on the sofa, and related with great spirit the singular history of his life. You know, said he, that after my father's death, my god-father took me home, intending to have me taught a mechanical trade; but before he could fix on a master, I had been some time in his house. I passed great part of my time in his study.

study. I looked into many books, and when I found one that pleased me, I read it through with great attention, and often forgot my meals, I was so eager to go on. I used to copy the most striking passages, and repeat them to my god-father. My desire to know what the books contained was so great, that a few Latin words did not frighten me; I took a Latin-dictionary, and was at the trouble to hunt after them; and when I could not find them, I asked my god-father. That worthy man finding me one day in his study, shut the door, and asked me if I had a desire to apply myself to learning? I replied, that I had indeed a very strong desire, but he knew my situation, and that as I was indebted to his bounty for every thing, I must be directed by him. Well, said he, I will try you for a twelvemonth, and if you are diligent, I will send you to a school. I do not know what I said, I was so pleased; I assured him that I would willingly go without a coat to learn Latin.

He delayed not, but next day engaged a master for me, whom I every day attended. He was a good, as well as a learned man, and was so well pleased with my improvement, that he prevailed on my god-father to let me remain under his care, till I was old enough to go to college. Before I went, I studied day and night. I knew that all my time must be employed to improve my mind, if I wished to become a gentleman. I listened silently to the conversation of old men, was attentive to my master's instruction, and
never

never began one book before I had finished another. My master had more pupils; I assisted to teach them, and when I went to college, he so warmly recommended me, that I had several young men placed under my care, to whom I became a private tutor, which I was very glad of, because I did not wish to draw more money from my kind god-father than was absolutely necessary. I was respected by the superiors in the college.—But not to tire you, from being chosen a Fellow, I became a Professor, a Doctor of Divinity, and, in consequence of some books I published, which have been approved of, I obtained a considerable living.

So you are then, asked Mr. Jones, full of astonishment, a Doctor of Divinity, a Professor, and have a good living? I now perceive that my opinion is true, for I have always thought *that a good understanding was better than riches*. I have now in my house a man, who was once worth near a hundred thousand pounds, and now he is a beggar. And you, who never had a farthing from your parents, have, by your understanding and industry, acquired a considerable fortune, and respectable rank.

I am entirely of your opinion, replied the Doctor; if in their youth men cultivate their understandings and acquire useful knowledge, they may afterwards acquire a fortune. But if we were to gain all the wealth of the Indies, it would not purchase understanding. And how quickly
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may a man be deprived of riches !—Fire, inundations, wars, thieves, law-suits, and other misfortunes may in a short time make a rich man poor.—But if my house should be reduced to ashes, and all my property destroyed by storms, my cultivated understanding would still remain to comfort me, and enable me to live—that no one can rob me of, without depriving me of life.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHILE Mr. Jones was conversing with the Professor, Mrs. Jones went into the dining parlour to make some enquiries about the supper. She had already given her orders to the cook, and she went now to see how they were executed; she found, however, every thing on the table she had ordered, except some preserved cherries. Why, said she to the cook, have you not brought the preserved cherries?

Preserved cherries! preserved cherries! I did not hear you order any, answered she, with a face as red as scarlet.

Mrs. Jones then desired her to bring them now, and Betty left the room, but not returning, Mrs. Jones followed her, and asked her why she did not bring the cherries? There are none, was her answer. None! said Mrs. Jones, last week the jar was half full, for I looked into it, and we have not had any brought to table since. Betty endeavoured to persuade her mistress that she was mistaken; but as she always made a point of looking over her household matters in a regular manner, she was sure of the fact, and as no one went to the store-room but Betty, she only could have

have emptied the jar. Mrs. Jones now said, with a firm tone of voice, that she must have stolen the cherries—at last Betty owned she had eaten them.

But, said Mrs. Jones, how could you be so inconsiderate and greedy, when you want for nothing? you have a part of every thing that comes to our table—why did you take what did not belong to you? Now Betty began to cry, and said, I have been a glutton from my infancy. Whenever I went to my mother's closet I took an apple or a pear, though she had just given me one, and if she sent me to buy any sweet things, I tasted them before I brought them to her. I became by degrees such a glutton, and so fond of nice things, that I used to eat them all up from my brothers and sisters, who never let me partake of their feasts, because I eat my own cakes alone. This habit has so grown upon me, that when I see any thing nice I cannot help eating it in a corner, and eat till I am sick—I eat so many of those cherries, that nurse thought I should have died with a pain in my stomach; she made me take two or three basons full of camomile tea, and I have hated the sight of preserved cherries ever since.—Pray forgive me, dear mistress, whilst I live I will never do it again!

How can I believe, answered Mrs. Jones, that it will not happen again, when you have owned that, though it makes you sick, you cannot conquer this mean, selfish habit. I must have some proof of your amendment before I trust you again;

again;—give me the key of the store-room, for when I know that a servant is a glutton, I dare not confide any thing to her care.

Betty entreated to be forgiven, shedding many tears, and hoped that her mistress would not expose her to her fellow-servants; for, if they knew that she was a glutton, they would despise and laugh at her. I know very well, answered Mrs. Jones, that gluttony is very disgraceful; but is it my fault that you have acquired such an hateful habit? I have once or twice reproved you gently; now, since you have not listened to me, I must expose you to the family, to see if that will cure you. Nay, the pimples on your face expose your gluttony; we should seldom look ugly, or be obliged to take nasty medicines, if we did not greedily overload our stomachs; and if we forget our duty in private, and cheat our fellow-creatures of their share; it is but just that we should be laughed at in company, and called what we really are, *gluttons*.

She was obliged immediately to deliver up the key; and, in future, Mrs. Jones always counted out whatever she gave her.

This disagreeable accident disturbed Mrs. Jones; and she was obliged to stop a moment, to smooth her brow, before she went to supper, that she might not interrupt the pleasure of the meal, or let her husband or guests see that she had been discomposed by her servant.

She enquired for Mr. Noel, but was informed that he was ashamed to appear, and wished to

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sup in his own room. Mr. Jones then went himself to him, and said, you have already spent many sad evenings lamenting over your folly, come now and partake of our frugal meal; it will neither remind you of your former abundance, nor your present poverty.

They now surrounded the table; and Mary, who was with her mother when she reproved Betty, determined not to eat more than her share of the plumb-pye, lest she should acquire a habit that would expose her to shame and ridicule, beside making her sick and ugly. The professor related many more remarkable things which had happened to him since he saw Mr. Jones, and they all heard him with attention, particularly Mr. Noel; and when he was informed that the genteel man before him, who conversed so sensibly, had been a taylor's son, he sighed bitterly at the recollection of his own folly—sighed to think how much money had been thrown away on his education; and how foolish he looked in the presence of a learned man, because he had neglected to acquire knowledge and improve his understanding. I see plainly, said he, that those who do nothing but play and amuse themselves in their youth, will never in their old age be respected.

When the professor was going to take leave of them, he smiled, and said, but I have not told you all, I am going to be married to a young lady who lives in your neighbourhood. I became acquainted with her when she nursed her father, who

who was several months confined to his room at Oxford. I found her a sensible good girl, who knew how to manage a house, and was not fond of dress; she read to her father, and taught her two younger sisters to read, write and work. After I found she had an affection for me, I asked her father's consent; he readily gave it, but we were obliged to defer our marriage till I obtained my living. Now I am in possession of it the day of our marriage is fixed; it is to be three days hence; and, as I wish to have a jovial day, I would gladly have all my friends round me; and you my first friend, dear Mr. Jones, whom I loved when we played at the ball together, pray come, and your whole family—you must not refuse me.

That the invitation was agreeable to his wife, a significant smile informed Mr. Jones; so, after wishing his school-fellow joy, he promised to be at the wedding; and they parted very affectionately.

CHAPTER XX.

MRS. Jones was not fond of dress; she always dressed herself and her children in a neat becoming manner; but was never eager to be the first to adopt a new fashion, nor did she ever wear any thing singular or conspicuous. But, when she was obliged to appear in public, or to pay a visit, like the present, she thought it decent to conform a little more in her dress to the taste of her acquaintance; and this was not very troublesome, as she seldom paid formal visits, or went to public places, except now and then when she attended some of the public breakfasts at the Hot-wells.

She reflected, the following morning, how she should dress herself and her children. She found that it was not necessary to buy many new things; but soon perceived, that those she had required considerable alteration.

On these occasions Mary had always some employment; now she had the muslin to hem which was to flounce her mother's gown. She was very willing to do it, for it was her greatest pleasure to obey and assist her mother; but, when she saw the length of the flounce, and heard that it must be finished by the next day at noon, she

shook

shook her head, and said, dear mother, it is impossible; I cannot, in so short a time, do all that. I will tell you, said the mother, how you may do it: you must now work constantly, and not leave off when you are a little tired, or find it troublesome; and not rise from your seat every moment to run here and there; nay, you must not look about every minute, but pay attention to your work; and both to-day and to-morrow morning, never quit it when you can possibly help it,—and, above all, think of what you are about, and do not begin any thing else. Try this plan for an hour or two, and see what you can do—*through perseverance we may do many things which we thought impossible.* Mary laughed, and said, I will see what I can do.

During this conversation, Mr. Jones was thinking of very different matters. He thought of what he should do effectually to serve Mr. Noel; he reflected some time; at last, came to a resolution, and sent for him.

He came with a very humble, sad countenance, and almost trembled; when Mr. Jones called him friend, he glanced his eyes on the clothes he had received from him, and seemed to say, pardon my poverty.

Mr. Jones. Your situation makes me very uneasy; be assured I feel for you; can you think of any thing that I can do to help you?

Mr. Noel. Help me! help me!—would to God it were possible; but I see no possibility.

Mr. Jones. Indeed it is impossible for you

to live in the expensive manner you did formerly ; for if I were to give you my whole fortune, it would only last a few years ; and, after that, you would be as poor as you now are.

Mr. Noel. Oh, do not kill me, Sir, with remarks on my unpardonable folly ! I am racked when I think of my former conduct, and heartily ashamed of it ; nay, I cannot believe that I should ever return to my former excesses. I am accustomed to plain food, and content with it ; and had I decent clothes of my *own*, I should be quite satisfied with them.

Mr. Jones. If you would be satisfied with receiving a trifle, every day, I could afford to allow you. But could you resolve to live on charity ?

Mr. Noel. On charity !—(here his voice faltered, and tears rushed in his eyes)—On charity !—excuse me, Sir ; what an insult it is, what a bitter mortification for a man, who had from his father such a fortune, and has always lived in abundance, to live on charity !

Mr. Jones. I readily believe it ; but how else can I help you ? Have you a desire to earn a subsistence ?

Mr. Noel. Yes, gladly would I work, do any thing to avoid living on alms. It is not a shame for an old or a sick man to receive an alms ; but I have health and strength : how can I live on charity without rendering myself contemptible ? yet how can I earn subsistence ?—I have learned no trade.

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Mr.

Mr. Jones. I have heard you speak French—have you not learned to write and cast accounts?

Mr. Noel. I can do both tolerably; but I could not get a place in London; no one would employ an extravagant gentleman.

Mr. Jones. My friend, now are you still dearer to me than ever you were. You have committed a great fault; but you are an honest man. If you wish to work, live with me. I will daily give you letters to write and copy, and accounts to keep; and allow you, beside your board, fifty pounds a year. Be careful, and if you punctually and orderly attend to business, I will increase your salary; and in time, when you know something of trade, will enable you to be your own master. Yes, if I see that you can be attentive to business, and learn order and economy, I do not despair of seeing you a respectable merchant some years hence.

Mr. Noel. If you would do so, and enable me to earn my own bread, you would, good Sir, save my life and honour.

Mr. Jones. Accept of ten guineas as a token of friendship, to buy you some necessaries, till you can earn them.—I am not giving an alms, but a pledge of my regard.

Mr. Noel was so touched by this generosity that he could not utter a word; at last, big tears rolled down his cheeks, and he exclaimed, God bless you and your family! God has sent you to heal a penitent, almost broken heart—he was going

going on, calling him his benefactor and preserver; but Mr. Jones went out, saying, compose yourself—I will send your dinner to you; and, at tea, let me see you become one of my family—let me have the pleasure of seeing you grow virtuous and contented.

Going out he met his wife, who tenderly took his hand, and told him that dinner was ready. He followed her, sat down, eat with a tolerable appetite; but said very little. She was very desirous to know the cause of his silence. She asked him many questions; yet his answers did not satisfy her.

After the cloth was taken away, she rose and said, I will see if I cannot make you talk. Saying so, she took a flask of fine wine, which her mother, the day before, had made her a present of. Here, my dear, silent husband, said she, here is something to untie your tongue.

She poured out a glass, he took it with a smile, and tasted it.

Well, asked she, is it good?

Good! very good, my dear, answered he; but I have just tasted something much sweeter than the most costly, exquisite wine—the pleasure arising from benevolence. I have to-day put Mr. Noel to the test, and found him an honest man; and, in consequence of this conviction, I have given him a place in my counting-house, and have promised him a salary. If he appears to be industrious, faithful and orderly, I hope in a few years to take him into partnership, or put him

in a way to trade for himself. If you had but seen his gratitude: he wept, he prayed God to bless me and my family—my wife, my children; saying so, this worthy man embraced his wife and children, and his face was lighted up with love and benevolent pleasure—*amongst all our pleasures, the most delightful is that of doing good.*

This wine, continued he, has an agreeable taste in my mouth, it tickles my palate, and, in a few minutes, it will be over; but if I am so fortunate as to save Mr. Noel, if I can take him out of idleness and beggary, and make him an industrious man, who without anxiety may earn a livelihood for himself—this would be a source of joy to me during my whole life. Every time I saw him, my heart would whisper me, behold the man thou hast rescued; then should I feel the same pleasure as you feel, when the good girl comes to see you, whom you educated, when her father and mother left her helpless, without a friend to take care of her.

You are right, my dear husband, said Mrs. Jones; let us continue, with part of our fortune, to relieve the miserable, so shall we have delightful recollections in our old age when we cannot enjoy any other pleasure.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THIS conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a young man, whom Mr. Jones had taken on trial into his counting-house, and given different employments to, that he might find out what he had learned, and whether he had made a good use of his time before he came to him. He brought what he had written, an English and French letter, and some bills he had cast up. Mrs Jones left the room.

Mr. Jones looked over them, and shook his head. In what language is this letter written? asked he, holding it to him.

In French, replied the young man.

In French, continued Mr. Jones, indeed I should not have guessed it, if you had not told me so; I cannot understand it, there is not a line without a fault. And this English letter—look at it yourself, what false grammar and strange spelling! do you call this English? and the bills are very carelessly cast up; in this you have made a mistake of twenty pounds, not to take notice of the blunders in the pence and shillings.

The young man blushed, and could not bring out a word in his own defence. I pity you, added Mr. Jones, you are an unhappy youth; I cannot employ you in my counting-house.

Pray

Pray, Sir, cried the youth, do not send me back; I will promise to be very attentive, and I still may learn something. That you should have done before, interrupted Mr Jones, you are not come to me to learn French, writing and accounts; but to be useful in my business. You can do nothing properly, I cannot trust you; I must have a youth in my counting-house, who has made a better use of his time. No more need be said about it; pack up your clothes to-day, and to-morrow I will send you home in the stage; and that you may see that I pity you, I will defray the expences of your journey. The young man would have continued still to entreat, but Mr. Jones went out of the room, saying, as he shut the door, you hear my determination, it is vain to dispute it; I know your father sent you to a good school; I cannot keep a clerk who has idly wasted the years of his life best calculated for improvement. If we do not attend to the seed time, we must never expect a harvest.

The young man stood a moment silent, then walked, in an agitation up and down the room, saying, what will my father and mother think of it when I am sent back to them! they will die of grief; and all my acquaintance will laugh at me. How much money has been laid out on me, and I know nothing!—*Oh, that I could call back the years that are past*, when I might have learned so much! but my thoughtlessness and fondness

fondness for play has prevented my receiving any benefit from good instruction.

Mean while Mrs. Jones was preparing for the approaching wedding; and she found that she must buy some new ribbons and gloves, and other millinery ornaments. She then determined to go herself to a chamber milliner, who had been very warmly recommended to her, that no time might be lost. She soon found the house, and knocked at the door of the first landing-place. Come in, cried a horrid voice. She opened the door; but how terribly was she frightened when she saw a man who looked grimly on her, as if he could have killed her. It was Mr. Skinpenny, whose avarice the whole town talked of, because he only thought of getting money, and often scraped pounds together in a very dishonest manner. Though he had hoarded a sufficient sum to enable him to live at his ease, should he live a hundred years, yet he grudged every farthing he spent; his food was bad, and his dress dirty and old; and so miserable was he, that he did not allow himself any of the comforts of life, unless other people paid for them. He now sat in a chamber, the walls of which were covered with smoke; and the floor was so dirty that no one could have supposed it had been cleaned for two years at least. He wore an old morning gown, the colour of which it was not easy to discover. On the table stood the remains of his scanty meal,

meal, a herring and some mouldy cheese, and near them laid heaps of money, out of which he was choosing the lightest to give to the poor people who came to borrow of him; for he gained his large fortune in this manner, and grew rich by taking advantage of the misfortunes of his fellow creatures. Mrs. Jones said, with a trembling voice, Sir, I beg—what do you beg, interrupted he, I have not a moment's peace during the day—there is no end of beggars. I told you yesterday, that I would give you the money if you brought a pledge; but, without it, you should not have it though you knelt till your knees were sore.

What do you mean, Sir, said Mrs. Jones, a little angrily, do you take me for a beggar! and she turned her back to go out. Mr. Skinpenny now recollected her, and was vexed at the mistake. Oh, you are Mrs. Jones, the rich merchant's wife; I humbly ask your pardon—I did not at first recollect you. Yesterday a woman tormented me, above an hour, to lend her twenty pounds; I thought I was speaking to her, when I said that you should not have it unless you had brought a pledge. Men must take care of what they earn by the sweat of their brow, if they would go through the world like honest people. *I am a very poor unhappy man!* not a farthing dare I spend on myself. For these three years past I have wished to buy a new morning gown, and have not yet been able to

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to spare so much money. As true as I stand here before you, Madam Jones, last winter I thought my hands and feet would have dropped off—it was so cold I had no feeling in them, because I was afraid to keep a fire, coals grew so dear during the long frost—there was no telling what they might come to. Yet every creature who comes to see me wants money of me, as if I were made of gold. Believe me, Madam, I am a poor miserable man, almost tormented to death, or I should have recollected you, Madam.

But of what value is all your money, asked Mrs. Jones, if you make no use of it? Ought I not to be careful to provide for my old age? I know not how long God may let me live.—We can never tell what accidents may befall us; I may be bed-ridden for many years; and who will give me any thing if I do not take care of myself? But, continued Mrs. Jones, you appear to me to be now a very old man, and to have lived longer than men in general do live.

On that very account, should I not be very careful lest I should come to want at last? Besides, I have a son and daughter, whom I must pick up something for. But, alas! I have no thanks from them to repay me! They are always plaguing me for money—and why should they come to me, who am an old man? They are strong, cannot they earn their own livelihood? They are old enough to take care of themselves.

There is no more affection or duty in the world; I know that they reckon the hours, and watch for my death. Miserable wretch that I am! forsaken by all the world, and even my own children do not love me.

Have you already given them a sufficient fortune to begin the world with? asked Mrs. Jones. Not a farthing, replied he, angrily. As long as I live I will not give the staff out of my own hands; when I am dead they may take all; but I am not dead yet.—

If so, replied Mrs. Jones, you ought not to wonder if your children neither love nor respect you, and wish for your death.—But can you tell me where I can find Mrs. Sandford? Yes, said he, smiling, glad to get rid of her, she lodges up-stairs, you cannot miss your way.

She then wished him a good morning, and begged his pardon for having disturbed him. Just as she shut the door, he asked, in a faint voice, if she would drink a glass of wine? but she curtsied a refusal, and could, with difficulty, restrain a laugh as she tripped up-stairs.

She now saw a very different appearance. She came into a room, in which indeed there was no costly furniture; but, in every part of it, there was a look of cleanliness and order, which refreshed her eyes after the chamber she had just left. At a table sat Mrs. Sandford, and, near her, two chearful looking daughters; they were all dressed in a decent manner, and busily employed making hats and caps.

Mrs.

Mrs Jones was received very civilly; and, after she had purchased the things she came for, she requested permission to sit and rest herself a moment, if they would go on with their work. In the course of conversation, she admired their industry and taste, and the order she observed in their persons and room. Yes, said Mrs. Sandford, a good education was the best fortune I received from my mother, and a good one it proved to be when my money melted away.

She must have been a respectable woman, answered Mrs. Jones.

Yes, she was indeed a respectable woman, continued Mrs. Sandford; though she was my mother, yet must I praise her now she is in her grave. She had a considerable fortune, above ten thousand pounds; but she always reminded me, that prosperity was uncertain: Fanny, Fanny, she would say, money is a slippery thing; trust not to your fortune, the largest will waste insensibly away; improve yourself:—learn something; if you continue rich, employment will procure you health and content; and should any misfortune deprive you of your inheritance, your abilities and industry will enable you to support yourself without being obliged to any body. I soon found the use of my hands; I learned plain-work, made my father's shirts and my mother's caps; in short, I learned every thing which a woman ought to know who is destined to be a mother, and have the care of a family;

family; and I was as gay as a lark; I had time to read, walk, and dance; and seemed to enjoy these pleasures much more than those who sat still, and thought of nothing else. I gained, by these means, a strong constitution. When I am sick, I always know what ails me; I never am troubled with those nervous complaints which, I really believe, idleness produces; for the physicians themselves do not know what to call them. As I was an only child, and heiress to a good fortune, foolish people did not think it necessary for me to work.

Most of my acquaintance, who had not fortunes equal to mine, spent the whole day in dressing or visiting; but I regularly worked and managed the house in the morning, and found time to read and write.—Yes, we were all so happy at home, that whenever I went to a dance, or a play, I longed to return to tell my parents what I had seen. I made baby linen for the poor, and gave them broth and coals; I taught their children to read and work—and the country people used to bless me, and say I should never come to want; and, thank God! I never have. But I shall always remember, with gratitude, my mother, who is now in heaven, because she gave me such a good education; but for her I might now have been an idle beggar.

She died young, and left me, when I was only sixteen, to take care of my father's house.

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Soon after I was of age my father was snatched away; but, before his death, he approved of a husband I had chosen, a respectable merchant. I married him, and endeavoured to make his life comfortable, for I loved him. But though he was very industrious, he became a bankrupt: he had ventured my fortune in a very promising scheme; it was all swallowed up; and this want of consideration, he would say, lay nearest his heart. He did not long survive his loss, but fell into a consumption and died. He was cut off in his prime, only six and thirty; and I was left behind, with these two daughters to maintain and educate, without any visible means. I remained at Bristol, because I hoped, when my husband's affairs were settled, that I should still have something considerable to receive. I was disappointed, yet I contrived to live until I found that I had only a hundred pounds to expect, which would soon have been consumed, if I had not remembered my poor mother's words: *if you should ever be deprived of your fortune, you may subsist by your abilities and industry.* I spoke then to my acquaintance, bought a little stock, and became a milliner: as I wished to attend to the education of my daughters, I did not choose to keep an open shop. An old milliner, whom I had formerly assisted, recommended her customers to me, when she left off trade; besides, she gave me some instructions respecting the management of my business.

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Since that I have had more work offered to me than I could do: I have never known want; I have given my children a proper education——good girls! they now assist me, and are the comfort of my declining years.——I have no care; when I am dead, they can maintain themselves. I am content, nay, happier, excepting the loss of my husband, than when I was mistress of a large fortune. My money is gone; *but the industry my mother taught me remains with me still, and supports me and my children.*

Mrs. Jones rejoiced at having met with such a sensible good woman, and determined to solicit her acquaintance in her favour. She admired the industry of her modest daughters, and addressing them in a most friendly manner, she assured them that they would never know want or care while they followed such an excellent mother's example. She requested Mrs. Sandford to visit her frequently, and allow the young people, when they had done their work, to come and walk with her and her children. Indeed, my dear Madam, added she, I wish to become intimate with you, and improve by your instructive conversation. I shall find more pleasure in your company, nay, think myself more honoured by your visits, than I should ever feel from the notice of a lady of quality, only distinguished by her rank and fortune.

This conversation was interrupted by a gentle tap at the door. Come in, said Mrs. Sandford; the door was opened, and a poor woman entered, whose whole appearance spoke her misery.

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Have pity on me!—have pity on me! said she, I am a poor unfortunate woman. I have never in my life before had occasion to ask charity of any one—but now—now necessity impels me to pray you to have compassion on me. My husband, who is a taylor, has by his industry supported me and my children, in a decent manner, for many years. But he has now been sick above a month, and unable to earn a farthing; nor can I, for I must nurse him day and night. I have six young children, who cry all day for bread; and the poor sick man requires nourishment and medicines, while I stand by and cannot help him. I am just come from a man who lodges in the room under this;—what a hard-hearted man! I did not think that there were such cruel people on God's earth. He gave me nothing, though heaps of gold lay on the table; he even called me names; he called me an idle, wicked woman, and said that I had spent all my money in drams—what cutting words! *It is hard enough to suffer want*; but when our fellow creatures shut their hearts against us, or reproach us for our misery, it becomes unbearable.

Why, asked Mrs. Jones, a little angrily, did you not come to me, and make known your situation? your husband has long worked for us, and I always thought him an honest, industrious man, and such people ought never to suffer want. If sometimes, through sickness or other unavoidable accidents, they happen to be in trouble, every good man should be ready to support them. From
this

this time, good woman, come every day to my house, and I will give you what is sufficient to feed your family, and the nourishing things your husband requires; and here is something to supply your present pressing wants. She put a guinea into her hand, and Mrs. Sandford gave her half a crown; nay, the girls gave her six-pence a-piece out of their little savings.

The woman was transported with joy. Am I, said she, amongst angels? Yes, now I see that there are still good people on the earth! How I shall rejoice the heart of my husband, and quiet my children, when I return home!—God for ever bless you all, and give you back a thousand-fold, what you have bestowed on me.—May he pour the same peace into your bosoms I now feel! She lifted up her eyes to heaven, and hurried out of the room, leaving them all with tears in their eyes.

Mrs. Jones was now obliged to hasten home, after she had once more renewed her assurance of friendship; and added, that she was very glad that she happened to hear of her, because she had not only become acquainted with a worthy woman; but had had an opportunity of affording comfort to several people in distress.

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CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Mrs. Jones returned home, she found a stranger there, who came from Bath to be present at the approaching wedding. He was the Curate of a little neighbouring village, and an Usher at school. He was just going to take leave, when Mrs. Jones entered, because, he said, that he had some business to settle that afternoon. Mrs. Jones did not then attempt to detain him; but pressed him so warmly to spend a few hours at his house, before he left Bristol, that he promised to come and sup with them, if he could finish his business in time.

When he was gone, Mary asked, in a ridiculing tone, why, dear father, did you press so much, a man who looked so mean and vulgar, that I should be afraid to stay in a room alone with him. I never saw such a strange looking man; he turns his toes in, his shoulders are up to his ears, he makes mouths when he is not speaking; and then, what an old-fashioned coat he has on! he looks like a ploughman.

Mary, Mary, answered Mr. Jones, be not so precipitate in your judgment! This man, though
he

he were neglected in his youth, and acquired habits which make him look very awkward, may notwithstanding be a very wise and good man. If you had been thus neglected, you would now probably have a number of awkward tricks, and it would be cruel to laugh at, or despise you for them. You have a mother who sets you a good example, who watches you, you, so that you have been prevented from acquiring bad habits; besides, you have learnt to dance, and been in well-bred company. But, probably, this gentleman had none of these advantages; perhaps, he had a father who could not afford to spend much on his education; perhaps, he spent his youth in study, without having any opportunity of mixing with the world; and, at present, I believe he has so much to do in his school, that he has no time to think of his appearance. Mary still did not like him; and said, can such a man be wise? Can he do much good?

Mr. Jones was going to answer, and reprove her for her folly, when Mr. Noel entered the room, and interrupted the conversation. He was beginning again to thank Mr. Jones for his kindness; but he interrupted him, saying, speak no more of it, dear Sir; the best way you can thank me, and all that I expect from you, is this, that you will exert yourself to become an orderly, industrious man; or all I have done, and mean to do for you, will be useless—and I shall

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shall be disappointed. Mr. Noel assured him, that he intended to exert all his powers to become what he wished him to be. He then requested Mr. Jones to look at what he had done that day, and freely give his opinion. He had written several French and English letters, and cast up some accounts. Mr. Jones looked them over, and found them written with more care than he expected, and the accounts were perfectly right. If you continue to be so attentive, I shall expect to see you a rich man, said Mr. Jones, smiling; but, in spite of fate, you will become respectable; for that depends on your conduct, and not on your success. Mr. Noel said, that he felt a little tired, not having been accustomed to work; but, from the pleasure he experienced, and the secret satisfaction he had seldom tasted at the close of an idle day, he really believed he should be, in future, happier in living an active life, than when he enjoyed all the superfluities this world could afford, and only thought of seeking for amusement.—Alas, Sir, continued he, I have discovered that no man can enjoy pleasure who does not fulfil some duty, and pursue some useful object regularly every day.—We cannot be idle without being wicked.

Now the Usher returned; his entrance seemed to disconcert Mr. Noel, and he remained silent some minutes, staring at him. At last he said, pardon me, Sir, is not your name Goodman?

Yes,

Yes, answered he, but where have I had the pleasure of knowing you? Were you not once tutor to the son of a Mr. Noel, of Yorkshire? Yes, replied Mr. Goodman, and I should have made something of that child if he had not been an only son; but his mother was so foolishly indulgent, that she never let him study half an hour together, lest it should make him sick. Mr. Noel then started up and caught his hand, saying, best of men, my benefactor, do you forget little James, whom you formerly instructed?—I am he!—*You are my preserver*, my more than father—all my comforts must I ascribe to you—you are—He was interrupted by a servant, who came to tell his master that supper was on the table.

During supper time, Mr. Noel could speak of nothing but the good instruction he had, in his youth, received from Mr. Goodman. I remember very well, said he, how good, how kind you were to me. How many times you desired me to be diligent, and not waste all the precious hours of youth in idleness. You always represented to me, that a man who learned nothing in his youth would ever be contemptible and unhappy; if I had followed my own inclinations, I should have done nothing but play. When you came and took me from my amusements to receive my lessons, I was often so angry with you, that I wished you a hundred miles off. But you had patience with me, and continued

to remind me that I should be a very ignorant gentleman, if I did not at least learn writing, arithmetic, and to speak French. You sometimes punished me when I neglected my lessons, and I then thought you a very cruel man; but now, dear Sir, now I see clearly, that no man in the world has been of the use to me that you have. Let me tell you, in a few words, my situation. My whole fortune is spent, and my wife's with it; besides, I was heir to a rich uncle—but it is all gone, melted away by extravagance, I am stripped of every thing; only what I learned from you remains. I can write, cast up a bill, and speak French.—Yes, I still can do what you taught me, and these acquisitions procure me bread. My benefactor, I thank you for this; I thank you for every hour's instruction I received, for your advice, and the punishments you made me undergo.

Mr. Goodman was very much affected by this discourse. He said, it gives me the truest pleasure to find that I have contributed to the happiness of a fellow creature.

The best reward we schoolmasters can receive for all our trouble is, that we sometimes are so happy as to live to see the good we have done. The business of education is very laborious. Children are, in general, very indolent and thoughtless, and give us, through their cunning and perverseness, much trouble; and they often have so little judgment, that they think us cruel
when

when we oblige them to learn their lessons, that they may not grow up in a state of ignorance, and be unable to take care of themselves, when they ought to be able to take care of their children. And, for all our trouble, we seldom receive sufficient to maintain our families, and lay by something for our old age. When in these circumstances, our clothes are shabby; for, in such cases, a man has not that time to think of dress, which people may spare, who have nothing else to do, and live in abundance: if, I say, he acquires some awkward habits, from study or vexation, people are so unjust as to ridicule him, nay, despise him, because he has not the manners of a fine gentleman, who only thinks of amusing himself. Indeed, Mr. Noel, if we had not sometimes the pleasure to see that we have done good, our situation would be a very disagreeable one.

Mary could no longer restrain her tears; she rose from the table, and hid herself behind the window curtain, that the company might not see her weep. Her father went to her, and enquired, in a whisper, what was the cause of her tears. I am ashamed of myself, said she; *I have done wrong, I have ridiculed this good man*;—he is a sensible man, has done a great deal of good, and has had many things to vex him.—If I did but know how I could make an excuse for my folly—I would try to forget that

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I had been such a fool; but I will never again laugh at an old man, because he has on a shabby coat.

Her father tried to compose her, and persuaded her to return to her seat, after he had seriously desired her not to be, in future, so hasty in forming an opinion. He added, that the most useful people sometimes neglected their dress; and have, in the eyes of children and ignorant persons, an awkward appearance. And many, who, like officers, have fine coats on, and have an easy manner of speaking and bowing, are very foolish and wicked people. Above all, we ought never to laugh at bodily deformity or poverty, because persons so afflicted have often more good qualities than rich and handsome people, who have not had misfortunes to teach them how to improve their understandings, and love their miserable fellow creatures. Besides, if you had acquired more discernment, you would have discovered in this gentleman's face, so much sense and goodness, that you would have loved and not have ridiculed him.

Mary now returned to the table, and sideling, in a bashful way, to Mr. Goodman's chair, took his hand and looked at him sorrowfully, as much as to say, I am very sorry that I ridiculed such a wise and useful man. He kissed her, called her a good girl, and she began to smile again through her tears.

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The company then rose, after the conversation had turned on the many difficulties teachers have to overcome who wish to improve their pupils; and that children, instead of playing them tricks, and laughing at their appearance, ought to try to please them, and render their task easier. A foolish child laughs at every thing it does not understand; a good one never forgets that it must live many years in the world before it can distinguish right from wrong.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE next morning they had a very chearful breakfast; but no one in company was so gay as Mary. She stood smiling at the back of her mother's chair, stealing a look at her father, as she drank her milk, with eyes sparkling with joy. Mary, said he, you have certainly been very good, because you look so happy.—Perhaps I have, answered she, and stepping softly into the next room, soon returned with her work-basket full of the muslin her mother gave her to hem the day before. She put it on the table, and said, you were very right, dear mother, *through perseverance we may do many things which we thought impossible.* Look, look, here are the flounces which you yesterday gave me to hem. I did not think that I should ever have got to the end; *but through perseverance and attention, I have made it possible.* Is it not true? If I had got up from my seat every moment, had I played or looked out of the window, I should not have finished half my task. But I did not do so, I minded what you said, mother; I never left my seat, but when I could not help it. I heard once a Frenchman in the street, with dancing dogs; I must own that I did wish to see them; yet I did not stir. My brother came twice to

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ask me to come and play with him ; but I fixed my eyes on my work, thinking how surprised you all would be to see it done at breakfast time. Yes, dear mother, I am glad I did as you bade me.

Mrs. Jones kissed her, and gave her the praise she had earned by her industry. Enjoy this praise, my child, said she ; it is sweet, it is entirely your own ; you have deserved it for practising self-denial, and doing more than was expected from you ; but when you are praised on account of your clothes, you ought not to feel pleasure, because a wooden doll, without a mind, may look well in fine clothes.

Yes, continued Mary, I am very glad that it is done, and that I conquered myself. If I had now much to do, I should be very uneasy ; and think if it were but done ! if it were but done ! I should have nothing to care for ; for if I had not finished it, I should have been so vexed—and now here it is all hemmed—I am so glad ! and as often as I see your gown, I shall feel new joy. I shall always remember in future, when I have any thing to do, not to begin any other work till I have finished what I am about.

Mr. Jones was equally pleased with Mary's conduct, and advised his children to be very attentive to their work and lessons ; and not to allow themselves to be tired when they sometimes found them difficult. If they followed this advice, he assured them that they would have many happy hours in every situation in life. When

we think of our work, that we still have much to do, we are often a little discouraged; but when it is finished, we shall feel the pleasure Mary now feels.

The children listened attentively to their father's advice, and the family separated to fulfil the duties of the day. Mary went with her mother to hear her give orders to the servants, and regulate her household matters; and she did not forget the poor taylor, and his family; she tasted the sago which she intended to send him, and put the wine into it herself; for, said she to Mary, it is my duty to see, that what I give to a poor sick man is good; but when a rich man dines with us I am not so anxious, because he has a good dinner every day at home.

Mr. Jones went into his counting-house, and Charles to his master.

He had already waited for him, a few minutes, in the summer-house; where he daily instructed him, and two other children.

This judicious master had established a custom among his little scholars, that they should write down, and shew him what appeared most remarkable to them in the lessons they had received the day before. By this method he not only gave them an opportunity to repeat what they had learned; but he quickly perceived who had been attentive or thoughtless.

Little James was first desired to shew what he had written; and it was done so orderly, that the master was very well satisfied with it. He had,

the day before, pointed out to his scholars many different kinds of insects, and had shewn them in how many respects they were useful. All this James had retained, and set down. He mentioned the different kinds of food instinct led those little creatures to seek for; their remarkable changes from one form to another; their retreat in the winter; how many little birds lived on them; and what use they were of to man.

When he had finished his recital, the master expressed how well pleased he was with him: I see very clearly, said he, that you have really been instructed by my conversation; and that you thought on what you were about when you wrote down the parts you recollected, because they engaged your attention. *You have been attentive.* Still continue to exercise your *attention*; always turn your thoughts to your employment, to whatever you apply to, and on the pleasures you enjoy.

When you walk in the garden, for example, turn your thoughts on the objects about you; on the trees, flowers, and herbs which grow near you; on the buds, butterflies, and bees, that fly around you; in short, on every thing which passes before you. Do this with attention, and you will probably become a great man. Every day you will learn something more, grow wiser; and all your undertakings will succeed like this exercise. Pleasure will flow in on you from every side; for you will then remark and feel all that is agreeable

agreeable or beautiful in whatever you taste, in every flower which you see, and in every bird you hear sing.

The master then took a red book out of his pocket, in which he had a custom of setting down what he remarked of his scholars, and behold what he wrote: *the thirtieth of August James has, by writing a good exercise, given a very strong proof of his attention.*

Then James smiled; he was happy to think that his father would hear of his attention, and he felt satisfied with himself.

Now Charles brought his exercise, but it was not done half so well. He had not only left out many of his tutor's observations, but also written down many things without thinking. Respecting the may-bug, for instance, he had set down that it lays its eggs on trees; and of the spider, that it was, during some time, in the state of a nymph, (a chrysalis).

The master was very angry at this, and said, you have certainly been very giddy; you have neither paid attention to my instruction, nor to your exercise; but you have had something else in your head. Have I not guessed it? Own the truth; what were you thinking of?

Charles, ashamed of himself, cast his eyes on the ground, I am to go to-morrow to a wedding; and the wedding has never been out of my head ever since I heard I was to go. I have been continually thinking what pleasure I should have; what company I should meet, and how I should play and dance there.

I believe you, said the master. Now, dear Charles, try quickly to cure yourself of this fault of *inattention*, and let not your thoughts flutter round imaginary pictures of past or future pleasures; else you will be good for nothing; you will learn very little; and, in all your undertakings, you will be unsuccessful, just as in this exercise, you will not even be in a state to enjoy pleasure. You will eat and drink, and not taste how refreshing it is; you will walk through gardens, fields and woods, and not perceive their beauties, if you do not turn your thoughts to them. Poor Charles!

Charles lifted up his eyes, yet was ashamed to look him in the face.

Am I not right, said the master?

Yes, indeed, replied Charles, yesterday I could do nothing. I began to play on my little fiddle; but no sound could I bring out, my thoughts were far off. So full was I of the wedding, that I swallowed my dinner without chewing my meat, and scarcely tasted what I eat.

Indeed, continued the master, this bad habit is become very strong; I must set it down, that I may observe it, and try if I can cure you of it. For it is absolutely necessary that you should correct this fault, if you ever expect to become a sensible man. *An inattentive child will never make a proficiency in any thing.*

Charles looked sorrowfully at his master, as if he would say, pray, Sir, forgive me only this time, and it shall never happen again.

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But the master did not suffer himself to be moved by his entreaties; he took out the black book in which he always set down the faults of his scholars, and wrote in it: *the thirtieth of August Charles has, by writing a very bad exercise, given a proof that he is very inattentive.*

This vexed Charles, for the black book, as well as the red one, was every week examined by his father.

Now came the turn of the other scholar, William; but he had not done his exercise. When he was asked why he had been so negligent, he said, as an excuse, that his father and mother had gone, the evening before, a long walk into the country, and taken him with them, so that he had not had time to finish his exercise.

That is certainly a lie, interrupted the master.

No indeed, said William, and wept bitterly, you may ask my father, himself, if you will not believe me.

It is very probable, continued the master, that you took a walk with your father. If James or Charles had said so, I should have believed them without further thought, because I know that they always speak the truth. But how dare you expect that I shall believe you, when I have detected you in so many lies! only last week, you told me that you could not finish your exercise, because you had been obliged to do something for your father. I enquired of him, and found that it was an untruth. Since I know that you are a
liar

liar—how can I depend on what you say? *we cannot easily believe him whom we have once detected in a lie.*

The black book was then taken out again, and though William declared, with tears in his eyes, that now, indeed, he had told the truth, his master would set down:—*the thirtieth of August, William did not bring his exercise; and, to excuse himself, he said that he went to take a walk with his father; but I cannot believe him, because I know that he is a liar.* Still, if, during three months, continued the master, I do not again detect you in a lie, I will forgive you; and, believing that you have learned to attend to truth, trust you in future as I do your play-mates.

The lessons being over, the boys were allowed to amuse themselves in the garden. Charles took his play-fellows to the little garden which his father had given him, and shewed them the flowers and vegetables that he had planted himself. He began to gather the ripe seed, which he put into a paper bag; to pluck up the weeds, and do whatever else was necessary to be done, and his play-fellows helped him. When they were a little tired, they rambled about the garden, and gratified themselves with the sight of the various plants which grew there.

Now the clock struck two. It was the hour when Mr. Jones usually dined, and all his family were obliged to be punctual, and come immediately to table. Charles told James that they must now part, and he looked for William to tell him

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him that it was time to go home ; but he could not find him any where. They both called out, as loud as they could, William, William ; but no William could they hear or see. They could then only suppose that he was already gone, and they left the garden, shutting the door after them. James went home, and Charles to dinner.

But William was not gone home. He had hid himself in a thick arbour, to play his school-fellows a trick ; he imagined that they would be uneasy, and not leave the garden till they had found him. But when he no longer heard their voices, he began to be afraid that they might leave him behind. He came then out of his hiding place, sought all around for his play-mates, but none could he find. He screamed out, James, Charles, and no one answered him. He ran to the garden-door, and found it shut. Now he grew uneasy. He called out, in a fretful tone, sometimes James, then Charles, Mr. Jones, and all the rest of the names he could recollect ; he repeated them, without stopping to take breath. But how could they hear him, they were all at dinner or preparing for it ?

As he could neither open the door, climb over it, nor make himself heard, the best thing he could have done, was to have waited quietly, till some one passed by. But he did not do so, he was impatient ; and though it was entirely owing to himself that he was shut in ; yet he looked all round to see if he could perceive any living crea-

ture to vent his spleen upon. As he saw nothing, he turned all his anger against the garden door, which could not offend or feel his blows. He kicked against it with all his force, and he would certainly have split the door, if the pannels had not been very thick. Twenty times had he kicked against the door without making any impression on it; at last he grew quite furious; bit his lips, collected all his strength, and kicked again. But oh! what now—his foot stuck to the door, and he roared out with pain. He had kicked against it with such violence, that a great nail, which stuck out, had run almost through his foot.—There hung the impatient boy, unable to draw his foot back; he tried once or twice, but screamed out through pain when he attempted it, and gnashed his teeth through rage. The blood ran out of his shoe, and the whole weight of his body rested on one foot, the other was nailed to the door.

In this dreadful situation he remained a quarter of an hour. He turned pale, his legs and all his limbs trembled, and he would certainly have fainted, if by accident one of the maids had not passed by the garden—He then cried out in agony, help! help!

The girl, who was terrified by the sound of his voice, ran quickly to the house to search for the key, and hastily opened the door. By doing so, indeed, the nail was torn out of his foot; but the wrenching of it out caused such violent pain, that

that he actually fainted, and sunk senseless on the ground. The girl ran terrified to her master, to tell him that William lay half dead in the garden. Then Mr. Jones and his whole family hastened to him.

The sad sight instantly filled them all with compassion; and Mr. Jones sent directly for a surgeon.

While they waited for him, Mr. Jones enquired how he had received this terrible wound; and hearing that he brought it on himself, gave him a very forcible warning. My son, said he, thy sufferings are the consequence of thy *impatience*. When any thing disagreeable happens to us we should guard against anger, and rather try to compose ourselves that we may think of a remedy, than give way to passion: if we cannot find one, we must wait patiently till circumstances alter. *Through impatience we always make things worse.* If you had waited quietly till some one came by the garden, you might have begged them to release you out of your prison, in which you had not been long confined, and then you would not have hurt your foot. Now the surgeon came, and bound up the wound, and shrugging up his shoulders, said, this little impatient boy will be confined a fortnight or three weeks at least.

Three weeks! said William, what a foolish creature I have been! I wished not to remain a quarter of an hour in the garden, now must I be
shut

shut up three weeks or more in my room, suffering great pain !

The thing was done, and could not be recalled. He was carried home, and forced to sit a month in his room with his leg upon a stool; suffering great pain, because the nail was rusty which he drove into his foot, and the wound did not readily heal. While his play-fellows were enjoying themselves in the garden, he was obliged to have the wound dressed, and have some powder applied to it to eat away the proud flesh.—Oh ! the powder made it burn like fire.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE greater part of the following morning was employed in dressing Mary like a doll. At first they put on her a pair of stiff stays, and, as she had never worn stays with bones in them before, she seemed in fetters, and could hardly draw her breath. Then the hair-dresser came, he put her hair in papers, which used to flow in natural locks on her neck and shoulders, twisted them very hard, and pinched them with hot irons. Poor Mary trembled, because she expected every moment that the hot irons would touch her forehead or cheeks. Every moment she asked if it would not soon be done? but he begged her to have patience, and after curling and frizzing her hair above an hour, he bid her look in the glass, and she saw a little face peeping out of a curled wig. She had then a silk slip laced tight to her shape, and over it a long gauze dress so stuck out with trimmings and artificial flowers that she could scarcely move, she was so incumbered with finery.

All this being over, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones dressed with more care than usual, out of respect to the professor, and that they might appear with propriety

propriety in a company, where every one tried to outshine his neighbour, by the richness and taste displayed in their clothes and ornaments, they stepped into a coach and drove in state to the wedding.

There they found a large company, amounting at least to forty persons, all dressed in the most superb manner. Even Mr. Goodman had a new wig on, and a coat he only wore on particular occasions. The whole company waited for the arrival of the professor and his bride, who were gone to promise before the altar to love, support, and take care of each other in sickness and in health.

Now they entered, the professor led his bride, and they both seemed to rejoice that they had found a friend with whom they could divide the sorrows and pleasures of life, and all the visitors rejoiced with them, and wished that they might through a long life enjoy their present happiness.—The professor left the room, but soon returned, leading in an old grey-headed man, in whose countenance, though full of wrinkles, there appeared more cheerfulness than could have been expected, considering his advanced age.

Behold my father, said he to the company, bowing respectfully. The father who gave me life I cannot present to you, for he has been a long time in his grave; but this generous man has, ever since his death, taken his place, and educated me with all the care and affection of a father. He not only (here the tears ran down his cheeks,) procured me food and clothing, but
he

he took care to have me instructed. My fortune, my rank, my dear wife, all, all, I owe to the goodness of this excellent man. He was so affected that he could not say more; he silently pressed the respectable old man's hand, unable to utter another word.

The bride approached, and taking from her husband the hand which he held, she kissed it, saying worthy man, from your hands I received my husband.

The whole company was affected, particularly when the professor addressed them, saying, my friends, if to-day you enjoy any pleasure in seeing a fellow creature happy, you must ascribe it all to my benefactor.

This benefactor was his godfather, whom he had before mentioned to Mr. Jones; he was affected in his turn, and after wiping away a tear which flowed down his venerable cheeks, he said, I have not done more than any man would have done in my place. But it gladdens my old age; I rejoice that I have lived to see a man happy, whom I contributed, in some measure, to make virtuous.

His knees shook, and he looked round for a chair on which he could sit. The professor instantly observed it, and taking him by the hand into another room, he conducted him to a sofa, and sat down by him. Pardon me, my father, said he, that for openly proclaiming your benevolence. I know you seek to hide the good which you do from all the world; but my heart was full, I felt
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so forcibly that I owed all my happiness to you, that I could not remain silent. O my second father, I have only testified my *gratitude* by words, can I do any thing to give you a substantial proof, that I have not forgotten what you have done for me—can I give you a proof of my *gratitude*. The good old man sighed, but did not speak.

Dearest Sir, continued the professor, if I can serve you in any respect, give me but a hint, and I will fly to obey you. Only procure me the pleasure, this happy day, of proving that I am grateful.

I want nothing, replied the old man, I have only a short time to live. But my relation, Mr. Goodman, has a large family; the income he receives for being usher of a grammar-school is small, yet he has taken care to educate his children in the best manner. His eldest son ought to go to the university next year; but how is the poor man to maintain him? If you could get him placed there on the foundation—

Say no more, interrupted the professor, holding out his hand, I promise to take charge of him, he shall go with me to Oxford, and I will take the same care of him as if he was my own son.

The old man was just beginning to express the pleasure this promise gave him, when Mr. Jones entered the room. He respectfully and cordially shook the professor by the hand, saying, worthy man, I pray you allow me to call you friend! I have already felt a sincere esteem for
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your talents and learning; but now it is increased to veneration, now I perceive that in your prosperity you remember the benefits you received in a state of poverty. *Gratitude exalts a man much higher than learning.*

The professor then conducted his two guests to the table, where the rest of the company waited for them; it was covered with the most costly dainties; but how tasteless were they, compared with the pleasure he had received from the conversation with his benefactor.

After some hours the company rose from table. To shake off, by a little motion, the fatigue of sitting so long; they divided into parties in the drawing-room, every one choosing the companion he wished to chat and laugh with.

The children soon collected together, and they all agreed to go into the garden to amuse themselves. There were ten whom the professor had invited with their parents. They were all oppressed by the warmth of a close room, in which they had been confined above two hours, scarcely able to breathe; and sighing for fresh air, like fish out of water.

Now they ran down stairs into the garden; and talked of all kinds of plays. The boys proposed a race, and as there were more boys than girls, they agreed to run. But it was not very agreeable to Mary; her hair, her stays, and gauze dress, all prevented her getting foremost in the course. She had scarcely set off when her breath failed, and she got such a stitch in her
side

side, that she was obliged to stop to recover her breath. She made a second attempt, and exerted all her strength to overtake her play-fellows; but a rose-bush caught one of her flounces and tore it. She disengaged herself and advanced a third time, but a bough got entangled in her curls and discomposed her head dress. Most of the other girls shared the same fate, for they were all loaded with ornaments.

These accidents made Mary look foolish; the boys began to laugh at the little woman, and she wished her finery a hundred miles off. To avoid their ridicule, she turned down a walk by herself to gather a nosegay for her mother. She saw on all sides beautiful flowers, and bent forward to pluck them; but that she could not do without much trouble, because her stiff stays hurt her when she attempted to stoop.

Full of vexation, she slipped from the party to seek for her mother. She met her just entering the garden, and requested her to put her hair in order, and hide the rent she had made in her gown, that the boys might not laugh at her. Shall we not go home soon? asked she.

We shall probably remain here three or four hours more, before we think of taking leave of our civil friends. But why do you wish to go home so soon? you have here company and amusement.

And of what use is all that, said Mary, when I cannot enjoy any thing? If I had on my cotton jacket and straw hat, then I should be merry,
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I should run and skip; but in this dress, I am bound like a prisoner. Sometimes my hair tickles me, my feathers and flowers keep my head stiff, and my stays continually hurt me. When I begin to play, my flounces or flowers are in my way, and every tree catches my frock. —Nay, the boys tread on my train on purpose to see me look foolish. Pray, dear mother, go home soon, that I may get rid of this disagreeable dress!

Poor girl, answered Mrs. Jones, I pity you. I know very well that a long train, stays with bones in them, and tangled hair, are very inconvenient, and that you cannot be as easy and gay as you wish. For that reason I have not till now teased you with such useless parts of dress; a good girl requires no ornaments; if she keeps her person clean, and puts her clothes on in an orderly manner, people will only look at her good humoured obliging face. But to-day you even wished to be dressed, and I had a mind to let you feel how much more comfortable you would have been in your muslin frock and pink sash. Try now to compose yourself, to-morrow at this time all will be over! I will comb out your hair, and let you have your little jacket and straw hat.

Ah! if to-morrow were but come! continued Mary.

But wishing will not bring it a moment sooner, interrupted Mrs. Jones. Be patient, go and join your companions, and take care not to appear out

out of humour, lest you should disturb their pleasures, which will not ease you though you may teize them; only complain to your friends of vexations which cannot be remedied; play-fellows are not to be put out of their way by the inconveniencies you suffer.

Mary promised to govern her temper, and forced herself to look as chearful as she could with a pain in her head and side.

She went up to Leonora, a rich Baronet's daughter, and taking her good-naturedly by the arm, she said, come Leonora, let us take a walk round the garden; the race does not suit well with our fine holiday dresses.

But Leonora was very proud, and drew her arm hastily back, saying, pray Miss Jones take care, or you will rumple the lace on my sleeves. She then drew up her head, bridled her chin, and turned up her nose, as much as to say, a tradesman's daughter like you ought not to be so familiar with me. The lace on my dress is very rich, and the flowers the finest that have lately come from France, continued she; my mother purchased them that I might have something to distinguish me, when I was forced to mix with no-body knows who: for I am a young lady of a good family, and it is insupportable to see citizens' daughters imitate in every thing people of condition, said the Lady who so often visits my mother, Lady Upstart. I had these paste buckles lately sent home, they were bought of the Prince of Wales's jeweller: what pedlar set yours?

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I never saw any thing so vulgar. I put mine on for the first time when I sung at a private concert before the Prince. For you must know that I am allowed to sing charmingly; Lord Smooth-tongue, who dined at our house the other day, said, that I had a fine angelic Italian voice. He spoke in French to me too for half an hour, and declared, that I prattled like a native of France. I shall soon begin to learn Italian; it is not very difficult, but nothing indeed is difficult to me, I shall be able to speak it in six months.

Thus did she run on, till poor Mary was quite weary of her foolish pride and chat, and longed to leave her to enjoy her vain thoughts alone. She looked anxiously round for an opportunity, and saw a young lady coming whom she had been in company with before. She instantly left Leonora and joined Charlotte, saying, will you take a walk with me, for this is a sweet garden? With all my heart, answered she; and they turned down another walk, and left Leonora with her fine lace and paste buckles to count her steps, and look in vain at the trees for admiration.

How come you to walk with that proud Miss Leonora? asked Charlotte.

By chance said Mary, but, believe me, I was very glad to leave her. She has been talking as if she alone were wise, and all the rest of the world fools.

Yes, yes, replied Charlotte, laughing, she has often spoken to me in the same style; I have known her a long time. She can only talk of
her

her accomplishments, her fine clothes and rank, she despises other people and all that they have learned. It is true she has acquired several accomplishments, for her father has a large fortune; but sense she certainly wants, or she would not talk so much. I wished to have loved her; but since she behaves to me as if I were nothing compared to her, I leave her to her own folly.

The rest of the company gathered round these two girls, and all agreed that Leonora was naughty and foolish. Let her go, said Charles, a miss who knows so much is not fit company for us, we might rumple the lace on her fine dress.— Who will play at questions and commands?

I, I, cried they all, and away they ran to a seat at the upper end of the garden to begin the play.

This was the right play for the girls, they could amuse themselves without being teized by their flounces and feathers. Every child must relate a story, recollect a riddle, a little song or a proverb; and those who could not call one to mind immediately, were obliged to pay a forfeit. This always furnished something to joke and laugh about, and the company soon became so merry, that their laughing echoed all round the garden.

The haughty, vain Leonora, who saw herself excluded from this amusement, was ready to bite her nails with vexation. She walked up and down the path with a grave step, looking at them

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them as if she expected to be invited by some one, to play with them ; but no one took notice of her. She passed by with a pretty pocket-book in her hand, hoping that they would ask to see it, and admire its silver clasp and enamelled figures. But instead of that the little folks began to whisper, and then burst into a loud laugh.

Leonora perceiving that they were laughing at her, turned away blushing with anger, and at last began to weep because she could not vent her passion on them.

Then she happened to meet her father, who was a sensible man, and saw with pain that his wife spoiled her daughter. What is the matter with you ? Why do you weep ? Has any accident befallen you ? How should I laugh, answered she, those children have no manners. They sit there together, and laugh and play without inviting me. They appear—what they are, poor vulgar creatures, I ought not to have expected better from them—would you believe it, when I passed by, they laughed me out of countenance. Is not that very rude and ill-bred ?

True, said her father, it was indeed very rude ; but, perhaps, you offended them first.

I, answered she, I have done nothing to them. I would not demean myself to quarrel with such.—She stopped short, because she saw a frown on her father's brow. She then related to him, that she had only told them how her singing was admired, and that she spoke French remarkably well ;

well; I told them indeed, added she, that I was soon to learn Italian, and kept them at a distance, that they might not tear my lace, they were so rude. Leonora! Leonora! said he, you have acted very simply. If you wish to be respected and loved, and that people should like to be in your company, you must not always speak of yourself and your talents, for you will then certainly disgust them. You must attend to what others say, and observe their good qualities, and not be eager to obtrude the little you know on every body you meet. I am not surprised that they laughed at you. If a man were to be in my company, who only talked of himself, and took care to let me see that he thought me an inferior, because he had a larger fortune than myself, I should laugh in his face. *For a proud man is always ridiculous.*

He took her out of the garden and sent her home, telling her as he led her to the carriage, that he would take away her fine clothes, and send her to a little farm-house in the country, if she did not soon appear to have more sense, for pride is folly. A fool may wear fine clothes; but a fool will never become wise.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE other children continued playing with the same cheerfulness, and they became quite merry when they drew out the forfeits. One held the forfeit over the head of another, who mentioned some droll thing, which the owner was to do to redeem it. Sometimes they were obliged to turn into rhyme what they had just said, and to fill up verses after the rhymes, or last words in each line, had been written down with a pencil; or to find out some resemblance in two things which appeared to be very different; for instance, between a carp and a lark; others were commanded to receive some good advice from each of their playmates; thus was the amusement varied. As they were civil, good-natured children, they took care not to say any thing, even in joke, which could offend the rest. Endeavouring to please each other, they were so pleased themselves, that they grew more and more delighted with their sports, and every moment furnished a new subject to joke and laugh at.

They might have played till they were tired, if they had not been interrupted. The twilight had already overtaken them, and some of them

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wished

wished for a light that they might continue to play in the summer-house. But they were stopped short by a servant, who came to tell them that supper waited for them.

What, eat so soon again? said Charles, a little angrily; I wish they would keep the supper to themselves, and allow us to remain together and play till it is time to go home. But they were obliged to go, because the servant reminded them, that it would be rude and disrespectful, if they did not attend the company when they were sent for.

They now again all surrounded the table, and took their seats, with great form. The greater part of the guests began to eat the various dainties spread before them, though they did not feel the least hunger. Only Mr. Jones, the professor, and a few others, contented themselves with some fruit and light things, and sought for their pleasure in conversation with those who sat next to them.

But these parties were soon interrupted by one of the guests, who stood up with a bumper in his hand, and drank to the health of the bride and bridegroom; most of the company followed his example, and filled out a bumper to the same toast: but a few of them, as well as Mr. Jones, only lifted the glass to their lips and tasted a few drops.

Afterwards new toasts, or healths, were called for, and the glasses were quickly emptied; but the most reasonable part of the company only sipped

sipped a little to every toast, that they might not injure their health by drinking too much.

A certain young man, who was so foolish as to believe, that there was something noble and manly in being able to drink freely, remarked that Mr. Jones had not emptied his glass when the toast came to him.

Very well, Mr. Jones, said he, sneeringly, I believe you pass the bottle without filling your glass, fye for shame !

Why should I be ashamed, answered Mr. Jones, have I done something wrong ?

You are very right to be sure, said the other ; but when one is in company it is ridiculous to be singular. But, continued Mr. Jones, why must I drink ? Is it to raise or depress my spirits ?

Certainly, said the drinker, to raise your spirits ; you see how lively I am, and all the honest fellows who drink with me.

Allow me then, returned Mr. Jones, to drink just as much as agrees with me, and I shall be in a very good humour, but if I am persuaded to drink more, I should to-morrow pass a very uncomfortable day.

The young man laughed, and ridiculed his prudence ; but he was not to be moved by a foolish laugh, and let them push about the glass, and drink fresh toasts, without forgetting his resolution.

They had not gone on long at this rate, before those who had drank most lost the use of their

reason. They all spoke loud together, so that the confusion of voices in the room soon became almost insupportable. Some began to chatter, and to tell all their secrets, which, as long as they were sober, they had very carefully concealed. Others, who were always serious when they were sober, said such absurd, foolish things, that even the children could not help laughing. Several began to quarrel, and it is impossible to say where they might have ended, if the professor, and a few more rational people, had not been very anxious to calm these hot heads. Mrs. Jones was very uneasy during this tumult, and looking every now and then at her husband, she sighed out her wish to get away; for the honest fellows were now so elevated, that no one was sheltered from insult. One of her neighbours had already thrown a glass of burgundy on her ruffle, because his hand shook so that he could not carry it to his mouth, and she was every moment in fear lest he should throw one over her gown.

Luckily her uneasiness did not last a long time. She saw her servant in the hall, who made signs that the coach was ready. She then slipped out quickly with her husband and children, and returned home to rest,

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next morning Mr. Jones and his family rose at their usual hour, and all were cheerful and well. Poor Mary only had cause to complain, that she had passed a very restless night, and rose with a head-ache. She said her hair was so troublesome, that she could not sleep five minutes together; and she added, in a sorrowful voice, that she hoped she should not again be put under the hands of the hair-dresser.

Mrs. Jones then went to manage her family affairs, Mary and Charles to their master, and Mr. Jones to the counting-house, where he did business for some hours.

After he had done, he went to the Exchange, and called on some of the persons, with whom he had been in company the evening before. He was not admitted at the first house, because the servant said his master was still in bed, and was so sick that he was obliged to take several draughts of camomile tea. The second person he visited was only just risen, though it was near twelve o'clock. He was sitting in an arm chair, and looked as pale as death.

Mr. Jones asked him how he did this morning?

Very,

Very, very sick, said he, I drank too much yesterday. I have often resolved to be moderate, for I am not very fond of wine, but one is led away by example. When I am in company where they push the bottle round, and call me a milk-sop, to avoid being laughed at, and to look like a man, I imitate them and forget my resolution. I drink one glass, and another, and another, thinking always that one more cannot be of much consequence. So I go on till the spirit mounts into my brain, and then I scarcely know or care what I do. But I feel it with a vengeance afterwards, here. (He now struck his fist against his head,) saying, am I not a foolish weak man, who cannot govern myself? To tickle my palate for a few moments, and to avoid the ridicule of fools, I make myself sick and out of humour for whole days together, and bring on an early old age. I am reckoned an old man before my time; every day some feast occurs, and I go to one to forget the pain I suffered from the other. Look at my red face, and see my legs, they begin to swell; I am almost afraid I shall fall into a dropsy; this is a miserable day for me; my head aches as if it would burst, and I am so stupid, that I shall not be able to do any business. This morning my stomach was so squeamish, I could not touch a bit of breakfast, and I know I shall not relish a morsel all day; and when I think of the thoughtless expressions I let drop yesterday, and how many acquaintance I have offended by my silly jokes, I am ready to stamp with indignation

dignation against myself.—But, you look very well.

Yes, answered Mr. Jones, I never was in better health in my life. The company and the sight of my friend's happiness has raised my spirits, and the few glasses of wine I drank did me more good than harm. I rose at my usual hour, and have already done my business in the counting-house.

You are a happy man—and I now recollect that I remarked your moderation yesterday, and that you did not drink more than you thought necessary to raise your spirits, without heating your brain. You are a sober man, you practised a little self-denial, and now you have your reward; your head is light, and you do not every moment bite your lips to think what an irresolute fool you were! If I could but follow your example!

It has long been a fixed principle of mine, continued Mr. Jones, *that whoever will enjoy health and content, must be moderate.* I, in general, drink three glasses; and, in company, four or five. And when I have drunk these, I have done, though they bring in a variety of the richest wines. If I found out that drinking more than one glass affected my head or stomach, I would be content with one.

The other shook him by the hand, and assured him that he would try to do so too.—Mr. Jones then wished that he might not again forget his resolution, and left him to pay another visit.

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He called on Mr. Goodman, and found him also unwell. He rubbed his forehead, and complained of lowness of spirits and heaviness. Mr. Jones was surprised, because he had observed that Mr. Goodman was a very sober man, and he expressed his astonishment, saying, you drank very little wine, why are you sick?

As to the wine, I drank very sparingly, said Mr. Goodman; but those artificial high-seasoned dishes do not agree with my stomach. And is it to be wondered at? The cook mixes a number of things brought from the East and West Indies, Germany, France, and Italy, together, without thinking what effect this mixture will have on our stomachs, or how injurious it is to the blood; if it tickles the palate, he is satisfied. Is it possible that such a hodge-podge should digest, or that such artificial compositions should not injure the blood, and interrupt the simple course of nature? Believe me, Mr. Jones, *made dishes are subtle poisons*. If I were daily to indulge myself, I believe, that in a few years I should fall into some lingering disorder, or grow melancholy. I am never so well as when I have beef or mutton simply dressed, and plenty of vegetables. What do you say?

You are perfectly right, dear Sir, answered Mr. Jones, my food is always very simple; I never have dainties, or two kinds of meat at my table, except I have company; and, even then, I take care not to eat more than usual, because there is a variety of dainties; for if there are
twenty

twenty dishes before me, I choose the most simple to make my meal of, that I may not become heavy and unable to exercise my mind. My children are accustomed to the same fare, they seldom drink tea or coffee; and I really believe, that their health and gaiety arises from temperance.

This gave Mr. Goodman an opportunity to speak of his children; and, from his children, the conversation insensibly turned to his school. For Mr. Goodman being the usher of a Grammar school, the greater part of the labour devolved on him.

Have many learned men been educated at your school? asked Mr. Jones.

Of learned men, said he, I cannot much boast, my learning is not very extensive; but this I may say, that several young men have left our school, of whom I am not ashamed to own that I had a hand in their education. I have also two assistants, who are worthy industrious men; it would be strange if the boys did not improve when they are so closely attended to.

Mr. Jones received so much pleasure from Mr. Goodman's company, that he would have conversed still longer with him, if he had not heard the clock strike two before he thought it was near dinner time. He started up, and said, I am very sorry to leave you; but I must hasten home to give my family, by my own exactness, an example of punctuality.

Good morning ; pray recollect, whenever business calls you to Bristol, that I shall be glad to see you.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN Mr. Jones returned, he was witness to a very disagreeable scene. As he passed by the parlour door, he heard a very loud voice, and angry tone : he opened the door, and saw a woman with his wife ; she foamed with rage, and was loading her with abuse. He had scarcely entered the room, when his wife caught his hand, and said, I am glad you are come !

What does all this mean ? asked Mr. Jones. Do not ask me, said Mrs. Jones, I cannot tell you now.

Yes, cried the furious woman, striking her fist on the table, I will soon let you see with whom you have to do ; you will not dare to treat me so again. You think, indeed, because you are a rich merchant's wife, you may treat as you please a poor person, without being called to account.—Your servant—it shall cost you dear, I promise

I promise you, you will have reason to remember me.

Good woman, said Mr. Jones, what is the matter? do you forget that you are in a decent house? if you have any complaint to make, if you have been used ill, moderate your anger, and let me hear quietly what it is.

Woman. Be so good as not to speak so warmly yourself, Mr. Jones. Begin by reproving your wife, then you may speak to me.

Mr. Jones. But what has my wife done?

Woman. She is a wicked creature; can you ask, what she has done? Is she not a backbiter? Did she not say, that I was a disorderly woman, who neglected my family, and drank all I could earn or beg? And if it were true, what business had she with it—does she give me money to buy it with?

Mr. Jones. But, perhaps my wife did not say so; from whom did you hear it?

Woman. Oh, your servant—ask such questions of a fool. I am satisfied that I had it from good authority; and you need not trouble yourself to enquire from whom I heard it.

Mr. Jones. Good woman, to cut the matter short, let me know who told you, and I will examine into the foundation of this bustle. If not, you had better go home; and if you have any real cause for complaint, you may apply to me whenever you please.

Woman. If you must know it—I heard it at little James's house.

Mr.

Mr. Jones. Very well, I will enquire into the affair; and, if I find that you have been censured unjustly, we will try to make you some amends, and my wife will ask your pardon; for she never persists in an error. Are you satisfied with this promise?

The woman would still have gone on scolding; but Mr. Jones having threatened to send for a constable, to shew her the way out of the house, she did not think it safe to stay any longer. After uttering some more vulgar expressions, she went out, and flung the door so violently back, that all the windows rattled. Poor Mrs. Jones threw herself, pale and trembling, on a sofa. Mr. Jones too was a little disconcerted; he seated himself by his wife, pressed her hand, and, after a few moments silence, said, my dear, what have you done to exasperate this fury?

I will tell you all I know, answered Mrs. Jones. That woman worked for me; but she was so careless, and required such an extravagant price for what she did, that I determined to make some enquiries concerning her character, and heard that she was a drunkard; and, in short, a woman who had no sound principles, no notions of order or religion. At the same time Mrs. Sandford, whom I mentioned to you, was recommended to me as an industrious respectable woman, who had seen better days. I then left her shop, and went to employ Mrs. Sandford; I suppose she has heard of this, and came to vent her spleen on me. I may have mentioned her

vices;

vices ; for I was sorry to hear that a woman, who could have maintained her family in a creditable manner, led such a disorderly life. But, if I have spoken of it, it must have been in this room, for you know I never mention things of this kind out of my own family ; because I think that the faults of our neighbours should only be exposed to our family and friends by way of example, and not made the amusement of those idle hours when acquaintance meet.

I now recollect, replied Mr. Jones, that you said something of this kind to me, when you came home from Mrs. Sandford's ; but it makes me very uneasy to find, that what we say amongst ourselves should be repeated. There must be a *tell-tale* in our house ; and I shall not be easy till I find out who it is.

He then sat down and wrote to the father of little James, who was the favourite play-fellow of Charles, and related the whole accident, requesting him to enquire which of his family had told the story, and from whom they had heard it.

He returned for answer, that his maid had been gossiping with the woman at her shop, and repeated to her what James had told her ; Charles had mentioned it to him when they were playing together.

Mr. Jones instantly sent for Charles, and related, with a disturbed countenance and voice, in what a disagreeable situation he found his poor mother. Charles was ready to shed tears when he saw his mother seated, pale and trembling,
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on the sofa; he ran to her, and kissed her, saying, pray do not vex yourself lest you should grow sick.

But, asked Mr. Jones, do you know who is the cause of all this vexation?—Thou art!—Thou hast repeated, out of the house, what thy mother mentioned in confidence to me.

I, answered Charles, how could I repeat it out of the house? how could you think such a thing, dear father! I have never spoken a word to this wicked woman in my life.

I believe you, interrupted his father, but you have repeated that to James, which your mother confidentially imparted to me, which she spoke in the ear of her friend.

Charles was confused, and owned that he had mentioned it to James; but he did not suppose that he would have been so thoughtless as to have told it to the woman again.

He merely did what you had done before, said Mr. Jones; he only told the maid, and did not suppose that she would have mentioned it again. But she carried it to the woman's ear.

This account frightened and astonished poor Charles. He wet his sick mother's hand with his tears, and begged her to forgive him, for that he did not mean any harm, nor could have guessed the consequence of his folly.

A servant then entered, and asked if they would not have the dinner brought up, for that it had been ready above two hours, and was almost dried to a chip before the fire.

Mrs.

Mr. J.

the room, and su-
cannot relish a bit to day-
away my appetite.

Nor do I care for any thing, said Mr. J.

Now Charles wept bitterly, and begged his parents to taste something.

Why, asked Mr. Jones, do you wish us to eat, it would do us more harm than good. See, thoughtless child, *all this vexation has been occasioned by your tattling.*

Charles was ready to sink into the earth with trouble, for he sincerely loved his parents; yet, he now saw that he had made his mother sick, and his father uneasy. This sight gave him great pain, and he promised to be more careful, and never to repeat again the conversations he heard in the family.

I believe, said his father, that you are very sorry for the trouble you have caused us. I perceive also, that you have made a firm resolution never to chatter so idly any more; but I do not yet know whether you can keep your word. I must for some time consider you as a child who has betrayed his father and mother, and send you out of the room when we are speaking of any thing we wish to keep secret. Is not that reasonable?

Charles acknowledged his fault, sobbing, and again begged his mother not to vex herself, or it would make him cry his eyes out.—He then went to look for his sister, to tell her all that had happened,

on the sofa; he ran to her, and kissed her, saying, pray do not vex yourself, and how grow sick. — and prayed her to take

But, asked Mr. M. any family secrets to her cousin the cause —, lest she should also vex her parents.

They promised him, and he gave her his hand, saying, that in future, he would be careful not to talk for the sake of talking.

They had now only to consider how they should silence this troublesome woman. Mr. Jones knew very well that all his wife had said was true; yet he did not wish to expose her again to the fury of such a woman. He went to her himself, and offered her a guinea, if she would hold her tongue, and let the matter drop; but declared he would proceed against her to the utmost rigour of the law if she presumed to come to his house again. The woman knew very well that her conduct would not bear examination; and fearing to lose more customers, she was glad to accept of the terms, and promised to be quiet.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE following morning Mr. Jones received a note from the Professor, in which he requested him to spend that afternoon with them in his father-in-law's garden. He assured him, that he had been much mortified on his wedding day, in not being able to enjoy the society of his friends. He added, that he now had only invited his particular friends to pass one cheerful afternoon in friendly conversation before his departure.

Mr. Jones had really some business to settle, and was not willing to put it off, while the desire of conversing with so many sensible men, the greater part of whom were to depart the next day, prevailed, and made him accept the invitation.

The question was now whether he should take the children with him. His heart inclined to take them, because he loved them tenderly; but he wished first to know, if they had behaved in such a manner as to deserve this reward. He applied to his wife. She gave a very favourable account of Mary; and added, that for some days past she had been perfectly satisfied with her conduct. She had been very industrious, and
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on the watch to please ; nay, that she had with pleasure remarked her particular attention in keeping her person clean, and her clothes in order. Mr. Jones expressed the pleasure this account gave him, and instantly determined that Mary should be of the party. But what shall we do with Charles ?

I should gladly take him with us too, for he has behaved very well ever since he promised to govern his tongue ; but the time of trial is not yet expired. As we are to be amongst friends, we may converse about things which should not be repeated, and if he were to tattle again, we might be involved with fresh troubles. Mrs. Jones was of the same opinion, and it was agreed that Charles should stay at home that evening.

Mary was now informed that they were going to drink tea in a beautiful garden, and that they would take her with them, if her drawers and closet were in order.

Oh, said she, smiling, you will not catch them in confusion again, I believe. I first tried to keep them in order, to please my mother, and to avoid the dreadful pain I felt when I was left at home alone, and now I find it is so pleasant to know where to find any thing I want, that I shall never be careless any more.

All my commands have the same tendency, said her mother ; I assist your weak mind, and I am endeavouring to make you wise and happy, when I deny you any present pleasure : for you are yet too young to know what is really good.

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She then looked over her drawers, closet, and work basket, and finding them all in order, she smiled so good-humouredly on Mary, that she was delighted, and catching hold of her hand, said, I will never be careless again that you may always look at me as you do now, and that I may never cry as bitterly as I did when I saw the coach drive off—Oh!—that was a sad day, I shall never forget it!—no, never!

Afterwards they called Charles, and asked him, if he should like to be of the party? O yes, O yes, answered Charles in one breath. I believe you, said his father, and it would add to my pleasure if you partook of it.—But we are to meet a select company, and may converse in an unre-served manner about many things, which we should not choose to have repeated to mere acquaintance.

Charles interrupted him, I never will—indeed, I never will repeat a conversation again.—I am not a tattler now.—

I believe, continued, his father, that you are firmly resolved to govern your tongue; but before I can trust you, I must see proofs that you have conquered this fault, and as bad habits are not overcome in a moment, you must suffer for your folly, or you would soon forget it.

So the disappointed Charles was obliged to remain at home. He went to walk in the garden alone, and sitting down under a tree, he wept, and for an hour could think of nothing but his own folly; then wiping his eyes and biting his tongue, he said,

said, I will teach you, Mr. Tongue, to keep within my teeth.—I shall remember, how many sad hours I owe to my own thoughtlessness.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones, with Mary in their hand, now walked to Clifton, and met in a pleasant garden some intimate friends; beside the Professor's family, they saw Mr. Goodman, with his wife and children, and the respectable old man, who had been the Professor's benefactor.

They drank coffee and eat cakes in the summer-house, and conversed without observing the charming garden they came to see. Mr. Jones found it very close and stood up, saying, of what use is that beautiful garden, if we remain shut up in this room? Would it not be better to enjoy the fresh air, and observe the various plants which grow there in such abundance? The whole company owned they wished to taste the sweet air, and breathe with more freedom; and they each took the companion which affection or chance threw in their way.

Mr. Jones took the Professor's arm, and they walked up and down, conversing without reserve, for they were sincere honest men, who loved each other. Mr. Jones was heartily glad when the Professor told him that he intended to take Mr. Goodman's son with him to Oxford and direct his studies; his father, said he, appears to me to be a very good man.

Yes, an excellent man, indeed! said the Professor; if all the schoolmasters I know did their duty

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duty as conscientiously as he does, we should soon have another kind of world. He is as anxious about his scholars as if they were all his own children; and he never neglects them one day without the most pressing necessity. He has such an admirable method, that we always rejoice when a student comes from his school: for we, in general, find them industrious, orderly young men, prepared to receive our instructions.

But the master, and the other assistants, they should not be forgotten in the praise you bestow on the school.

No, answered the Professor, they deserve some, they are respectable; but Mr. Goodman has made them so by example and remonstrances—the school was in a lamentable state when he came to it. And, have you not heard of his writings? he is reckoned one of our best writers. He has lately published a book, which has been much admired.

I am astonished, said Mr. Jones; when I conversed with him, he never boasted of his abilities and learning, nor even of the scholars he had formed; but praised those who assisted in conducting the school.

Yes, yes, continued the Professor, that is his way. He is a very *modest* man. He says nothing of himself, and his own abilities; but dwells on all the good he observes in others; and, on this very account, I particularly esteem him. If he had still more learning and superior talents, and was always boasting of them, and bringing them

them forward to notice, I should not, I assure you, either respect or love him as I now do. All the qualities we possess, lose above half their value when we praise ourselves.—And of what use is this praise? Men need only be virtuous and do their duty, and others will hear of it without their telling them. A good horse cannot praise himself; yet, I discover his good qualities, if I have only rode him a single hour.

While they were speaking, Mr. Goodman himself happened to meet them. Mr. Jones went up to him with respect; and, cordially pressing his hand, said, worthy man, receive the homage due to your goodness! I have heard of your many virtues! I have heard of your talents, your benevolence and industry, though you were so silent; but even this modesty increases my veneration. *The praise we receive from others always reflects more honour on us than when we boast of ourselves.* I perceive, answered Mr. Goodman, that the Professor has been talking of me; he loves me, and always discovers more merit in me than any one else can, I fear.

They then entered into a friendly dispute; and Mr. Goodman turned the conversation, with his usual modesty, saying, it is our duty and happiness to be as good as we can, and be more careful to correct our faults than boast of our good qualities or virtues.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

MARY chatted during this time with little Emilia, Mr. Goodman's daughter, who gave her a description of every thing remarkable in her village and house. Amongst other things, she said, that her present mother was not her own mother, but a step-mother: her own mother, she said seriously, she had never known, because she died when she was an infant.

A step-mother, do you say? replied Mary, quite surprised, a step-mother!—poor child! I have always heard that step-mothers were very cruel; that they beat poor children, and do not give them enough to eat.

Do not believe such stories, dear Mary, answered Emilia! I remember I heard the same thing, but I found it very different. It is possible there may have been many cruel step-mothers; and, for that reason, I wish that all good children may keep their own parents; but my step-mother is certainly the best woman in the world. She has her own children, and my mother's, but she loves us as well as her own. The cakes and fruit she distributes amongst us are always in equal shares; when they are naughty they are always punished as severely as

I am,

I am, when I am careless or neglect my work. She has only once given me a blow; and I am ashamed to tell you that I deserved it, for telling her a lie, and persisting in it, though she took me gently by the hand, and told me what a dreadful thing a lie was. And this is her usual method; she melts me by her kindness, and I promise to try to become better; for I know now that I acquired some bad habits before my father married again. What then would have become of me if I had not had a step-mother? My own mother was gone to Heaven.—I never saw her, though my father says I sucked her milk till a few days before she died: but my step-mother had pity on me, and has taught me to read and work; nay, to tell truth and be orderly—my father loves me twice as well as he did—and I do love my father, though people say I am passionate and have a bad temper. I wish to be good. And then, when I was sick, yes, very sick, she sat up with me all night, and was so kind—who knows where I should have been now, but for her!

While she was speaking, they met the gardener. John, said she, may I gather a nosegay? My mother bade me always ask you, lest I should gather some flowers your master set a particular value on, or any you were saving for seed.

You are very good, miss, replied he; but you may pluck any you see in these left-hand beds, only do not touch my carnations! She then sought for some of the sweetest flowers, and
bound

bound them up into a pretty nosegay. She ran to look for her step-mother, and found her sitting on a bank; she stuck the flowers hastily in her bosom, and said, with tears in her eyes, *dear mother.*

Mrs. Jones did not meet with such an agreeable companion. She walked with the sister of the bride, whose conversation she found very tiresome; nay, it gave her great pain. She had been brought up by a relation; and, in her childhood, been with thoughtless, idle people; and had learned from them the dreadful custom of *slandering*, or speaking ill of every body. Mrs. Jones did not yet know her evil propensity; she took her arm in a friendly manner, and said, your sister's marriage with such a worthy man gave me great pleasure. I congratulate you, and sincerely wish that they may all their lives enjoy the happiness they merit. Hannah, for that was the name of this malicious girl, thanked her coldly for the part she took in the happiness of her family. But, continued she, with a sneering laugh, I know not whether the Doctor's happiness, or, if you please, the Professor's, will be so very great. Now it is only the honey-moon, as the vulgar say, the sky is full of stars. But when he has his wife at home a month or two, he will soon see what a fine choice he has made. I really do not know what he will do with her. She knows nothing of the management of a family, and she has such a bad temper, God help those who are to live always with her! for my

part I am very glad that she is now out of our house. The worthy Professor will have trouble enough with her; but then (she laughed again) the worthy Professor has no right to find fault with her. I know him, and know all his tricks.—I must not mention them—but—Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Jones, if you knew what I know, you would form quite a different opinion of him.

Mrs. Jones now testified her surprise, and assured her that she had never heard any thing but good of him and her sister. Besides, Mr. Goodman had praised them, and he was certainly a worthy sensible man.

He may be a learned man, answered Hannah, but he is nothing more. He leaves all things at sixes and sevens; and if any one will give him a glass of wine, he will say all that is kind and good of them for it. I do not love to speak ill of others; but I know very well what they say of his wife: ha! ha! ha! she can skin a flint in the management of her house—you will see more sunshine than bread there, I hear.

Mrs. Jones earnestly endeavoured to defend her friends; for she knew them, and would not suffer such artful calumny to shake her good opinion. But the more she defended their characters, the more ill this malicious girl said of them. She turned the conversation on other persons; and she had something bad to tell of every one. If she could not instantly recollect something, she turned up her nose so scornfully, that any one would have supposed she knew something very

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bad of them. Mrs. Jones listened above half an hour to these malicious slanders, for she could not stop her; unable to endure it any longer with patience, she looked at her with contempt, and abruptly interrupted her. Madam, said she to her, you have recollected something ill of every person you have mentioned; I should be glad to hear you, just to turn the torrent, say something good of any of them.

How can I help it, said she, if people are not better? how can I speak well of them, when they have nothing good in them?

What, continued Mrs. Jones, are you not ashamed of yourself! Have you heard nothing good of any of those persons you have been calumniating? I love and esteem them all, because I know them to be good; but if I only believed half what you have said of them, they would sink so low in my opinion, that they would forfeit the place they have in my esteem; I should be forced to despise them as being destitute of virtue and honour. Is not this detestable? Hannah! Hannah! if you robbed me of my watch or purse, it would be very wrong; but it would not be so blameable an action as slandering, if you deprived me of my reputation, and thus robbed me of my honour! however precious my watch may be, I can purchase another if it be stolen; but gold cannot rub out the stains you might fix on my good name. But think how much you have injured yourself. How can I respect a person who has spoken in such a style

of her own sister and brother? If I were to repeat to them, to Mr. Goodman, or any of the other persons you have mentioned, only half what you have said of them, what do you suppose would be the consequence?

What do you say, dear madam? interrupted the frightened Hannah; surely you will not repeat what I have spoken to you, because I considered you as my friend. I did not mean any harm.

If I, answered Mrs. Jones, spare you, you will soon betray yourself. You will soon lose every friend you have; all your acquaintance will fly from you, they will despise and loathe you. *We loathe a slanderer as we do a viper.* I, at least, shall take care in future not to come so near you, lest you should again fasten on my ear, as you have done to-day, to instill poison into my heart. For whoever speaks ill to me of all the world, will certainly not speak well of me when my back is turned.

Saying so, she hastily left the malicious girl standing alone, not knowing what to do with herself, she was so vexed. She walked angrily up and down the garden; and, meeting her sister, would have begun to speak ill of Mrs. Jones; but she would not hear her, and turned from her, saying, I know you, sister; and I know Mrs. Jones. I have not time to listen to you.

This made her very angry; when the whole company were chearful, and walked about chat-

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ting and laughing, Hannah flew to a dark corner, and seated herself there, the prey of her own malice.

CHAPTER XXX.

MRS. Jones then walked round the garden to seek for a companion in whose conversation she might find more pleasure. She first met Mary, who told her, with joy, what a good step-mother Emilia had. A little after she met the Professor's godfather, who walked with her all round the garden, pointed out what was most beautiful, explained the nature of plants; and shewed her how carefully the seed was preserved in them all, that nothing might perish. He made Mary remark how the sap circulated through their leaves and stalks, in the same manner as the blood through the human body; and, after conversing in this instructive manner, he went into the summer-house to rest himself, and desired them to pursue their walk.

They turned out of the garden into a little inviting lane, and saw a woman sitting spinning, with three children round her. Mary observed them first, and said to her mother, pray look, what

what a nasty woman ! what dirty children ! They have such patched clothes, are without stockings and shoes, and their feet are so black—O fy !

Mrs. Jones whispered her in the ear, you must not so soon despise these poor people, my child ; they may be very good, though they have scarcely rags enough to cover them, and are dirty. The bride's mother now looked out of the garden gate, and seeing Mrs. Jones, advanced towards her.

There is a look of goodness and honesty in that woman's countenance which interests me, said Mrs. Jones, addressing her.

Yes, Madam, I always feel pleasure when I pass by her. There she sits all day spinning or knitting, to earn bread for her children ; and when she can get nothing to do, she comes to me to weed the garden. They have been at work in the garden to-day, or the children would not look so dirty ; for though they have but few clothes, she keeps them clean. Look, there comes her husband ; poor man, he lost the use of his hands by working at a white-lead manufactory. He went into the hospital, and his wife sold one thing after another to maintain him. I heard of her distress. You know I am not rich, and have a large family, but I let them turn the house in which I kept my garden-tools into a little dwelling ; and that woman now maintains her husband and children. She is, indeed, a good woman ! I cannot bear to see the poor despised, or that people should think themselves better because they wear fine clothes, and have

have dainties to eat. *And what would the rich do without the poor?* We should be obliged to do all our work ourselves. The garden you have admired would be covered with weeds, but for these little hands. What should we do for linen and stockings, if the poor did not spin? What a quantity of work I should have to do! I must spin and knit for my whole family, and take the rake and hoe to keep my garden in order. I fancy I should not have more time to attend to my dress than this poor woman. Indeed, she is my superior; how many idle hours have I spent when she has been toiling to do her duty, though despised by the world. God, the great Father of us all, sees her virtues, and will reward them;—nay, he even now rewards them. She has a contented heart; I often hear her singing at work, and she enjoys good health. I have some of the comforts of life, but they all come from the labours of the poor. I buy the wool they have spun, have it made into clothes, and send it to France and Holland, and the profit which arises from it supports my family.

Pardon my warmth, dear Madam, I have still in my mind the quarrel I had this morning with my unhappy daughter Hannah. Would you believe it, that weak girl called these poor people beggars; but I did not let her foolish pride pass unproved. Whom do you call beggars? said I. Did you acquire your own fortune? If your father had not been as industrious, and luckier than this honest man, you would be as poor

as

as these children. If their clothes are not good, they are well patched, which proves that they spend their time better than you do, who sit half the day before the glass curling your hair. If they could employ as much time about their persons as you do, and were not obliged to work from morning till night to earn their bread, their clothes would be in better order than yours are, I will venture to say. I own that they want manners; but where should they learn manners, who have never conversed with well-educated people? However, they are civil and good-natured, and that is far preferable to the insincere compliments you use, who praise people to their faces, and ridicule them when their backs are turned. If you call this good breeding, I heartily wish my daughter had never been so well bred.

Mrs. Jones drew near to the good woman, and entered into conversation with her in the most friendly manner; enquired about her husband's illness, the age of her children, and what she intended to do with them. The woman was quite delighted with her attention, and gave an account of her distress in such simple words, that Mrs. Jones's eyes filled with tears. God fits the back to the burden, Madam, said she, and when he takes away one support gives another; when my husband could no longer work, Madam here gave us a house, and while I have health my babes shall not want a bit of bread, praised be God for it: and my husband too earns a little matter by carrying messages to Bristol: he has

no hands to carry parcels with, for, bless your heart, he is as weak as a child! we cut his meat for him, and help him on with his clothes; and he richly deserves all we can do for him. You would not see us in this plight if he could work.—Yes, he was always a sober man; I never had to follow him to an alehouse, as some poor women are obliged to do, with a babe crying at their breast, thank God for it! And now he cannot work, he reads good books to us, so my children will have a little learning, and not be brought up like brutes. Mary was then ashamed of herself, for having despised such good people, whom her mother treated with so much respect; besides, she had listened attentively to the account which the lady had given of this poor woman's distress; how she loved her husband and children—and she heard that God loved her:—She then blushed for her folly, and trembled lest her mother should mention it, and compare her with the foolish proud Hannah. Creeping behind her mother, she advanced to the children, began to talk to them, and slipped all the money she had in her pocket into a little girl's hand, bidding her not for the world to say a word of it to her mother till she was out of the garden.

Mrs. Jones then took leave of this woman, saying, I will send your children some clothes before the cold weather comes on; and do you continue to be as industrious as you have been hitherto, and you will be content, as content as I am. The things I most value are a good con-

science and health, a sober husband, and good children—and you have all these:—Money never purchased contentment. If, with my fortune, I had a weak constitution, or a bad husband, I should wish myself in your situation spinning at a wheel.

The poor woman was affected—she pressed Mrs. Jones's hand, and said, 'Thank you, kind Madam, may God bless you and your children.

Mrs. Jones had scarcely turned her back, when the poor woman said to her children, Gracious heart, what a pretty spoken gentlewoman that is—how good-natured—she has not a bit of pride in her; and the little Miss, she is as good-tempered as an angel.

Do you hear, Madam, said the Lady of the house to Mrs. Jones, what that poor woman says? Your conversation with her has raised you highly in my esteem; you have given her more pleasure than if you had haughtily thrown her a guinea. It must be dreadfully mortifying to poor people to see the rich enjoy so many things which they are obliged to do without, and to feel that they are ridiculed and despised, because they have them not; and it would not be surprising if such treatment roused their hatred—for a worm will turn again when it is trodden on. But a friendly look, a few kind words, will gain their hearts, and make their cares lighter. They wish us to remember that we all descended from the same parents—all look up to the same God.

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The day now began to shut in; it was twilight, and preparations were made for a moderate supper, of which they all partook, except Hannah, who retired to her own room, pretending that she had got the tooth-ache. They all seemed to be glad of her absence, because they knew that in company she did nothing but pry into every conversation to gather something which she could tell again, and to find matter to feed her malicious spirit. She was a poor unhappy creature; *those who are eager to find faults in others have seldom many good qualities of their own.*

They spent the evening so pleasantly, that no one thought of going home till it struck twelve; then they were obliged to separate, and took leave of each other with assurances of friendship and remembrance.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE frequent amusements in which Mr. Jones's family had been engaged for some time past, interrupted too much their regular employments. Charles had not done carefully what his master every day required; Mary's work was left unfinished; Mrs. Jones had several things to do in the family, and Mr. Jones many accounts to settle, which made him say to his wife and children, we have lately enjoyed much pleasure, perhaps more than we ought, because we have neglected our necessary employments. But now it is proper for us to return to our respective occupations with fresh vigour; else we shall lose by degrees all desire for employment, and our whole family would then fall into such disorder, that we should no longer find any comfort in it.

He desired Charles, after he had given this caution, to prepare his exercise, and went himself to his counting house.

At first the children did not much relish work; and even Mr. Jones himself found it more troublesome than usual; but imperceptibly every thing returned into its former order. Every one fulfilled his appointed task, and even Mr. Noel
grew

grew daily more and more industrious ; and finding themselves very well and happy, they were convinced that regular employment affords more real satisfaction than continual amusements and feasts.

This order was not interrupted till the middle of October, when the two maids begged Mrs. Jones to let them go to a fair in a neighbouring village. Scarcely were they gone out of the house, when the man-servant entered, and bursting into a violent fit of crying, he could only bring out, What shall I do ! What shall I do ! Mrs. Jones was alarmed, and asked him what ailed him ; but he could only answer, They say my father is dying. Mr. Jones pitied the poor man, and asked, if he wished to go to nurse him during his illness ? O yes ! O yes ! said the man, let me but see him before he dies, or I shall never know a happy day again ! Mr. Jones then instantly gave him leave to go, saying, I would rather do all your work myself than keep you from your sick father. Go, and attend on him ; and ask my wife for something to take with you to revive his spirits. Then Henry soon hastened away with his pockets full of nourishing things for the poor sick man.

Mrs. Jones, determined to avail herself of this opportunity to impress a useful lesson on the minds of her children, would not send for any assistance, though all the servants were absent.

They having left every thing in order, much inconvenience was not felt during the remainder

of the day ; but the next morning, when Mary was going to wash herself, she found no water, and was obliged to go to the pump for it herself, trembling from head to foot. The children now felt the absence of the servants, and how much they were indebted to them for waiting on them. When breakfast time came, the milk was brought ; but there were no clean basons to put it in, and the children must drink out of those in which some milk remained since the day before, or wash them themselves. When they entered the parlour every thing was in disorder, and out of its place : all stood as they had left them the night before ; the floor was covered with crumbs, bits of paper, and dust ; in short, it looked like a dwelling in which idle people lived.

Mrs. Jones said, that to-day she must dust and sweep the room herself, since no one thought of doing it for her.

The children, who dearly loved their mother, would not suffer her to do it, but began to work themselves.

Mary took the broom and swept it clean, with some labour ; and Charles put the things in order.

Meanwhile the wind rose, and made the panes rattle ; and the pattering of the rain and hail rendered it still more dreary. The poor children's teeth chattered, their fingers were stiff with cold, and they asked their mother, if they were not to have a fire to-day ?

I should

I should be very glad of a fire, she replied, but I have no body to light it. If then you do not choose to stand trembling, you must contrive to make a fire yourselves.

Charles lighted some matches, and put them into the grate, but they went out: he tried again, and sometimes the wood caught fire; but they had not placed the cinders properly to admit air to draw up the blaze, so it went out again; the wood did not burn. Mary assisted as well as she could; but as she had never lighted a fire before, she did not know how to make it, so her help was of no avail. They stood trembling and crying till Charles's master luckily came in, and told them how they ought to place the wood, and pile the cinders lightly over it, so as to admit the air; and not heave a quantity of fresh coals on, which were damp, and would not readily burn, till the flame had some strength to curl round them.

They were now comfortable and warm; the children rubbed their hands, rejoicing and saying, now we have lighted it, we will not soon stir out of the warm room. But scarcely was Charles seated by the side of his master, when Mr. Jones entered with some letters in his hand, which must instantly be taken to the post.

Here Charles, said he, run immediately; these letters must be carried to the Post-office. Oh, dear father, replied he, I would gladly go; but see what dreadful weather it is!—it rains violently—and how it blows! May I wait till the
the

the shower is over? Fy, fy, the letters must go—the post never waits for good weather. Come start up quickly, lest it should be gone out. Then Charles ran away and came back quite wet; he would have changed his clothes, but had not time; for his father sent him out again with some other messages.

Mary could not stay much longer by the fire, because she had several things to do in the kitchen. When it struck one they came again into the parlour, and clapped their hands when they heard they were to have mutton-chops and apple-dumplings for dinner, of which they were very fond. But, when they were ready, the cloth was not laid, nor the salt-sellers brought in, or the glasses washed. Mrs. Jones had taken care to send her husband his dinner warm into his little counting-house, where he had a great deal of business to do. But she left the children to prepare the table for themselves; and, before every thing was ready, full half an hour had slipped away. They now seated themselves at table; but the mutton was cold, and the dumplings overdone, so that their dinner did not taste half so good as they had expected.

After dinner they had still many things to do; and were so dreadfully fatigued in the evening, that they threw themselves on a sofa, scarcely able to move a limb. I could not have believed, said Mary to Charles, that the servants had so much to do—now I feel it; and I will never give them unnecessary trouble again. Poor people! they
are

are obliged to wait on us the whole day. When we are sleeping comfortably in our warm beds, they are forced to get up to light our fires and sweep our rooms, that we may find every thing in order when we rise. When it rains and blows hard, we sit in a warm comfortable room; but they must go out, and not wait till the shower is over.

In the winter, when it freezes so hard, that their fingers are quite benumbed with cold, they must go to the well for water. How often they are obliged to eat their dinners cold, and sometimes through our fault, I fear. I have frequently been ill-natured to them; I am now very sorry for it; I am indeed very sorry!

And so am I, interrupted Charles, very sorry; for I have often forgotten myself, and spoken very improperly to the servants. I must tell you what vexes me: I lately called Henry a blockhead, because he forgot to clean my shoes, though the poor fellow had been running about the whole day for my father—but, believe me, I will never do it again; I will always be civil to Henry, Jenny, and Catharine, when I want them to do any thing for me. I will take care never to speak hastily to them; and, above all, not to call them names.—Poor Henry, how he cried about his father—I wish I had not called him a blockhead! I shall not be easy till I ask him to forgive me. Mary made the same resolution; and they both longed for the return of the servants.

The

The next morning the two maids returned; but Catharine was sent with some medicines to Henry's father; and, for three days, the children were obliged to assist Jenny to do the work of the house; and at night they were so tired that they did nothing but wish for the next day, hoping that Catharine, at least, would come back. Oh! if only Henry, or, at least, poor Catharine, were here! they would say again and again. The fourth day Mary was standing at the window, thinking how much work she should have to do the next day—and almost afraid to think of it, when she heard some one ring the bell; she threw up the window—it was Catharine; and, at the same time, Henry ran up the steps. What joy! —She forgot to pull down the sash. Charles! Charles! cried she, Catharine is come! Henry is come! They both ran to the street-door; and, eagerly opening it, caught hold of their hands, saying, welcome! *welcome! dear Henry! good Catharine! we have often wished for you.* Their pleasure was still greater when Henry informed them that his father would soon be well.

The next day every thing was again in order, and these children never afterwards behaved rudely to the servants; on the contrary, they were always civil and good-natured to them; and not only pitied them, when they had more work than usual to do, but endeavoured to assist them; and resolved never more to give unnecessary trouble to those who had at all times so many hardships to bear.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN the beginning of November, Mr. Jones thought that a little relaxation would now be of use to his laborious family. He therefore proposed to Mrs. Jones an excursion to Mr. Benson's (the Curate) where they had all been so well pleased. The children had behaved, for a long time, very well; so they resolved to take them both with them.

At dinner they were acquainted with it—What joy there was throughout the house when they heard of it! They soon began to consider what they should do to please the Curate's children, and they both searched in their closets to gather all their play-things together, to find something to give to George, Henry, and Caroline. Mrs. Jones thought of providing for the table; knowing that the good Curate had a very small income, and many persons to maintain, she did not wish to put him to needless expence to entertain them. She made some nice pastry herself, and had two fowls, a ham, and a hare, packed up; beside a hamper of wine, which they wished to make their kind host a present of. The children thought the time long till they could get into the coach—and said a hundred times, Oh, if to-mor-
row

row was but here ! but before to-morrow they must go to rest—and wait the arrival of the so much desired morning.

Mary dreamed of nothing but the journey. Sometimes she was seated in the coach, driving away by the hills and meadows ; sometimes walking in the wood, where Charles had played at ball. Now came little Caroline with her bird ; she ran forward, as she thought, to kiss her, and found as she awoke, that she had not little Caroline, but her pillow in her arms. She was a little disappointed, but glad to shake off sleep, because the day began to dawn. She sprang out of bed, dressed herself quickly, and ran to the parlour. The whole family was in motion, busily employed dressing and packing up ; but Charles did not appear.

Mary ran to rouse the lazy boy, but met him at his room door in a very wretched state : he held his hand to his head, and sighed piteously. Mary, in a frightened voice, called her mother, and both Mr. and Mrs. Jones ran up, and asked poor Charles, what was the matter with him ? Oh, said he, my pleasure is all over ! I have, during the whole night, been tormented with a dreadful tooth-ache ; I feel as if my head would burst.

They all pitied poor Charles, for in such a state it would be dangerous for him to be out long in the air ; nor could he enjoy the prospects, and the sight of him, in pain, would disturb the rest of the company, and embitter their pleasure. He asked, indeed, if the excursion could not be

put

put off for a day or two; but that was impossible, because the coach had been ordered over night; the provision had been dressed, and all was ready; so poor Charles must stay at home alone.

The coach came; Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mary, and little James, who, to render the jaunt more agreeable to the children, had been invited, stepped in, and Charles saw them depart, with tears in his eyes. They were all sorry to leave him; and at the end of the street his mother leaned out of the coach, and kissed her hand, to comfort the unlucky sick Charles.

He was very uneasy; and throwing himself on the sofa, groaned with pain;—and his anguish was increased by thinking of it, because he had no one to pity or comfort him. His mother, before she set off, desired Catharine to go for William; but he had such a violent cold, that his father would not allow him to stir out.

His master soon came to give him his lessons; he consoled him, and said, keep up your spirits, dear Charles, great pain never lasts long; to-morrow, perhaps, you will be quite well again. These kind words made Charles more tranquil, though his anguish continued. However, when his master perceived that he could not profit by his instructions, the pain was so great, and that the other children were not there, he soon left him alone, and he was now again quite comfortless.

Nevertheless

Nevertheless, he did not sit crying all the morning; he thought of the poor man who had the cancer, and bore it patiently, though he could not expect to be better to-morrow. He tried to imitate him, and towards dinner-time the pain actually abated, so that he could dine with Mr. Noel; and after the meal, it seemed quite gone.—Who was then so happy as Charles! He was ready to jump for joy, and had only to seek for amusement to render his solitude agreeable. He went first into his father's little study, and sought for a book with pictures in it, to see if he could amuse himself; for his father allowed him to take down the books, on condition that he neither tore, nor dirtied them, and carefully replaced them. He soon found what delighted him, a book full of pictures of animals, and the methods used to catch them. One print represented how they entrapped the elephant; another, how they chased the lion; and in several others, how they caught and ensnared foxes, hares, partridges, wild ducks and geese, and many other animals. Now, thought he, the time will no more seem long; and for above a quarter of an hour, he thus diverted the only moments he was obliged to spend by himself. At last he turned on some prints, which shewed him how some people ensnared apes. When the apes were slyly observing the huntsman, he took a basin of water, and washed his face; then he went away, leaving the basin on the ground; but, instead of pure water, he poured thick clayey water into it. As soon as
the

the huntsman's back was turned, the ape crept cautiously forward to wash himself, and plaistered his eyes up in such a manner that he could see nothing, and might be caught with very little trouble. This cunning trick made him laugh heartily, and he started up to seek for some one with whom he could talk about the droll looks of the monkey; but no one could he find;—no Mary, no James, no William was there, and even Mr. Noel was gone out. He had now no more pleasure in looking at the pictures; and, full of vexation, he shut the book and put it in its place.

Afterwards he thought he would try to play at something. He searched for his nine-pins, and set them up, and knocked them down with the ball; but as he had no one to contend with him, he was tired in less than ten minutes.

He gathered his leaden soldiers together, placed them in order; but when they were placed, he knew not what to do with them, and was soon tired of them too. Weary of them, and himself, he put them into their box, and sat down to consider what he should next do.

At last he thought of his colours, which had so often amused him when James was with him. He put them on the table, took out the shells, and sought for one of his prettiest prints to colour it. In fact, he began to paint the clothes of two persons in the picture; but when he went on further, he soon remarked that he wanted James, who could paint very well, and knew how to choose the proper colours for every thing.

Charles

Charles had already met with many parts of the picture which he was at a loss how to colour; and still more dissatisfied than ever, shut up his painting box. Now he knew no more what to do. Peevishly he threw himself again on the sofa, and lamenting, bitterly lamenting, said, *how sad is life without a friend!* If I suffer, there is no one here to pity or comfort me; no one who would try to soften my pain. If I am pleased, there is no one to communicate it to. If I play, I want a companion; or it is not like play; and, if I work, I have no one to help me, or give me good advice! Ah me! if my dear Mary, if William, or James was here! Yes, when I am once with them again, I will do all I can to make them love me; I will be very attentive to find out what they like best, and that moment do it—for there is no living without them. Dear Mary! James! William! will you not soon return?

They heard not the lamentations of the poor solitary Charles! they came not! but instead of them, a companion he did not find very agreeable; for the tooth-ache returned. Though his mother had often said that it was like a pig to eat cakes or nice things alone, he looked for some almonds covered with sugar, and tried to eat them; but scarcely had he begun to chew with the tooth that had a hole in it, than the pain darted through his whole jaw, and the anguish was greater than ever. He groaned, and would have cried, if he
had

had not thought that a boy should have more courage, and bear pain patiently.

While almost stupified by pain, he threw himself from chair to chair, some one knocked at the room door: Come in, cried he, hoping he should see an acquaintance; but he was deceived, it was only a Jew, with a grey beard.

He asked, ill-humouredly, what he wanted?

Your father, said he, is he not at home?

There is nobody at home, replied Charles, rather rudely, and turned from him.

Is little master sick? asked Ephraim, that he holds his cheek—Tell me, my little dear, have you any thing the matter with your teeth?

Yes, yes, answered Charles. Tell me master, continued Ephraim, whether there is a hole in your tooth? Let me look into your mouth, perhaps I can help you.

Charles was at first rather unwilling; but when Ephraim assured him that he had already cured several people of the tooth-ache, though they were in violent pain, he let him look into his mouth, and Ephraim promised that he would soon bring something from his own house, to stop the pain, and make him quite well.

Charles had heard his father say, that when people are sick, they ought not to take every thing recommended to them as a good remedy; at least, while they are young and ignorant, and do not know what is good for the human body, and therefore might take something very hurtful and improper;—indeed, few un-

derstand the nice construction of the human frame, and ignorant people, by prescribing the same remedy for different constitutions, often do much harm.

As soon as the Jew was gone, he went to Mr. Noel, and asked whether he might venture to take what the Jew would give him. Mr. Noel enquired directly of the clerks, and some other people who were in the counting-house looking over some goods, what sort of a man Ephraim was. They all gave him a good character, assured him, that he was an honest, sensible man; that he had some knowledge of physic, and often cured both Jews and Christians who consulted him when they were sick. Mr. Noel himself then advised Charles to take what he should bring him.

In about half an hour the Jew came back, with two little plasters, and put them behind his ears; at the same time, he filled up the hole in his tooth with wax, to preserve it from the cold air, and to prevent his food sticking in it.

But, if Charles had been in pain before, he was now in an agony; it was as if forks were stuck into his jaw. He then grew quite impatient, and would have torn the plaisters from behind his ears; but the Jew would not permit him, and said, Have a little patience, master, no remedy has an immediate effect; however to-morrow morning, I will call on you again, and my dear little patient will speak in another tone, I am sure.

Ephraim

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Ephraim now left him, reminding him once more, not to tear off the plasters.

The pain grew so insupportable, that probably he would have torn them off in spite of this caution, if Mr. Noel had not taken him into his room, and watched him.

Towards the end of an hour, the anguish gradually abated; and at supper he had a little appetite, and relished his food. He went early to bed, and soon fell into a sweet sleep; and as he had rested very little the night before, he slept so soundly, that he did not wake before eight o'clock the following morning—And when he awoke, where was the pain gone?—He felt no more of it—and how happy was he! He ran to Mr. Noel, and said, I am quite well; how glad I am that you did not allow me to tear off the plasters—Thank you—Thank you!

He then ran to the window, and looked out every moment, longing to see the dear Jew come. About nine o'clock he came; and the moment Charles caught a glimpse of him, he flew to the street door delighted, and eagerly opened it, to admit the man whom the day before he had received so rudely. He led him into the parlour, saying all the way, a thousand, thousand thanks! my dear good Ephraim, I am quite well—all my pain is gone. I have been often told that the Jews were wicked people, but now I see that I was wrong.

It was very wrong, indeed, if little master thought so, said Ephraim; and when he knows

more of the Jews, he will see more clearly his mistake. *In every religion there are good people.* I do not deny but there are many wicked people among our nation, and how many Christians lie and steal!—but we are all men—descended from the same father, and serve the same God, and he who despises his fellow-creatures on account of their being called Jews, flies in the face of his Maker. We are commanded to love all men—we are all brothers, and should only despise those who steal, and commit crimes, which render them useless, if not a pest, to society.

But, continued Charles, you cannot say that there are not many cheats among the Jews

I do not pretend to say so, replied Ephraim; there are cheats enough among our nation, and among Christians, for the matter of that—but if our nation cheat, the Christians themselves are the cause of it. They despise us, and do not allow us to gain our livelihood in an honest way; so many ignorant Jews are become cheats, because they think that they live among enemies; but there are many good Jews who tell truth, and give money to the poor; and such men deserve our love, whether they are Jews or Christians.

Charles perceived that he was wrong in disliking the Jews, and supposing that they were worse than other men; and he promised in future to love them as well as the rest of mankind. Afterwards Ephraim put two fresh plasters behind his

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his ears, and bade him remember that a Jew had felt for him when he was in pain, and treated him like a fellow-creature.

He went away, but his behaviour had won Charles's heart, and from that hour he never spoke disrespectfully of a Jew.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MEANWHILE the coach rolled with all the company towards the village where the curate lived. Mr. Jones reckoned that they should arrive there by ten o'clock, and they all anticipated the happy hours they expected to enjoy; especially the children, who thought that the horses never went quick enough. Nicholas smacked his whip, and away they went, as if they flew. —Now all was right; the children clapped their hands, crying, Yes, that is charming! —Now we shall soon be there! But, in the midst of their rejoicing—there was a sudden shock—all were silent—what a pause! The carriage sunk down on one side, James was thrown into Mrs. Jones's lap, her husband fell on Mary, and almost crushed the poor girl to death. What has happened? cried they all—What is the matter, Nicholas?

Nicholas? Nicholas got off his box, scratched his head, and said—A fine job this is, to be sure! Tell us what has happened? called out Mr. Jones, hastily. Why, answered Nicholas, one of the wheels is off—What do you advise me to do? If I had any one to leave with the horses, I would run to the next village for a blacksmith, to help to mend it.

Mr. Jones was not of the same opinion; he foresaw, that the party would find the time very long, if they had to remain an hour or more still in the coach; he therefore thought it best that Nicholas should stay to take care of the horses, and they themselves would walk to the village to seek for a blacksmith. This proposal pleased them all; and they set off on foot, desiring Nicholas to follow with the coach as soon as he could.

The nearest way was a foot-path, through a field just sown with wheat; and the children seemed to gain new life, when they came out of the coach into the free air. All at once James sprang forward, bent down on the ground, then started up again, threw his hat before, as if to catch something, and then darted forward again.

Mary, who was curious to know what he had in his eye, ran after him. At last he caught what he pursued, as Mary came up with him, and both rejoiced at having taken a little prisoner. Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Jones were in conversation, and did not observe them. However, they were soon obliged to stop, for they heard

Mary

Mary scream out, in a terrified tone, Dear James, ah ! do not do it—pray !—pray hold your hand ! And these entreaties having no effect, she called to her father and mother for help. Mr. Jones could not imagine what the children were disputing about, but waved his hand for them to come to him. They came, Mary first, quite out of breath. Dear father, said she, you do not know what a wicked boy James is ! he has just caught a field-mouse, and, for all I can say, will cut its ears and tail off. The poor mouse ! it never did him any harm ! he has already opened his knife—only look at him ! James came up smiling, holding the mouse in one hand, and the knife in the other. What are you going to do ? asked Mr. Jones.

James. I wish to punish this little thief, who steals the poor farmer's corn.

Mr. Jones. You are a cruel boy ! Fy for shame. *He who can torment a little helpless animal, has certainly a bad heart.* He accustoms himself, by degrees, to cruelty, and, at last, he will find a savage joy in it : and after tormenting animals, will not fail to torment men.

James. But could we not do very well without mice ? They are insignificant creatures, who are of no use in the world.

Mr. Jones. And is the watch, which your father has given you, something insignificant ?

James. By no means. I would not give it for a thousand mice.

Mr.

Mr. Jones. Nevertheless, there appears in the structure of this little mouse's body a thousand times more contrivance than in your watch. Look at this little ear through which it hears all that ~~passes~~ round it: through this organ it was warned when you pursued it: and these pretty eyes, in which the forms of all the objects before it are painted; and these sharp teeth, with which it can gnaw the hardest grain: and these neatly turned paws: this skin as soft as velvet. But you would be still more astonished if you could see its inside; if you could observe how every thing passes there to preserve life; how the little stomach dissolves the food; how it separates the best juices, and carries them by very fine channels, still further; how flesh, blood, and bones, are formed of them; and how the excrements pass through the guts and intestines. Put your hand on its breast, and feel how its heart beats, to push the blood through the little veins. Your watch may be made very ingeniously; but do you think it would ever produce any little watches? You would be glad of that, for you might soon have plenty of watches to sell, and make your fortune. But to this degree of perfection they can never be carried. The most beautiful things made by man are dead, and without sense; God alone can give life and reason. This mouse has, probably, already brought many little mice into the world, and will certainly bring forth many more, if you spare its life.

James

James. Yet, with all this, it is good for nothing.

Mr. Jones. That you cannot certainly know. There are a thousand things in the world very useful, no doubt, yet we do not plainly see their usefulness. If he who made this little mouse certainly knew that it was good for nothing, why has he employed so much art in making it? However, I can point out to you some things that it is useful for.

Look at that raven, how gravely it stalks; what a beautiful black plumage it has; and those fine feathers, which ornament its wings, are very useful when we wish to write very neatly. For this raven and his brothers, are mice sent into the world. They hunt them out; and, when they have caught, they eat them, and find them as relishing as you think roasted hare: therefore mice are of as much use as hares.

James. But still mice do harm; they devour the poor peasant's wheat and rye.

Mr. Jones. The injury they do is very trifling. They commonly only gather up the grain which the farmer lets fall; and the most part of it would probably perish if those little notable mice did not carry it to their nests. And supposing they are led by hunger sometimes to steal a couple of ears out of a sheaf of corn, what injury is that? the farmer will never miss it.

James. But I have heard that they sometimes multiply so fast that they often ravage a whole field.

Mr. Jones. Then, indeed, it is time to destroy them—but without tormenting them: and they should be put to death as quickly as possible. If the torments they endured would bring back the wheat; or teach them honestly, there would be some excuse for it; but this mouse will not be less a thief after you have cut off its ears and tail.

James. Well, then I will kill the little thief before he does any more harm.

Ah! my dear James! cried Mary, do not kill it; give me the little mouse, I pray you give it me! Can you deny me?

He gave it to her, and, as soon as she got it, she let it run away, calling after it, run, run, poor animal, till you find again your little children.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones were pleased with her. Mrs. Jones kissed Mary, and said, good girl! you have perhaps saved the lives of four or five little mice, who must have perished with hunger if their mother had been killed.

Mr. Jones still continued the subject. He said, that the smallest animals were of some use; and that a good man ought not to kill the least worm, unless it injured him, or its death would be useful to him; but even in that case, it was unjust and cruel to torment them. He described, in so affecting a manner, what anguish it would have given the poor mouse if he had cut off its ears and tail, that it brought tears into both the children's eyes.

But is it not very wrong, said Mary, in those wicked butchers to kill the poor sheep? They do no harm!

They

They do no harm, answered Mr. Jones, but their death is advantageous to us; for we eat their flesh, and their wool and skin form the most useful part of our clothing. Some time or other the sheep must die. They crop the grass on which many insects live, and drink the water in which thousands of little living creatures swim. Birds pick up flies and worms; and men are supported by animals, birds, fish, and vegetables. So that the world contains a vast variety of creatures, who are all linked together by mutual wants. The sheep, for a long time, enjoyed content before it was brought to the penn; and, if the butcher kills it quickly, it does not suffer near so much pain as it would do if it died by degrees, of sickness or old age.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONVERSING in this manner, they reached the village. Mr. Jones enquired for a blacksmith; but the peasants informed him that he was gone to work at the Justice's house, which was not far off; and, as he was a very civil gentleman, they were sure that he would allow him to go and assist the coachman the moment he was asked.

Mr. Jones went to the Magistrate, and simply told him of their little distress; he instantly permitted the blacksmith to attend him, who went home for his tools, and hastened to the coach. Meanwhile the party went to the inn, to wait for the arrival of the coach.

Though they did not feel any thing like hunger, yet Mr. Jones desired the landlord to bring them a little refreshment, that they might make a proper return for sitting in his room.

The landlord, who was playing with some farmers at cards, was so eager about the game, that he did not give himself the least trouble to please his guests. He even seemed vexed that they called for something; rose hastily from the table with an angry countenance, and called up the stairs, Mistress, bring some bread and butter
for

for the gentle-folks ! Then he quickly seated himself again, caught up the cards, and said, come, deal away.

His wife brought in the bread and butter, but forgetting a knife, they could not cut their bread, or spread the butter ; and Mr. Jones was obliged once more to interrupt the landlord's game.

He went to him, and tapping him gently on the shoulder, said, my friend, we have not a knife ; a run of ill-luck, as it is called, had already made him very unreasonable ; and, as if his guests had been the cause of it, he darted a furious look at him, and, springing to the door, asked his wife, with a curse, why she had forgotten to bring a knife ?

His trembling wife brought it in a moment ; but, as soon as she entered the room, her husband loaded her with abuse, and said, you are a fine mistress of an inn indeed ! throwing the cards at her head. That the poor woman was very angry, may naturally be supposed. You shameless man, said she, is it thus you treat your wife ? Must I, the whole day, work like a horse ?— All the business lies on me ; and you—you do nothing else but eat, drink, and play ; you have already run through my whole property, and now you use me like a dog. This speech rendered the brutal man still more furious ; he ran to seize a whip which hung against the wall, to beat her ; but she not thinking it prudent to wait for his strokes, flew into the street. A little boy would have followed his mother ; but stumbling over
some-

something on the floor, began to cry piteously. His father, instead of having any compassion for him, gave him a violent stroke with the whip, and pushing him into the street, shut the door violently.

The farmers who had been playing with him, shocked at this brutal behaviour, slipped quietly out of the room, and left Mr. Jones and his family alone. The children were half dead with fear, almost afraid to breathe; at last James said, after looking round the room, to be sure that the landlord was quite out of hearing, is not this a very wicked man? I never in my life saw such a one before. Our master has often told us, that we ought to love all men; but surely he did not mean to include such a rogue as this? I cannot help hating him. What do you think, Sir?

Why do you think, asked Mr. Jones, that a man who, through the negligence of his parents, or thoughtlessness of a maid, was unfortunately made a cripple in his childhood, deserves to be hated?

Certainly not, answered James. How could the poor man help it? It would be a great misfortune to be lame—I should pity him and help him, if I could.

Yet you dare to hate a wicked man, interrupted Mr. Jones, whom you ought to pity and help if you could. *For a wicked man is much more an object of pity than a cripple.* In general, his bad habits are caught from his parents, or those whom he has lived with: and when these habits

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have been fixed thirty or forty years, it is often as difficult to overcome them as to make a contracted limb straight. Besides, dear James, believe me, a wicked man suffers more than the most miserable cripple! Why then should we not pity him? I will now speak to the landlord; and you shall hear, out of his own mouth, that he deserves compassion.

Oh! pray do not, dear Sir, cried James; leave the wicked man alone, he will only vex you; and Mrs. Jones and Mary joined in the entreaties; but Mr. Jones silenced them by saying, that we ought not to be too careful of ourselves when we wish to do good; however, do not be uneasy about me; I am master of my temper, and humanity requires that I should give some good counsel to this poor man.

The landlord now entered with marks of fury still on his face.

Where is the child? asked Mr. Jones, I hope it is not hurt.

Hurt, indeed, answered the landlord, what harm could come to it? The brat will live long enough; ill weeds seldom perish.

Mr. Jones. So he is not your son!

Landlord. Why, whose should he be?

Mr. Jones. If he be, honest friend, pray tell me how a father could treat his own child so barbarously? The child did nothing wrong, he fell by chance; and, because he was hurt by the fall, began to cry; and instead of pitying it, as you ought to have done, you gave it a blow.

Landlord.

Landlord. You speak just like our parson; he often comes to preach a sermon to me after I have given my wife a black eye. Still, Sir, you do not feel where the shoe pinches; for if you did but know how ~~many~~ cares I have, you would not wonder so much ~~that~~ I sometimes fly into a passion.

Mr. Jones. And how came you to be so full of cares? You seem to have a good house, well situated for custom, an honest wife, and healthy children.

Landlord. You speak as if you knew all about it. If you were in my situation, if you had a wife who every day reproached you for squandering away her fortune, if all your children cared more for their mother than for you, and if you were afraid every day of being dragged to prison by your creditors, you would sing in another tone. You know not where the bone sticks; yet you talk away. It is true, my house has tolerable custom; but half a mile from hence lives a droll rogue, who talks over all the farmers, so they drink their ale with him, while mine grows sour in the cask.

Mr. Jones. If so, indeed you are to be pitied; but do not take ill what I am going to say: it appears to me as if all your misfortunes were owing to yourself. If you have squandered away your wife's fortune, is it to be wondered at that she reproaches you? And if you beat your children without a cause, is it not natural that they should love their mother better than you? As for your creditors,

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ditors, you would not have them to be afraid of, if you had been careful not to run into debt. If you had properly managed your wife's fortune and minded your business, you might have lived quietly in your own house, where no one would have dared to molest you. If your children fly from you, and your neighbours let your ale grow sour, is it not all your own fault? Your ill-humour frightens them away; who will stay in a house with a man who takes so little pains to please, raises such a riot in the house, beats his wife, and kicks his children? And, Mr. Landlord, I must tell you freely my determination: if you do not alter your behaviour, I will never come to your house again.

Landlord. As to that, I believe I wish to be civil; yet I cannot help being angry when things go cross; for my father was passionate, my brother was passionate; I really think I shall always remain so: it has run in our blood such a long time.

Mr. Jones, after having given him some more good advice, paid for his bread and butter, and got into the coach, which had already waited a few minutes for them. They were all glad to get away from this angry man; but Mr. Jones said to James, do you not now see how much this man deserves your pity? Instead of loving, every creature despises him; and if he thinks of his former life, or his future prospects, he finds no satisfaction. And the first cause of his misery was this: from his infancy he was brought up
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by wicked men, and was always with them: did you not hear him say, that both his father and brother were passionate?

James felt the truth of the observation, and sincerely pitied the miserable wretch who destroyed all his own comfort.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THEY now came to the village where the Curate lived. Mr. Jones ordered the coachman to go directly to his house. The children jumped for joy, it was almost impossible to keep them any longer quiet; they knelt upon the seat and waited, full of impatience, for the moment when the Curate, with his children, should come out and embrace them. After a few moments the coach stopped; and the children asked Mr. Jones whether this was not the house? Yes, answered he, there stands the house which you have so long desired to see. They danced with delight. But is it not wonderful, said Mr. Jones, that no one comes out to receive us? I hope they are not from home.

He got out of the coach, and helped his wife and children out—but still no one appeared. He went

went through the front garden—there was no living soul to be seen. He entered the house—still he saw nobody. He tapped at the chamber door—Come in! cried a weak voice. They opened the door—Ah, what a sight! There stood four beds and a cradle; George sat on one; and in the other lay Henry and little Caroline; in the third lay the Curate's wife, and the fourth seemed to be destined for the Curate; an infant was sleeping in a cradle. In the little corner, which still remained, sat the Curate with his head leaning on his hand. And when the guests had entered the chamber, they had scarcely room to move. My dear Sir, cried the Curate, in a sorrowful voice, why do you come into this melancholy place? I am almost overcome by misery. There lie my poor children in the small-pox. George is almost out of danger; but my dear Henry—my sweet little Caroline (here a tear stole down his cheek) See, have I not cause to lament?—There they lie. Their eyes have been closed already three days. Alas! and I know not whether they will ever open them again. There too lies my dear wife; it is only a few days since she was delivered of that infant, and she is so weak that she can scarcely sit up in bed; besides, she has got a bad breast. The poor woman can scarcely endure so much pain. As for me, it is almost a fortnight since I have had any sleep. But, alas! not two only, but many weeks, would I watch; I would gladly endure all, if I could only save the lives of my children.

If

If I could but once see them well again! My poor little darlings, my Henry! my Caroline!

Mr. Jones interrupted him by catching his hand, on which their tears silently dropped. They were all extremely affected, and James and Mary wept aloud.

Dearest friend, continued the Curate, what can I do with you? I cannot even offer you a chair. I have no body that can dress you a bit of meat; and, if I had, you could not relish it in this hospital. Were I to take you into the parlour, I could not be with you; I cannot leave my sick children. Do not take it ill of me, for if the Bishop came, I could not wait on him. For, if one of my children should die, who could make me amends for its loss? Leave then, I pray you, this dismal abode, and go to the inn. The landlord is a very honest man; and, I hope, he will make a point of treating you well.

Mr. Jones now tried to comfort him as well as he could; and said, among other things, take courage, your sorrow will soon give way to joy; after a hard winter follows a chearful spring.

Mrs. Jones seated herself near Mrs. Benson's bed, and tried to comfort her, even while she herself shed many tears.

James and Mary crept to the sick children's pillow, and told them how they pitied them.

They then took all a mournful leave of this distressed family, and went to the inn.

They had very little appetite for their meal; they eat a few bits hastily, and drank a glass or

two

two of wine; but they sent the hamper to the Curate, begging him to accept of it, and drink a little more than usual, that he might be able to bear his watching and distress. After two hours had passed away in compassionate complaints, Mr. Jones said to his family, it is very pleasant to visit our friends, when all goes well, and they are happy; but it is still kinder to succour them when they are in trouble. Come, let us go again to them, and try, as much as is possible, to soften their distress. I will converse with the Curate; you, my dear, may chat with his wife; and do you children gather all the little presents together which you have brought with you, and carry them to your sick play-mates. Those good people will be pleased when they see we take a part in their sorrow. They were all ready to do as he desired, and Mrs. Jones desired the landlady to provide them with a supper, and give the broken victuals which they had brought with them to the poor; but they took the fowls, thinking that the sick family might be tempted to eat.

They all hurried away; and when they entered the sick room, the poor patients seemed, for a time, to have forgotten their sufferings.

Mr. Jones seated himself near the Curate, and endeavoured, by his conversation, to raise his spirits. He related how much his children had suffered when they had the small-pox, and talked again and again of the danger they were in; yet he was able to say, that they had happily gone
through

through it all. During this conversation, the Curate, in some measure, recovered his usual chearfulness.

Mrs. Jones drew near to his wife, who was suckling her child, which made her feel so much pain in her breast, that she pressed her teeth together to avoid crying out. Mrs. Jones, in a tone of compassion, told her how much she had endured with a bad breast; and pointed out the remedy which had softened her pain, and at last healed it. Mrs. Benson listened attentively, pressed her hand, and said, dear friend, you are an angel whom God has sent to give me strength to bear my sufferings. My heart is grown lighter since you came here.

Mary and James went first to the bed where Henry and Caroline lay, and gave them some pretty-playthings which they had brought for them. Mary had got for Caroline a little set of kitchen furniture, plates, porringers, spoons, knives, tea-cups, &c. James put in order, before Henry, a company of leaden dragoons. But what comfort was this to the poor children, they could see nothing of them; and when they attempted to grasp them, the festered pimples on their hands gave them so much pain, that they immediately threw them all down and began to weep. But James spoke very kindly to them, and said, that they should try to be quiet, and then they would soon be well; and that he would give the little presents into their father's care; and how great would

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would be their joy when they left their beds and found these pretty things.

Afterwards they went to George; he was more chearful, because he was growing well; and he laughed outright when James gave him a whole hunt, huntsmen and dogs, stags, boars and foxes, all formed in lead; and Mary spread before him some pretty pictures which she had brought.—They soon got acquainted with each other, and chatted very familiarly.

Dear play-fellows, said George, I never thought before how good it is of parents to be so anxious about their children. See now how much my mother endures with that little infant. As often as it sucks, it gives her as much pain as if a knife were stuck in her breast; and still she does not send it away. She puts it again to the breast, bears all the pain, rather than the poor infant should feel hunger. Ah! if she was to forsake it, it would soon die. She washes it every morning, and puts clean clothes on it several times in the day; and, when she dresses it, she touches it so tenderly, and holds its head against her breast, watching that nothing injures its weak limbs. At night she scarcely sleeps two hours, because the child often cries, and seems always to look to her for help. We have all been such little creatures, and given our good parents as much trouble.

And my good father; you cannot think how dearly he loves us; since we have been sick, he has not left our beds. The 'Squire has twice
invited

invited him to supper; but he always refused, because he would not leave us. How many times has he got out of bed in the cold; how many nice bits has he put into my mouth; and how many spoonfuls of drink has he given me, with his own hand, which cooled my poor heart. Every day he sends to the Doctor's for something which costs him money; but he says he does not mind any expence if he could but see us in health once more. I love our dear parents; I ought to love them.—I will do more; I will try to be good that they may find pleasure in me. *What wicked children must they be who can vex their parents!* Whilst he was speaking in this manner, Mary and James were thinking of their parents; and both determined that they would follow the example of George. Mary recollected, with sincere regret, that she had sometimes vexed hers; and James was ashamed of himself that he had not before reflected how much trouble and care he had already given his. Both were, from this time, more attentive to their conduct; and did every thing, when they were with their parents, to please them; and were as careful when they were absent to obey their commands, as when they were under their eye.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE day beginning to close, the company took leave of the suffering family, wished them a quiet night; and that after having overcome so much sorrow, they might again feel joy.

They now returned to the inn, and would have entered the first room they came to; but the hostess ran up to them, saying, pray do not go in there; it is so near the kitchen, where some travellers are smoaking and drinking, that I fear you will find the noise very disagreeable. If you wish to be at your ease, you had better come into the little parlour where my children sit; you will find a good fire there, and I will go and make the fire burn above-stairs, for we did not expect you so soon. They followed her, and found every thing in good order. They did not see, indeed, great glassess, pictures, or any other kind of costly furniture; but every thing spoke the industry of these good people. The wall was hung with skeins of yarn, spindles ready to be reeled, and stockings with knitting-needles in them. There stood a wheel, here winders; and on a little shelf were some useful books. A girl of sixteen and another of fourteen, were cutting bread, and putting little pats of butter on a plate

for the supper of the family that now entered. A third girl was spinning, and a boy sat writing at a table.

This sight afforded Mrs. Jones great pleasure. I find, said she, that there are still very industrious people, in the world. When we have only a desire to work, answered the hostess, we shall always find something to do; and there is no pleasure like employment. Besides, if my children had not always sufficient work to do, they would stand staring in the public room, where they could neither see nor hear any thing good. But, excuse me, at this hour I have a great deal to do in the kitchen.

She went out, and the host entered, a cheerful healthy-looking man, with honesty sparkling in his eyes. He had in his arms his youngest child; and, approaching his little guests, shook them cordially with his right hand; which labour had so hardened, that it felt like leather. To-day, said he, smiling, I am nurse. My wife, and all my people, have their hands so full of work, that they could not hold the poor little bantling, so I must take care of it. But I do not complain, I have still a hand free and ready to obey your orders. We must all help one another, if we wish to live happily together. At this instant he was called, and the company were left alone with the children.

Mrs. Jones seated herself by the tallest of the girls, and asked if she was the host's eldest daughter? I am not his daughter, answered the smiling girl, I am only his niece, my mother was his sister.

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sister. But I have no parents, they are both dead; and he has brought me up ever since my sixth year. But I suppose he is paid for your board, said Mrs. Jones. I have, answered she, not a penny to give him; for my parents left nothing behind them. But he is a very good man, he treats me like his own children; I dress like them, and he never buys a new thing for them, without remembering me; he had me taught to sew, knit, and spin; and even paid the school-master for teaching me to write and cypher. He has put my brother 'prentice to a taylor, and provides every thing for him. You are, indeed, said Mrs. Jones, fallen into a good man's hands. Yes; that is true-enough, continued the girl; but the good that he has done for us poor motherless children is not all; if I were to relate what he does for other people, I should not finish before night. When a poor traveller comes to seek for a lodging, he takes him in, and, the next morning, will not take any thing for his bed; nay, sometimes he will give him something to help him on his way.

Yesterday evening came a poor soldier's widow here with her three children; her husband had not long been dead. If you will believe me, he had a good fire lighted for her in the room in which you are going to sit; and he treated her as he did the other guests, who were gentlefolks. The poor woman would scarcely eat of the good supper he provided; and said that she had not above a shilling in her pocket. Never mind that,

said he, do you and your children only eat your supper with a good appetite. In the morning our boy was to carry some corn to market; but I could not guess why he got so often in and out of the cart. At last I found out that he had been making a seat of dry straw for the woman and her children; and only put two sacks in to lie at their feet. He not only took nothing from her, but asked my aunt to look for some old clothes, which he gave to the woman for her children, helped them into the cart, and off they set for the city. I shall never, during my life, forget how the woman called out a hundred times from the cart that God would return it to him.

It gives me pleasure to hear all this, said Mrs. Jones, but I have heard him accused of enticing all the farmers to his house; yet I can scarcely believe it.

There is something in it, however, answered the girl: when any one sleeps here once, they will be sure to come again, if they travel this way; nay, I have known some travellers go on an hour or two after it grows dark, to rest here. But there is nothing wrong in all this, he is so civil to every body. He always takes care that the bread, beer, and meat, is good; and, when he is to be paid, he does not overcharge any body. Is it to be wondered at that he pleases people?

Mr. Jones heard, with astonishment, this girl's discourse, who, with the greatest simplicity, in a few minutes, related of a man, in a mean condition, more good than many rich men have done

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in the whole course of their lives. He could not any longer remain silent; but said to his family,—*O dear children, see how much good a single good man can do!* His wife, four of his own children, and two whom he has adopted—seven persons have to thank him for their whole comfort and joy. How miserable would they be if he were as careless as the angry man we saw this morning. How many poor will he have been a comfort to—What a number of fatigued and way-worn travellers will, in his house, spend a comfortable evening and gather new strength. If now, a man in a situation reckoned mean can do so much good to others, how much more should be expected from one in an elevated rank.

Whilst he was speaking, the honest Innkeeper entered, and asked if they would please to go up stairs, saying, the room is warm, and the supper on the table.

The whole company stood up, and looked at him with silent respect, as if a nobleman had entered. Mary quickly hung on his arm, and James would gladly have caught the other, if the sweet babe had not already been enfolded in it; he therefore followed, holding Mr. Jones's hand.

Mrs. Jones was last; and, when she came to the room door, she turned back, saying, she should soon come to them. Scarcely was the door shut, when she went towards the industrious little people, tenderly embracing them one after the other; and said, good children, follow the
example

example of your father and uncle, and I promise you all will do well. She then joined her family in the other room.

It was small and low, with little doors and windows, but still they were all pleased with it. The wainscot table was covered with a clean cloth, and plates and dishes, which looked equally neat: it is true, the spoons were not silver, nor the knives very handsome; but every thing was well dressed, and the honest host who chatted with them; and the ruddy girl who waited, pleased them all. When they went to rest, they found clean beds; and, in the morning, a good breakfast.

After this chearful repast, Mr. Jones went himself, once more, to see the Curate, and to enquire how he and his family found themselves. He soon came back, and brought the agreeable news that they had all slept well; and that he had found the sick much better than they were the evening before; at the same time, he added, that the Curate, with his wife and children, had promised to visit them as soon as they were well.

Nicholas was now told to harness his horses, and the host was desired to bring in his bill. He soon brought it; and it was so reasonable that Mr. Jones could not imagine how the Innkeeper, without injuring himself, could have provided them with such good things at so cheap a rate. He shook his head, and said, friend, there must be some mistake in the reckoning. I believe
not,

not, said the host, a little astonished, taking the bill to look over it again; however, Mr. Jones did not wait for it, but pressing something into his hand, there is the amount of the reckoning. He then, turning to his wife and children, desired them to be quick and get into the coach. What are you thinking of, Sir? cried the host; why, Heaven help me, you have given me ten guineas! Mr. Jones, turning half round, smiled on him, and said, if there is more than your due, you know how to use it, when a poor soldier's wife and her children come to lodge with you; when an orphan wants cloathing, or a 'prentice fee.

The host would still have raised some difficulties, but Mr. Jones was so full of respect for this good man, that he shook him heartily by the hand, sprang into the coach, and away it rolled; the children still crying out, good bye! good bye! Mr. Host; and when he could no longer hear them, they still fondly shook their heads and hands at him.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE horses must have fared as well in the inn as the rest of the party. They snorted the fresh air: and were so lively that the coachman could scarcely hold them in. They went on at such a rate that they were all pleased with the quick motion. They continued this pace for above half an hour, when the coachman was obliged to halt, because the road ran up a hill; and Mr. Jones wished to get out, that he might have a more extensive view of the beautiful country which the hill commanded. When they had gained the rising ground, he stepped in again, and the travellers went on as quick as before. They saw already, afar off, the steeples of the city; but their distance made them appear to Mary so small, that she could scarcely believe that they were the great steeples of the city. But Mr. Jones assured her that she would see them grow larger and larger as she advanced; and they would soon have seen them near enough to judge of their true height, if a fresh accident had not retarded their progress.

Some part of the harness gave way, and Nicholas was near half an hour before he could get it in order again. During that time Mr. Jones walked

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walked with his children by the fields, and made them observe the beautiful verdure of the rising corn, which decked the fields, and had attained sufficient strength to endure the rigour of the approaching winter. As they were stepping into the carriage again, they heard, at a distance, a voice cry stop, stop! they turned round and saw a girl running towards them, who made signs, and shewed them something which she held in her hand. Mr. Jones went to meet her; she came up to him quite out of breath, with a purse in her hand, and said, have you not lost this, Sir? I saw you get into the coach, and found it yonder, where you were walking just now. Mr. Jones felt for his purse, and perceived indeed that he had lost it. There were ten guineas in it, and a great deal of silver. He wondered at the *honesty* of the girl, whom, he supposed by her dress, to be very poor. He stroked her cheeks, asked who were her parents? whether she had any brothers and sisters? and what she had to do in the fields?

I have only an old mother, replied the girl, and she is very poor. For above a year, she has been tormented by the rheumatism, and has not been able to do any work. We have nothing to live on, but what I can earn by spinning. I came out now to seek for some wood, that I might make her a little broth; and I come every day to gather a few sticks together, that we may have something in the winter to keep ourselves warm with.

And why then, asked Mr. Jones, did you not keep this money? you might have maintained your poor mother a long time with it.

God keep me, exclaimed the girl, from doing such a thing! I knew very well that the money belonged to you; and, if I had kept it, it would have been just the same as if I had stolen it. I should have been finely received by my mother, if I had carried her heaps of money gotten in this way.

Mr. Jones then put his hand into his purse, probably to seek for a guinea; but his wife held it, and said, will you permit me to reward this good girl? *her honesty has gained my entire confidence.* If you will allow me, I will take her home with me, and teach her every kind of household labour; in time she may become my cook, and take care of my store-room; I perceive that I can trust this honest girl, and I have long wished for such a person in my house. She obtained, as may easily be supposed, her husband's consent, and asked the girl whether she was willing to come and live with her? promised her that she should have enough to eat and drink, and good clothes; and she should be treated in every respect, very kindly. The girl, astonished at this offer, wept, clasped her hands, and said, ah, kind Madam! I would gladly go with you; but what would become of my poor old mother? if I left her, she would die of hunger.—I will take care of that, said Mr. Jones; I will have her carried to a house, where she will find a warm

warm room, and enough to eat and drink. Take for the present this money, and buy some meat to make broth for your mother; and ask her whether she will let you live with us, and accept of the provision we offer her. Next week I will send for you both; tell me exactly where you live?

The girl looked at what Mr. Jones had given her. the moment she quitted them. Good gracious! cried she, how much money! half a guinea, a crown, and several shillings. She counted it over and over again; she had never in her life had half so much. She ran as quickly as she possibly could to shew it to her mother, saying to herself, all the way she went; yes, this is well; it was well I did not keep the money. How my poor mother will be pleased when I bring her all this.

She now came to the house, laid the money on the table, and said, there mother, there is a heap of money, which is all my own; and I am now going to make you some nice broth. A great Lord gave it to me; he lost a purse full of gold, I really believe there was a hundred guineas in it; I found it, and he gave me this handful of money out of it for my honesty. He had with him a beautiful good-natured lady, I cannot tell you how good-natured she was; she said that I should come and live with her; that she would give me good clothes, and that you should be brought to a house, where you will find every thing you want. Next week they are to send for us; will you
come

come with me, dear mother? The poor sick woman held up her hands towards Heaven, and prayed (shedding tears of joy) that God would bless those charitable people.

The next week a man came for them. The woman was placed in a comfortable alms-house, where she was to be maintained all her life. Mr. Jones brought up the honest girl, who soon became an excellent cook, married, some years after, an honest working man, and led a very contented life. Mr. Jones and family now approached the city; and Mary saw that the spires, which she had seen at a distance, were indeed steeples; and she was not a little surprised at it. They now spoke of nothing but Charles and his tooth-ache; and Mrs. Jones felt her heart beat when she thought on the sad state in which they should probably find him. But how great was her joy when they came to the house and saw Charles himself, full of health and spirits, springing out to meet them. She and his father embraced him, and Mary and James did the same. As soon as Mr. Jones heard that the Jew Ephraim had cured him of his tooth-ache, he became dear to him; and he was not slow in testifying his gratitude.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MR. Jones's principal merchandize consisted of woollen cloths and stuffs, for which purpose he had established a manufactory, and constantly employed a number of women and children to spin the wool, whose labours kept many looms in motion to weave it into cloth. By those employments he maintained above three hundred people.

The day of his return was Saturday, when all the men, women and children who worked for him, always came to receive the money which they had earned during the week. At six o'clock the house resembled a fair, there was such a concourse of people. Mr. Jones used to seat himself at a table, on which lay two or three bags of money, and calling them one after the other, made each of them shew his account, which he examined, and paid them what they had earned. The people who received the money behaved very differently, some went out with an air of stupified indifference, others murmured, and said that it was much too little, and that they could not subsist on it; but many received their wages with a chearful countenance, thanked Mr. Jones, and said, that they would drink his health to-morrow.

A certain

A certain weaver attracted Mr. Jones's attention; he was one of the first who came into the room, yet stood still without having approached to receive his wages. He placed himself near Mr. Jones, with the fore finger of his right hand resting against his nose, and observed, very thoughtfully, how Mr. Jones told out his money. Sometimes he smiled, and sometimes shook his head. At last Mr. Jones asked him what he was thinking of? and if he did not wish for his wages? I will wait for it, answered he, if you will continue to reckon with the people. It rejoices me to see that you have so much money to pay, and I think how *happy it is that there are rich men in the world*. How many people do you now give bread to for the whole week, and many a bit of roast meat for a Sunday. I really know not how all the people in the world would live, if there were not rich men to set them to work. They could not buy wool, and if sometimes they got a few pence, and could keep life and soul together while they spun it, or made it into cloth, they would lose half their time in going about to sell it, and at last, perhaps, be obliged to let some hard-hearted man have it; who, taking advantage of their poverty, would just give them enough to buy the bread, their children might be crying for. But now they want nothing, neither wool nor work, all the week; and are sure of receiving their wages, when Saturday night comes.

Mr.

Mr. Jones looked at him with surprize, and the weaver, who observed that his discourse pleased him, continued; there are indeed many who grudge the rich their money, and see with an envious eye that they have such beautiful houses, such fine clothes, and keep such good tables. But I always scold them, and say, you are very foolish people, who cannot see a bit further than your nose. The rich cannot eat their gold, and if they build beautiful houses, lay out fine gardens, buy grand clothes, and fare better than we can, why, they must always give money for what they get, and then it goes through a number of hands. The butcher, the baker, the carpenter, the mason, the smith, the farrier, the glazier, the shoemaker, and all the rest of us, profit by them; or how would these people live, if there were no men who had money to spend? I know, indeed, that nobody gains a farthing from some of the rich, by their good-will, they are always scraping more and more money together, only to hoard it up. But happily there are not many such in the world. Mr. Jones admired this rational man's discourse, paid him his wages, and advised him always to try to think in this manner; for such a contented mind would make his little meal taste better than the dainties of the hard-hearted rich, and he would lead a much happier life than those who continually viewed, with an envious eye, the good fortune of their superiors.

Scarcely

Scarcely was this weaver gone out of the room than another drew near, who whispered Mr. Jones in the ear, that the man, who had just left him, was a sharp hand ! How so ? asked Mr. Jones. He is a choice knave, answered he, if you knew how he has already deceived you, you would certainly not give him a shuttle-full more work. Mr. Jones expressed his surprize at this information, and desired him to wait till he had paid all the workmen, when he would speak with him more fully about the matter.

In the course of half an hour, Mr. Jones found himself alone with the weaver. Now honest man, asked he, what more have you to say to me ? I only say this, that Master Jackson, who has been talking so finely to you, is a knave. I do not like to speak ill of any body, still what is true ought to be told. And it is not proper that I should see such a good master cheated, without telling him of it. His wife sells one piece of stuff after another, which her husband has spun from the wool that he cheats you of, I suppose. For where else could it come from ? He is always buying new clothes. Last week he had a new coat made ; I cannot do thus, yet I never sit with my hands across.

Mr. Jones looked at this man with a penetrating eye, and asked with a firm tone, is all this true ? He cast his eyes down and answered, to be sure it is true, if I had not been sure of it I should not have said it. And to whom did his wife sell the stuff ? continued Mr. Jones. That I cannot ex-
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actly tell, replied the weaver; but you may be perfectly satisfied it is so, or I should not have told you.—I would not for all the world tell you an untruth.

Mr. Jones let him go, and promised that he would look carefully into the affair; and he really did sift the business thoroughly. He mentioned to his wife, what this man had said of Jackson; and, from that hour, she took various methods to discover the truth.

She weighed the wool and the yarn, and measured the stuff with the same exactness; comparing his work with that of the other journeymen. After she had watched thus carefully, a whole month, she came to her husband, and said, would you think it, that of all our journeymen the most honest is Jackson. I have now for a sufficient length of time observed his work, weighed, measured and compared it with what has been done by the rest of the people we employ, and found that his was always wove in the best manner, the quantity equal, and often more than was brought home by the others who had the same materials given to them. On the contrary, the man who slandered him is a rogue, his stuff always wants a yard or two, and I have found out the place, where, the day before yesterday, he certainly sold a dozen yards. I am glad you have made this discovery, said Mr. Jones.

This bad man was soon called, told of his wickedness, and his work taken from him.

Jackson

Jackson was then sent for, and Mr. Jones said to him, Friend, you have been a common journeyman long enough, you deserve a more profitable employment, I will make you overseer of my manufactory, you will have less work to do, and will gain more money. Be but as faithful an overseer to me, as you have been a weaver, and I shall be content.

The joy this unexpected offer gave the honest man, may easily be supposed. He held up his hands, and said, is it possible! how is all this come about? You may thank Ned Sly for it, said Mr. Jones.

Master Sly, Master Sly, who would have thought it, said Jackson, I always supposed that man owed me a grudge; but now I see I wronged him. You have not wronged him, continued Mr. Jones, Sly is a wicked man, he complained to me of you, as if you were a cheat, and kept back part of the yarn I gave you to weave. I did not know enough of you, for how can I know all the people who work for me? But from that time I have been very attentive: I have carefully measured and weighed all that you have done, and discovered that you were the most honest and industrious of all my journeymen. Tears of joy started into Jackson's eyes, he thankfully pressed Mr. Jones's hand, and said, I see now come to pass what my poor dead father continually used to say to me. "*Jack, always stick to honesty, and then your most spiteful enemies may contribute, without thinking of it, to your happiness.*"

He returned to his house, and carried this news to his wife and children. It is easy to suppose what joy he spread amongst them.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THIS act of justice afforded Mr. Jones sincere pleasure. At dinner he could talk of nothing but honest Jackson, and assured his family that he was better pleased at having become acquainted with his real worth, and that he had it in his power to reward him, than if he had gained a thousand pounds in trade. He still continued to talk of honesty, and added, that an honest man was always happier than a knave. Had Jackson cheated me, continued Mr. Jones, he would not have gained as much as he has now by his honesty. He was very right when he said that the very enemies of an honest man often labour to promote his fortune, because they speak ill of him, which contributes to make other people more attentive to his conduct, and they discover the good qualities which a modest man is not eager to bring forward to notice.

At the end of a fortnight another cause of joy occurred, which gave them even more pleasure.

Mr.

Mr. Jones stood at the window chatting with his children, suddenly Mary cried out, father, father ! look, look ! what is that coming up the street ? a whole cart-full of people, I really believe it is the Curate, and all his family. In a moment Charles's head was out of the window. It is, it is indeed ! There is dear Mrs. Benson, there is George and Henry. Mr. Jones was soon convinced that it was them. Now there was a tumult of joy throughout the whole house, every one calling out, here comes the Curate ! here comes the curate !—The door was opened, the guests stepped out, all fresh and in health. But at first they could not say much ; they were so starved with cold that they could only bring out, as they tripped into the house, how cold it is, how dreadfully cold ! Mr. Jones desired his servant to take care of their horse, and then followed his guests into a warm room.

The dear travellers thought it very pleasant to come from the frozen fields into such a comfortable room, and be received by such friendly people. Mr. Jones and his children helped them to take off their great coats and cloaks, with which they had muffled themselves, and Mrs. Jones ordered some good chocolate to refresh her friends, whose teeth still chattered with cold. Half an hour passed before they were sufficiently recovered to enter into any regular conversation ; and it was not till after they had drunk two cups of chocolate that they began to converse. They drew their chairs nearer to each other, and Mr. Noel, who
came

came to ask a question, was requested to make one of the party.

Now, my dear friend, said Mr. Jones, tell us what has happened to you, since we left your house ; did the dismal days of sickness long endure ?

The Curate related very circumstantially how much they had afterwards suffered ; but assured them, at the same time, that they had never in their lives been better than they were at present ; the danger, continued he, of losing my wife and children, who are my sole treasure, made me very sad ; but I have myself experienced, that there is nothing more true, than what I have often preached to my parishioners ; *that sorrow is very beneficial*. As long as it endures, it indeed occasions us trouble and pain, but when it is past, we may plainly see the great advantages procured by it. I cannot express to you, how contentedly we all now live. Our children always loved us, because we ever treated them with tenderness ; but when they, in their sickness, saw how careful we were of them, how much we suffered on their account, they then first discovered the full extent of our affection, and are now so disposed to do every thing which we desire, that we could not wish for better children. And even my wife and I love each other much better since we have learned in the sick chamber how absolutely necessary we are to each other. I myself have been very much improved by it, for I am become more mild and forbearing ; formerly, I cannot deny

deny it, I was a little hasty.—(Well, well, answered his wife, holding up her finger with an arch look, do not tell of yourself :) formerly, continued he, smiling, I was indeed too hasty, I must acknowledge it. I grew angry in a moment when any little unlucky accident happened in the family; but now how insensibly have I been taught patience, by the anxiety which I felt on watching at the side of the sick bed: when one of them cried, oh, father, I am so thirsty! another, I must sit up; a third, oh, my head! my head! it does so ache! When the infant cried, and the mother groaned, then I learned to be patient, then I learned to give soft words. Now, I should certainly not so easily be made angry by any unlucky accident.—And, how much more have I learned; I know now how we ought to nurse the sick, how to heal a bad breast, and how to treat children who have the small-pox. Since the illness of my children, I have been called in by all the peasants, whose children were sick of the small-pox. I gave them the good advice which I had gleaned from experience, and have been so lucky as to save the lives of many children, who lay in a very dangerous state, and the eyes of one; all which I should not have been able to have done, if my own sufferings had not taught me.

If we had no sorrow, we should be so accustomed to the comforts of life, that we should no more think of their real value, or enjoy the days of health and peace; but when, now and then,

then, a day or week of anguish and distress comes, we really rejoice in the pleasant days that follow. Yes, how good does this chocolate taste in the company of such dear friends, and with my beloved family, who seem to be snatched from the grave. I should not have felt the pleasure I now do, if I had never known sorrow. It is with sorrow as with the winter, whilst it endures it is very disagreeable ; but when it is over, the recollection of it adds to the beauty and freshness of spring.

You have observed very justly, dear Curate, said Mr. Noel ; for in my youth I had few real cares or sorrows, every thing went on as I could wish ; but I am ashamed of myself, when I look back, when I reflect what a man I have been.—I did, at the moment, whatever pleased my foolish fancy : I was proud, without pity, and treated poor people as if they were no better than brutes. I was a tyrant to my servants, and used them ill for the least oversight. Employment was a thing I never thought of ; I did nothing but eat, drink, dance and play ; walk about, ridicule people, and sleep. It is only since my sufferings began, since I have endured poverty, hunger and contempt, that I have become prudent and virtuous. Oh, how useful ! how useful has sorrow been to me !

In such friendly conversations a great part of the day passed away insensibly. About three o'clock the Curate stood up, and taking his great coat, looked as if he meant, with his family,

now

now to bid them adieu. But they all gathered round him, and opposed his departure. Mrs. Jones entreated, her husband representing that the days were now short, and that it was dangerous to travel at night. As for Charles and Mary, they even used force, holding the great coat that he might not put it on; at last his own family deserted him, and joined in entreating him to stay. The children whined and kissed his hand; he took refuge with his wife, and begged her to stand by him; but she made the matter worse. I think, my dear, said she, we may as well stay; we have left such orders at home, that all will go well, though we should not return to-night. There was then a general expression of joy. The Curate saw himself overcome, and was obliged to give up the great-coat, which the little folks held so fast. Having gained their point, they sprang joyfully from him, and locked it up carefully in a closet.

CHAPTER XL.

AFTER the children had been some time in the room, they ran into the yard to amuse themselves with sliding. They had two little sledges with which they were allowed to play, as long as the yard was covered with snow. The rough wind that had whistled in the morning, was now laid; and the weather became quite mild. The children exercised themselves so much by dragging the sledges, that they did not feel the cold; and were perfectly happy. The day now began to close, and they resolved to return to the company. But, before they quitted the yard, a pleasant thought came into Charles's head. He saw the pleasure cart in which the Curate and his family came; he got into it, begging his little playmates to follow him; they did not require many entreaties, and were soon seated; and then Charles made a motion as if he drove the horse on. Jehu, jehu! cried he, that we may soon arrive at George's house. But there was no horse to receive encouragement from Charles; the cart did not move an inch from the place. Upon this, the whole party burst out a laughing, and got out again.

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Their

Their little driver followed them, though he could scarcely laugh with them. Could I but once have a ride in such a cart; dear me, how pleasant that would be! Do you really, said George, wish to go? If you do, I will run directly to my father, and beg him to let the horse be put to.

There is the cart, and there stands the horse idle; in the winter he has little work to do; and I have often heard that horses grow restiff when they stand long in the stable: so it cannot do him much harm if we trot about for half an hour. So, without waiting for an answer, he ran into the parlour. All the little folks followed him, and surrounded the Curate.

George first whispered in his ear what they wished; and they all seconded his prayer, either with their looks or words. The Curate shook his head, and said, I know not whether Mr. Jones will be satisfied. I cannot give you my permission without his consent. All the children then fixed their eyes on Mr. Jones, and he quickly saw, by their sparkling, that they wished to ask something of him; he came up to them, and enquired very good-humouredly, what they were consulting about? The Curate told him, in a few words; and Mr. Jones, who always liked to shew that he reluctantly refused to satisfy the wishes of his children, seemed disposed to comply. He looked at the sky, and said, the sky is clear, the weather mild, and I have no objection to the party; but we cannot let them go alone, because
some

During these conversations, the evening past away; the time of rest approached; but the children were so impressed by what they had heard of God, that they earnestly entreated their parents to continue this conversation next day.

CHAPTER XLI.

SCARCELY were the children assembled at breakfast the following morning, when they repeated the request, which they had made to their parents the evening before, that they would say something more of God; and Mr. Jones desired the Curate to take the task on himself.

Dear children, said he, you may easily believe that the God who has made those great globes in the heavens, and all that we see on earth, could easily torment and injure us, or, in a moment, kill us; but he does not do it; he only employs his power to give joy and pleasure to the living creatures whom he has created. All the pleasure that you have enjoyed in your life, and still will enjoy, comes from the same God who

made the stars. For he has produced every thing that affords you pleasure. This chocolate, for example—

I beg your pardon, Sir, interrupted Mary, our cook made it. So it seems to you, continued the Curate; but, in fact, all comes from God. The cocoa, and the sugar-cane, of which the chocolate is made, he commanded to grow. He produced the seeds out of which these plants sprang; warmed them with his sun, and moistened them with his rain. The water, which is necessary to mix with these ingredients, he bade spring out of a source that never fails; and the cook could not have made this chocolate if God had not given her more understanding than he has given to a cat or a dog.

So it is with every thing that we see; God has made all. Nevertheless it would be all lost on us, if he had not so formed us that we can enjoy pleasure.

Mary, hold your hand out a little; I will shed a little chocolate into it; does it not taste very good.

You joke, Sir, said Mary, I taste nothing. He then gave her half a cup-full, which she raised to her mouth; and assured him, that now indeed she tasted it. You see, children, how good God is, continued the Curate. Had he given to our tongue and palate the same kind of skin that covers our hand, we should taste nothing, nor receive any more pleasure from good roast mutton, than from chewing straw. And, on the contrary,

contrary, had he made our hands in such a manner that we could taste through them, only suppose how uncomfortable it would make us. Every moment we must take hold of things which have a disagreeable taste; and that would cause constant loathing and disgust. When we took a walnut out of its green covering, how much bitterness must we taste before we come to the sweet nut!

He took a little almanack out of his pocket, and shewed the children some pictures, which they observed with pleasure. He then bid them shut their eyes, and held a picture to them; but they saw nothing. God could, continued he, easily have formed our eyes like our eye-lids; how miserable we should then have been! there would have been for us no beautiful colours, no rays of the sun, no stars in the sky to please us, our whole life long would be a black night. Shut your eyes once again; do you not find it true? is not all obscure and black before you? So would you have been obliged to grope about all your life, if God had not in such an ingenious manner formed your eyes. But come to me, Henry, and look in my eyes, what do you see? Myself, answered Henry. I see indeed two little Henrys, which appear as like to me as one egg to another. And I see in thine, said the Curate, two little Curates. Our eyes are like small looking-glasses, in which every object is reflected that passes immediately before us. In this we remark every thing beautiful, which
 God

God has produced in the world; we see the mountains, the woods, the flowers, the birds, the animals, the stars in the heavens, and our dear friends. Have you understood me? the children assured him that they had. And now, George, stop your ears with your fingers. We see the mountains, the woods, the flowers, the birds, the animals, the stars in the heavens, and our dear friends, (he winked that he should open his ears again,) have you now understood me? Not a word, dear father, answered he. How much pleasure, rejoined the Curate, should we be deprived of, if God had not given us ears. We should not hear the instructive conversations of our friends, nor the sweet sounds of music; and of what use would be the melodious notes of the nightingale, if we did not perceive it?—all would be useless to us.

What an agreeable odour the rose, the carnation, the auricula, the hyacinth, has! all these pleasures may be ascribed to that wisdom which has formed our nose different from our eyes, hands, and mouth; because he has formed it in such a manner, that through it we can feel the exhalations of things.

It is thus our eyes, our ears, mouth, and nose, are so many doors through which pleasure enters into our souls. But, oh, how much pain too, dear Mr. Curate, said Charles, if you did but know what a dreadful pain I had in my teeth when my parents and sister were with you! Does pain also come from God? Undoubtedly, answered

answered the Curate, pain also comes from God. For God, who has so formed us that we can feel agreeable sensations, made our nature such, that we must also feel disagreeable ones. But when he has sent pain, he only does it that through pain he may procure us more pleasure. Your father has informed me, that your tooth-ache gave you an opportunity of becoming acquainted with an honest Jew who freed you from the pain; that this acquaintance had engaged him to advance a considerable sum that enabled the Jew to begin a business, by which he maintains his family in a decent, honest manner. When you see this Jew, what do you think?

I always feel sincere joy, replied Charles.

And this joy, continued the Curate, you have to thank your tooth-ache for. If you had not had the tooth-ache, the Jew could not have cured you, your father would not have become acquainted with him, and of course would not have lent him the money, which has been of so much use to him. Your pain is long since over, but the Jew's happiness will for a length of time afford you joy. Experience has then taught you that pain is something good, because it leads to joy. Can you still recollect how the Jew looked, who freed you from your pain?

O yes! answered Charles, very well; he had a large nose, a grey beard, a brown coat, and a very strange way of talking. It seems to me as if I now heard him speak, as if I saw him before me.

Observe,

Observe, said the Curate, further, that God has so made us, that we can represent to ourselves past and absent things, and relish our amusements over again; he procures us, in this way, much pleasure. By this faculty we can represent an absent friend to our minds, remember the good we have done, the pleasures we have enjoyed; and procure ourselves many agreeable hours, independent of outward circumstances. Have you never read a book that amused you?

Yes, many, answered they all.

Last week, said Charles, I read Young's Grandison; it is a charming book, and quite delighted me.

But, continued the Curate, if you were to put that book before a dog or a cat, it would not understand a word of the contents; and therefore could not receive any amusement from it. If God then had not given you reason, only think how many pleasures you would be deprived of; you could neither read a book, nor write a letter; you could not reflect how you might better your situation. No houses would be built, and you would be obliged to live in holes and caverns like animals. Does it not then appear that God must love men, when he has formed them in such a manner that they can enjoy so much pleasure?

But, said George, does not God love the poor animals, because he has not created them in such a manner that they can enjoy as much pleasure as men?

Be

Be not anxious about that, answered his father; God has so formed every animal, that the greater part of its life is past contentedly; its pleasures far exceed its pains. If animals are deprived of many of the enjoyments that God has granted to man, recollect that man is the most perfect work we are acquainted with, and has the most duties to fulfil. On the contrary, animals are perhaps often gratified with things which we pass over with indifference; life is a blessing to them, because it is a gift from God, who, when He called any creature into existence, designed to communicate some degree of happiness to it; and when it suffers pain, it is to render it better, in order that it may enjoy more pleasure. Look at Charles's Sancho, who is sleeping yonder. God has particularly destined for his nourishment the bones, which man cannot eat; he can gnaw the gristles, find the marrow in the bones, and live on what we cannot eat or relish. The poor animal would be in a dreadful state if he had a hoof like a horse, and weak teeth like a sheep. But you have just perceived that his Creator foresaw all that he would have need of, to procure his food. Now I have something fast in my hand. Come hither, George, and try if you can guess, by smelling it, what it contains.—You cannot. Now I will hold my hand to Sancho. See how he licks it, how he wags his tail; he will soon bark, he gives us now to understand that my fist contains something which is proper for him to eat—there,

Sancho,

Sancho, you shall have it, you have gueſt it; it was a cruſt of bread. You perceive, by this, that God has given a finer ſenſe of ſmelling to the dog, than to us; by which means he ſeeks for, and diſcovers, all the nourishment around him, which is fit for him. Conſider a little his paws—how ſupple they are, and provided with ſuch excellent nails, with which he can hold faſt the bone he wiſhes to gnaw; but this could not be done if he had the feet of an horſe or a goat: and theſe teeth, ſee how firm and ſpiky they are; by the help of them he can crack the hardeſt bones, and find the marrow. It is the ſame with all animals—God has taken as much care of them as of the dog—He has given to each all that it required to procure it food and pleaſure. If Mrs. Jones has in her kitchen a fowl or a fiſh, intended for dinner, and will allow me to obſerve it a little, I will let you yourſelves ſee that God has tenderly thought of it.

Mrs. Jones went ſmiling out of the room; but ſoon came back, and brought with her, a pike, and a wild gooſe, which the cook had juſt killed and drawn.

Here will be ſomething to ſee, cried the Curate, children pay atention! this gooſe found its pleaſure in the water; and you ſee that it is ſo formed, that it can live as well in the water as a man can on land. See what large feet it has, very unlike thoſe of a turkey; but theſe kind of feet are neceſſary, that it may make its way through the water. If it had not ſuch feet,

feet, it would with difficulty move from the place where it first began to swim. See how thick and close the feathers are together, so that the water rolls off without wetting it. Through the assistance of this warm fur, the animal can live continually in the water, without a drop coming to its body. But the food it finds in ponds and lakes, where it usually supports itself, might easily fail.—What then would the poor animal do? its feet are not made for running. If it walked on the earth from one pond to another, it would soon be hurt, or carried away by its enemies, but this inconvenience has been foreseen and provided for. What it wants in swiftness of foot has been made up by those long and strong wings. With these it can raise itself in the air very high, and can move itself from one place to another far quicker than I can in my pleasure-cart. Let us now examine its eyes, they are undoubtedly very different from ours. Observe further, the tender little skin, which this animal can spread over its eye, you can see very well through it.—This skin must, indeed, be very useful when it plunges its head into the water, for it guards the eye in such a manner that no water can penetrate to it, and yet does not prevent its discerning its food at the bottom. Its bill also deserves attention. It is armed with teeth with which it can break its prey.

Now let us consider the pike; it has neither feet nor wings; but these are not necessary; it only lives in the water, and never seeks for any
pleasure

pleasure out of it ; yet it has been formed by its Creator with the same art and wisdom as other animals. Feel this armour which covers its body : it is all composed of scales, which lie so closely one over the other, that not a drop of water can penetrate through them. You have certainly seen a ship, or some other vessel, and remarked the rudder, which the pilot turns to direct its course. Our pike has likewise this rudder—it is his tail, in which there is great strength ; when he strikes the water with it he can move himself wherever he wishes ; yes, he can, by the help of it, so strongly impel himself forward, that he glides through the water like a dart. And it must be so, or he would not live comfortably, because the little fish are destined for his support, and how could he catch them, if he had not been made to swim quicker than they ? But let us examine the other parts of his body. As the pike was made to live by hunting small fish, some of which you see in his maw, he had need of arms : see these hooked teeth, which are so firmly set ; when he chases a fish, he darts upon it open-mouthed—snaps it—and alas ! the poor fish that comes into his teeth need not think of escaping. You may ask, indeed, with surprise, why God has abandoned this little fish to the voracious pike ? But consider, if God would give life to a great number of animals, it could not be otherwise, some must support others. We have the hare and the partridge, and find them very good ; why then should

should it seem unreasonable to us, if the pike chases the little fish, and strengthens himself by devouring them? Some time or other those animals must die, and when the pike swallows a fish, it is done in the twinkling of an eye; on the contrary, they would have endured much more if they had died of old age. I shall only say a few words more of the pike; he is not entirely without feet. These strong fins serve instead of them, and must be very useful to him when he swims through the water, or glides to the bottom, which he often does.—It is the same with all other animals: if you could bring me a thousand different ones, or the smallest worm, I could shew you in each how God has provided it with the organs, or instruments, necessary for its obtaining all the nourishment and pleasure necessary for it.

O God, how good art thou! cried Charles, quite affected. Yes, indeed, added Mr. Jones, we have cause to say, *O God, how good art thou!* When I see the works of God, I cannot help believing that he is a Master, whose greatest joy is to render happy those creatures whom he has made; or, to speak with more propriety, that he is the GREAT FATHER of all.—Through the whole world has he diffused pleasure; in every little plant, in every drop of water does it lurk; and he has so formed every living creature, that it can draw, from this common source, its portion of pleasure.

CHAPTER XLII.

WHILE Mr. Jones was speaking, the Curate slipped out of the room. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, and told the company something, which was not very agreeable to them. The horse, said he, is put to, and waits for us; children, we must now immediately take leave. Then they all began, as they did the evening before, to expostulate, complain and entreat. But after the Curate had represented to Mr. Jones that the necessary duties of his profession now obliged him to return home, he took his part, and said, I dare not detain a man who has important business at home. Charles and Mary had, at first, refused to give up the Curate's great coat, which they had seized on; but as soon as their father desired them, they brought it to him. They now stood, near a quarter of an hour, taking leave, thanking and kissing each other. Then the guests stepped into the cart, after having received an assurance from Mr. Jones and the family, that they would soon come and see them; and off they drove to their own village.

After dinner, Mr. Jones returned to his business, and encouraged his family to do the same.

During

During January, and part of February, their employments went on in a regular manner, without any thing remarkable happening. It was towards the middle of February that something occurred which at first made them all very uneasy.

One day, as Mr. Jones was sitting in the midst of his family, amusing himself with them, Mrs. Sandford entered the room; her eyes were red with weeping, and after a short compliment, the bitterest complaints burst from her. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, said she—ah, dear Mrs. Jones, pity me!—If you do not take my part, if you do not assist me, I know not where I shall find refuge. They offered her a chair, and asked her what had distressed her.—She seated herself, and said, you will see how a poor widow is treated. I have earned so much by my daughters, and my own hard labour, as to be able to lay by one hundred pounds; this sum I did not wish to touch while I could work, that I might have something when I became old or sick; or if my dear children should have any unforeseen occasion for it. I know not how Mr. Skinpenny, who has an apartment in the house where I lodge, heard of it: but it is about six months since he came into my room, and asked whether I could lend him a hundred pounds? saying, that he should lose a great advantage in trade, if he had not that sum to compleat a payment: he added, that he would give me a note for it; and at the end of a quarter of a year, would pay me the money with

with many thanks. I did not even suppose that I had any reason to fear being betrayed by a man who had more guineas than I had pence. I gave him the money, and he gave me a note; I put this note into my bureau, and thought my money in good hands.

But what do you suppose has happened? Three months passed away; another and another followed it, and Mr. Skinpenny did not appear to think of paying me. At last I reminded him. Woman! replied he hastily, do you dream, or are you mad? What, I borrow a hundred pounds of you? not a hundred pence have I seen of your's; I believe you are joking with me. I replied, you have so much business on your head, that probably you have forgotten this trifle; but I will shew you your note.—Yes, said he, when I see that, I will readily believe you. I ran up to my room, opened my bureau, but no note could I see. I searched through every part of it, through every corner of the room; but no note could I find.

What could a poor woman do? I went to a relation of my deceased husband, who is an attorney, and told him of my distress. He advised me to bring the affair into a court of justice, offered to take my cause in hand, and added, that he would certainly make Mr. Skinpenny pay me. But this business has been going on for some time, without my being able to guess how it will end; and has already drawn from me all the little money I had left. To-morrow it is to be determined,

mined, and Mr. Skinpenny will swear that I did not lend him the money. Think of this man, who will advance before the court, and venture to say, that he will renounce the blessing of God; nay, that he wishes He may punish him if he received the gold from me, when he knows very well that he did. What a wicked man! my blood runs cold when I think of it.—If he swears, I shall not only lose my money, and have to pay the costs of the suit: but be reckoned a cheat by those who are not thoroughly acquainted with my character.—I, poor widow, I have no witness of my innocence, *but that God who knows all!*

Mr. and Mrs. Jones sincerely pitied her. It is, said Mr. Jones, a disagreeable business; I know not what advice to give you; if the man swears, the money is lost; but do not let your courage sink, my dear Madam. The all-seeing God is indeed, as you say, your witness; He knows that you lent the money, and that you received a note from the miser; and he will certainly, one day, bring your innocence to light. This, said Mrs. Sandford, is my only comfort; if I had not this, I should sink under such a weight of sorrows.

While she was speaking thus, some one knocked violently at the door, and entered before they could guess who it was. It was a girl, who had run herself quite of breath. Is Mrs. Sandford here? asked she; then perceiving her, she said, is it true that you have a lawsuit with
Mr.

Mr. Skinpenny; and does he intend to swear to-morrow that he never received any money from you? Be easy, things will not go so smoothly; here, here is his note!—He has torn it, to be sure, but it may still be read. You will probably wish to know how I got it; I will soon tell you.

You may remember that I lived some time ago as a servant in the house where you lodge. One day, when you went out with your daughters, I was putting some things to rights in a little closet on the same floor with your apartment; Mr. Skinpenny came softly up stairs, opened your door, and went up to your bureau, with a key in his hand; I was astonished to see him enter—to think that a man, whom I knew to be so rich, should turn thief! and waited where I stood, till he came out—He did not make me wait long; he soon came out with a piece of paper in his hand, and shut the door very carefully after him. This made me very curious to know what he had been doing in your room; and as soon as he had returned into his own, I crept softly down stairs, peeped through the key-hole, and saw him tear the paper, and throw it into a closet amongst some other waste papers, which he generally burnt in the evening when he had a light. Now, thought I, I have seen enough. At night when I made his bed, and lighted his candle, I busied myself, for some time, about the room, and when he turned his back for a moment, I snatched up the paper, and

was

was half dead with fear, when I saw that the man had been so wicked as to steal a note which he had given you as an acknowledgment of a debt. I wished to have told you of it immediately, but you know when one has one's bread to get, it is necessary to be careful; I was afraid that my mistress would turn me away for disobliging her lodger, and I did not know what steps he might take to wreak his vengeance on me, so I resolved to lock it up safe in my trunk.

I was soon after sent for to visit my poor sick mother, and quite forgot the affair, till I heard, this morning, of your law-suit. I then ran quickly to my trunk, and found the note where I had left it, and was as glad as if I had found twenty pounds. Here, take it, and hold it to-morrow under the old cheat's nose. I will be in court myself, and declare all I know of the matter.

It may be easily conceived how good Mrs. Sandford was affected, when she saw herself suddenly delivered from all her troubles, by the honesty of this girl. Trembling, she raised her hands towards Heaven, and said, *O God, who knowest all things, how wonderfully hast Thou brought my innocence, and this man's wickedness, to light!* O God, who knowest all things, added Mr. Jones, Thou art the witness of all our actions! happy would it be for us, if we always thought of Thy divine presence, and constantly did justice; so wouldest Thou one day make our

O

honesty

honestly appear, either in this world or a better. —He afterwards praised the girl's honesty, and encouraged her to relate, firmly, in the court, what she had seen; and then went himself with her to the counsellor, and told him the discovery which they had made by her means.

He testified his joy, like a humane man, at this intelligence, and promised that the innocent Mrs. Sandford should have ample justice done her the following day.

At the hour appointed Mrs. Sandford was ready, with a chearful face; and Mr. Jones also went into court to see what turn this affair would take. Mr. Skinpenny appeared with a confused countenance, and the Judge asked him if he still persisted to deny that he had borrowed any money of Mrs. Sandford?

Yes, was his answer; I did not want money, and if I had, I certainly should not have thought of applying to such a poor woman.

The judge then asked him, if he would take his oath.

Yes, answered he, with a firm voice.

The counsellor then shewed him his note; he started back at the sight, as if he had been struck with lightning; however he recollected himself in a minute, and said, it was a forgery, and that he would swear that he had not written it. But when the maid was called, who told him to his face in what manner he had stolen the note out of Mrs. Sandford's room, he could no longer deny it.

The

The Judge then gave a charge to the Jury, who, without going out of court, pronounced him guilty, and he was condemned to pay her the money, and damages to the amount of two hundred pounds, besides the costs.

Mr. Skinpenny would have preferred a prison to parting with so much money; but when he recollected himself, he gave it, as if he had been parting with so much of his heart's blood.

It is easy to conceive what anguish it must have cost him, who groaned when he was obliged to part with a penny. All those who were in court sincerely rejoiced that God had brought to light a crime that had been so cunningly concealed. Afterwards Mrs. Sandford gave ten guineas to the girl, as a reward for her honesty, which she had some difficulty to make her accept.

CHAPTER XLIII.

WHEN Mr. Jones returned home, he found a poor woman, who had already waited for him above half an hour. She most earnestly entreated him to visit old Martin, one of his weavers, because he had been treated very inhumanly by his son, who had left him to starve in a garret. What! a son let a father die with hunger? asked Mr. Jones, quite shocked; and, without saying a word more, he followed the woman, who conducted him to the poor man.

After having mounted up three pair of stairs, he found him in the most wretched state: old age had rendered him so infirm, that he was unable to get out of his bed; and this bed scarcely deserved the name of one, for it only consisted of rags and a few old cushions, with not more than a handful or two of feathers in them. What! do you come yourself? cried the wretched grey-headed man, as soon as he discovered him. Ah! will you help me? You see now how cruelly my graceless son has treated me! I gave him my house, with only this condition, that he should maintain me till my death; but, no sooner had he the house secure, than he used me like a dog; he turned me out of my own room, and only allows

allows me this miserable garret, where I am almost frozen with cold—He eats with his wife every day good roast or boiled meat, and only sends me bread and cheese, or some cold scraps; and, as if this were not enough, I am often obliged to wait till three or four o'clock before I can get a morsel, and when he brings me something, he gives it me with the most cutting words; he has even said, that he is tired of me—that he could not any longer nurse me—that I had lived long enough—and that it was time that I should leave the world. Oh! Mr. Jones, it is hard to hear such things from a child whom I have carefully brought up from his infancy, and put in a way to earn an honest livelihood.

Mr. Jones trembled in every limb when he heard this. I could not have believed that there was a monster in the world, with such a hard heart, said he, as to abandon a father, who had been careful to nourish and educate him during his childhood. Desire the man to come up here, continued he, angrily, to the woman who had conducted him.

He came up with a ferocious look, and Mr. Jones asked him, very solemnly, whether he was not afraid that God would punish him for leaving his father; his greatest benefactor, in want and sorrow? Why, replied the rude man, I have children of my own to support, and I have enough to do to procure them bread; I know not where it is to come from, if this old man must always have some dainty to devour; indeed,

it is impossible for any man to bear with him. When he is in our room he finds fault with every thing; sometimes he scolds about this, sometimes about that. I do not like to have in my house such noise and vexation; I will be master here.

The old man interrupted Thomas, saying, Thomas, what are you talking about? Do you not know that the house is mine? Have I, your father, deserved this of you?

Well, what right have you to say so much, answered the hard-hearted man, you did not use your father much better; for our neighbours have not failed to tell me what an undutiful son you were in your youth—Do you still recollect how you gathered the scraps from your table, for your poor father, which other people gave to their dogs?

The grey-headed man trembled with remorse when he heard these bitter reproaches, and groaned out, *O God!—Thou art just!*

Mr. Jones then desired this ungrateful son to leave the room, and asked the old man, whether the accusation which his son had brought against him was true? A stream of tears started from his eyes at the question. Ah, woe is me! answered he, they are but too true! I had also my old father in my house, and because he for some years lay bed-ridden, and could no longer earn any thing, I was weary of supporting him, and indeed often let him suffer want—and, oh! I now remember that I sometimes used very hard words

words when I spoke to the old man,—my father. Here, upon these flocks, where I lie, he also laid for three years, till he died in the greatest misery.—Yes, now I see that my behaviour to my poor old father deserved this punishment.

Unhappy man, said Mr. Jones, how could you be so cruel as to abandon your father? Did you never think how much trouble he had with you in your infancy? Did you not know then that God sees all, and that he is just? That he rewards the good, and punishes the wicked here, or hereafter? Could you expect your son to become good, when you yourself were wicked? See in all this the justice of God—bear patiently with the punishment you have deserved—and pray to God to have mercy on you; mean while I will endeavour to soften your misery as much as I can—Here is half a guinea; get something to cheer you, and I will go to your son and advise him to act more like a man;—and if you shew by your patience that you truly repent, God may, perhaps, soften your punishment. Saying so, Mr. Jones left the old man, whose tears flowed fast as he begged God to pardon him, and went to seek for his son.

He spoke very forcibly to him, and asked whether he did not hope to live to be old, and whether he did not fear that his children might treat him, in the days of his weakness, as he now treated his old father? He added, that the God who now punished his father's sins, would also, in his own time, certainly punish him.

For

For of this he ought to be convinced, since no man could escape the chastisement of the All-wise and just God; and growing still warmer, he continued, that if he did not that very day bring his old father into a warm chamber, and procure him a good bed, and sufficient nourishment and attendance, he would take no more notice of him, and never give him any more employment; for if a man could be so wicked as to be ungrateful to his parents, he should never expect him to act honestly towards other men. These words were like a loud thunder-clap to the hard heart of the son, and frightened him into a promise, that he would behave better to his father in future.

And now indeed the fate of the miserable wretch was softened. Mr. Jones often enquired after him, and always heard that he was no longer suffered to want any thing, though his heart was torn by the keenest remorse for his treatment of his father.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE weather, towards the end of February, after the hard winter, became very mild;—the sun began to shine—warm winds to blow—and the snow to melt away. Charles and Mary saw with much pleasure how the earth, and the tiles, which, till then, had been all white, now began to shew their own colours. They believed that the spring was certainly coming—They actually considered how they should alter their little garden—what they should sow and plant in it—and already began to gather the seeds together, which they intended to sow in their little beds.

But, as during the winter, an unusual quantity of snow had fallen, which the sudden warmth of the weather dissolved, it covered all the fields like a sea, and the moistened earth could not readily imbibe such an unusual deluge of water. Torrents ran from all the mountains, swelling the Severn till it overflowed its banks, and spread desolation over the whole country.—It was a dreadful flood!

It may be supposed that Mr. Jones's family were in pain for their beautiful garden, which lay on the banks of this river. Charles and Mary were continually peeping out to see how

far the waters were come. When they went to bed one night, the stream seemed to be as high as the bank; but in the morning, the maid came into the room with the sad news, that the whole garden was under water.

At the same time, they heard from all sides complaints of the devastation which the waters had made. One man spoke of the bridges, mills, and houses, that had been carried away; of the trees which had been torn up by the roots, and of the men that had been drowned. These accounts caused great trouble in Mr. Jones's family; he was sorry for his garden, but still more so for the unhappy wretches, who by this inundation had probably lost all their property. Mary regretted her auriculas, and Charles was in pain for his beds of cabbages. Mrs. Jones thought of the little summer-house which had been built only a few years at some little distance from the river, and she feared, with reason, that the water had carried it away.

She had scarcely mentioned the summer-house, when Mr. Jones clasped his hands with terror, and said, where is honest Henry? Our poor Henry—What is become of him? He must be drowned, or he will die of hunger. They were all shocked, and said, poor Henry! How could we so entirely forget him? What must we do? How shall we rescue him?

This instant, said Mr. Jones to his servants, this instant, run to a waterman, and tell him, with some of his men, to go in a boat to save
Henry,

Henry, and I will gladly pay him whatever he asks.

The servant went, but Mr. Jones was so anxious that he could not remain behind; he ran himself after the servant, and soon engaged a waterman, by the promise of a guinea, to row to the summer-house; not satisfied with this, he jumped himself into the boat, and his servant followed him. He took one of the oars, and rowed with all his might, till he saw the summer-house, which indeed was in great danger: it stood in the midst of water, which had filled the chamber in which Henry slept, and had almost reached the little upper room. When they came near, they discovered him half out of the window, extending his arms towards them. They then redoubled their efforts—arrived—fastened the boat to the house, and threw a rope up to him, by which he might descend. Full of joy, he caught hold of the rope, fastened it to the window, and slipped down.

As soon as he came into the boat, he fell upon his knees, and cried out, *O God, Thou hast had compassion on me! Thou hast heard my prayer!* Then he rose and thanked Mr. Jones and the people who were with him very heartily for their having taken such care to save his life.

Afterwards Mr. Jones asked him how he felt when he found himself in such great danger?

At first, said he, I thought I should soon die with terror. Yesterday evening I lay quietly down to rest; but scarcely had it struck twelve, when

when I heard a shaking and a noise in my room; I listened and slumbered again, but the noise still encreasing, I was soon broad awake; unable to stay any longer in bed, I sprung out, and stood up to the calves of my legs in water. I cannot describe how terrifying this was! I quickly snatched up my clothes, waded through the water till I came to the door, and ran up stairs to the room where you and Madam drink tea in the summer. But what did I afterwards endure! The wind raged against the windows, and whistled through the house; the waters made such a dreadful noise that I suspected nothing less than that the ground would give way under me. This morning, about five o'clock, the water entered the upper room, then I gave myself up for lost. It appeared certain that I should perish by hunger or water. At last I thought that God was with me, and at the same moment I began thus to pray to him: Gracious God! Thou hast already preserved me fifty years in this world: Thou hast granted me many blessings, which I ought to thank Thee for; and Thou wilt not even now abandon me: save me, if I can be of any use in the world—It is very easy to Thee. But if it be Thy will that I should now quit the world—behold me—here I am—my God! I am content. Thou art my dear Father, and I am Thy child. I must submit to whatever Thou thinkest fit—Do with me what Thou wilt!—It must be good, if it come from Thee.—I cannot express to you, Sir, how comfortably I felt after
this

this prayer ; such a pleasant hour have I not had for a great while. I felt, through my whole soul, that I was near God, and my fear vanished. I almost died with joy when I thought, should my gracious God leave me to die, he must know that death is better for me than life. Afterwards I stood upon the chair on which I had been sitting, and said, once more, chearfully, Yes, gracious God, I am here,—Do with me what seemest best in Thy sight ! Then I went to the window, looked out, and saw nothing but water around me, for no living soul could I see. For about three quarters of an hour did I look around—my thoughts still turned to God. When I discovered a boat, and saw that it rowed towards me, it seemed to me as if God himself were coming—for I firmly believed, dear master, that God sent you to me.

Mr. Jones praised Henry's behaviour, and assured him that an ardent prayer was the best means to procure us comfort in trouble, and courage in danger. He added, that as soon as a man prayed to God, he must think of Him, and when he thought that he had such a good Master—such a tender Father, he would be brought into such a frame of mind as not to fear any thing. For when we resign ourselves entirely to God's pleasure, not presuming to point out, in the slightest way, what He should do with us, but firmly rely on Him, who made us, He will at all times provide what is best for us. This I have very often experienced, added he, and prayer
has

has frequently comforted me when in the deepest affliction.

During this conversation, the boat had crossed the water. Mr. Jones paid the waterman very generously, and took Henry with him home. A tumult of joy rose in the house when he appeared. They brought him into a warm bed-chamber, and Mrs. Jones ran herself to bring him some broth. The servants gave him dry clothes; and the children seated themselves by him, and begged him to tell them what he had related to their father.

CHAPTER XLV.

AT the end of two days, the water returned back into its channel. The third day a strong wind blew, which dried the earth so quickly, that on the fourth Mr. Jones could take his children into the garden; but there they only saw a desolate waste, the water had carried away all the low plants and good ground, and left a quantity of rubbish and sand behind: some trees were torn up by the roots, and many that were nailed to the wall were broken down: the summer-

mer-house was very much injured, not only by the water, but by a part of the beautiful bridge, which the flood had driven against it. Wherever they looked they saw marks of devastation. They children began to lament and complain of the injury which the flood had occasioned. Mr. Jones also looked very much disturbed, and said, *see, children, how powerful God is!* I have now for five years had this garden cultivated—I have laid out more than four hundred pounds on it—Many men have been employed, from morning till evening, to embellish it—And this bridge, which has been, you see, washed away, cost ten thousand pounds, and more than a hundred men have laboured at it. All this, in less than two days, has God levelled with the ground. What, in this great country, has been brought to some degree of perfection, by thousands of men, in a course of years, He has in a moment, as it were, destroyed. And do you know by what means He has done all this? By simple flakes of snow, which He made fall from the clouds, and afterwards become water. What He will, He can do! He has not only the flakes of snow under His command; but all that the universe contains must do His will. With the smallest things He can produce the greatest effects. What, in comparison with a man, is a caterpillar? nevertheless, when He causes these insects to multiply abundantly, He can, by their means, destroy the trees of a whole country. What is smaller than a drop of blood? yet, when

it does not circulate through my body, but becomes corrupt, it will soon kill me. A single spark of fire, if it fell into combustible matter, in a few hours might burn our whole city to ashes; but all these things are under the direction of God; for by those same rays of the sun, by those same drops of water which fall from the clouds, He can in a short time produce such an immense quantity of vegetables, fruits and grain, that millions of men and animals are supported by them, without consuming all. My dear children, the God who can do all these things is your father and friend, and as long as you act properly, He will never employ His power, but to do you good;—you may live safely under His wing, if you avoid evil.

But, dear father, said Mary, I am not a wicked child; why has the good God destroyed my auriculas? and you, who are such a good father, why has He laid your garden waste?

You believe that I am a good father, answered Mr. Jones, nevertheless I do many things which you do not like. I often do not let you go into company, where you desire to be—I have often taken from you playthings, which gave you pleasure. You do not always know why, yet you think me a good father. It is the same with God; He does many things which you do not like, but He is as far from designing to injure you as I am, when I sometimes take away your playthings.

Good

Good morning, Mr. Jones, good morning; good morning, my dear children, cried a voice, suddenly; they turned quickly round, and saw—yes, they saw their old friend the Curate. Mr. Jones caught one hand, the children the other.

Oh, said the Curate, your garden presents a very melancholy prospect, but mine is still worse. My poor garden is quite destroyed,—my trees torn up,—my wall thrown down,—and the whole surface covered with sand and stones.

Have your apples also suffered? asked Charles.

Undoubtedly, replied the Curate.

Mr. Jones heartily pitied this good man; because he must far more sensibly feel his loss, since he was not rich, and could not easily spare the money necessary to rebuild his wall, and clear the rubbish out of his garden. He took him by the hand, and requested him to walk with him into his room, where they could converse more freely about this disaster.

As soon as they had seated themselves, the Curate said, My dear friend, I will in a few words tell you why I am now come; I want some money. If I wish not to see my garden a waste the whole year; if I expect to see nourishment for my wife and children again growing in it, it is absolutely necessary that I have it cleared away this week, and the wall rebuilt, else the season will be past, and I shall not be able either to sow or plant in time: however, I have not so much money before hand; I shall want at least twenty pounds: Will you lend me that sum?

How

How can you doubt it, dear friend, replied Mr. Jones; if you want a hundred, you shall have it. For this purpose has God especially given me money, that I should be able to help others. But continued Mr. Jones, how happens it that you are so chearful, after having sustained such a great loss? you seem as contented as if every thing had gone well.

And why should I be troubled? answered the Curate. Do I not assuredly know by whom my garden has been destroyed—God has done it; and when I know that He is goodness itself, can I believe that He meant to do me any harm? Through my whole life have I experienced that He cares for me, that He turns all evil from me, and so directs all the disappointments which I have to struggle with, that in the end they will be useful to me.

When I was a boy I once wished to cut a branch off a willow which hung over a stream, but I went so carelessly to work that I fell into it. The current carried me along—I saw the bank once again, and thought it was the last time that I should ever see it. But God was there, and rescued me by means of a beggar, who sat on the bank mending his tattered clothes. He quickly drew me out of the water—out of the jaws of death.

In my eighteenth year I had such a severe tooth-ache, that I was quite weary of my life, and, God forgive me for it! I almost mistrusted Him; but through this violent pain, God brought me
so

so to Himself, that I turned to Him, and learned to pray; and my prayer so calmed my mind, that I patiently endured the most excruciating anguish, till a friend pointed out a remedy. And how many times have I not since thanked God that He let me suffer; else I should never have prayed so heartily, nor have known the advantage of prayer.

When I was at the university, I had a burning fever, which tormented me during some weeks, and wasted all my strength; but when I again recovered, I remarked that this illness was sent me as a blessing from a gracious God; for I had always before been rather sickly, but this violent disorder purified my blood, and I found myself in better health than I had ever enjoyed.

When I came back from the University, I found in my neighbourhood an enemy, who said the most shameful things of me, behind my back, and even tried to exasperate the Rector against me, assuring him that I was a very ignorant, disorderly man. By these lies he drew his attention on me, so that he observed all my actions; and when he found that I was a good and orderly man, he gave me the curacy I now have. Thus God directed things in such a manner, that my enemy's malice contributed to my benefit.

In this curacy I had, indeed, at first, much care; my little income was not sufficient for the expences which I thought necessary; but I always hoped that God would point out a method for me to get rid of these gnawing cares. My hope
did

did not deceive me. I found in my old farmer a deliverer. He gave me such wise advice, that through it I was drawn out of all my distress.

What I last year endured with my sick family, you know already; and how much we may all learn from the chamber of sickness, you also know. If I then have so long experienced the goodness of God, and so clearly perceive that he has ordered all my distresses for my good, why should I not believe that He will do so still? *I have no care, for God cares for me.*

CHAPTER XLVI.

NOW they were called to dinner, and the Curate was not a little surprised at not finding Mrs. Jones there. He immediately enquired after the cause of her absence, and was informed that she had caught cold the day before, and found herself so unwell in the morning, that she was obliged to keep her bed. The Curate was very sorry; but, during the meal, he tried to calm Mr. Jones's fears, and assured him, that if he would be attentive, he would certainly experience that this sickness also would lead to some good, since

since every thing God sends us was good, however bitter it might appear to us. Scarcely was the meal finished, when he began to prepare for his departure, and would not let himself be detained by Mr. Jones's very pressing entreaties. Mr. Jones then counted out forty pounds; but he would not take more than twenty, because, he said, more was not necessary. In taking leave, he wished once more that Mr. Jones's dear wife's indisposition might only tend to make him better acquainted with the goodness of God. x

Scarcely was he gone, when Mr. Jones flew to his wife's bed-side. He found her worse than he had supposed—her pulse beat very irregularly, and she complained of a pain in her head and violent thirst. If Mr. Jones had not cherished the comfortable reflection, that all is good which a gracious God sends, this sight would quite have overcome him; but he recollected himself, and thought, Merciful God! my wife is in Thy hands—what Thou hast determined will certainly happen—and nothing hurtful will Thou do to me!

He then sent immediately for a Physician, who gave him very little comfort; for going away, he said, dear Sir, do not regard your wife's illness as a slight one—she will require a great deal of our care. On hearing these words, Mr. Jones had need of all his fortitude, for his wife was inexpressibly dear to him, and every pang which she endured he felt as severely as if he had been attacked by it himself.

The

The following night was a dreadful one; the poor patient never closed her eyes—she groaned and was restless; and her pangs were sometimes so violent, that she grew delirious, and would get out of bed to go and see Mrs. Sandford. Mr. Jones never left her bed-side, and tried, in the most persuasive accents, to compose her. In the morning she was a little better, but felt herself extremely weak. The two following nights were spent in the same distressing manner, and the day after she was so exhausted that she could scarcely speak a word.

The fourth day, when the Physician visited her, she said to him, with a trembling voice, dear Sir, I have a request to make to you; tell me sincerely, do you believe that I shall die?—I fear not death! The doctor was silent, and shrugged up his shoulders. You think that I shall die? said she. Well—I am prepared—Thy will, Oh my God, be done! She then made signs to the Physician to leave her, and let her husband and children draw near.

They came, with eyes swimming in tears, trying to restrain their sobs, and hiding their faces with their handkerchiefs. Weep not, my loves, said she; do not disturb my last earnest prayer!

Then she collected all her strength—folded her hands together—raised her eyes to Heaven, and prayed aloud: Gracious God! I thank Thee, for all the goodness Thou hast shewn me in this life—for every pleasure Thou hast granted me—
for

for all the discipline Thou hast imposed on me. Now thou callest me to Thyself—here I am, my God,—confiding in thy love, I come to thee—be gracious to me, Oh! my Father, be my husband's and children's Father.

She was interrupted, because her husband and children now wept so loud that her weak voice could no more be heard.

But she soon made a fresh effort—turned herself to her husband, and said, I thank you, I thank you, dear husband, for all the love and esteem which you have shewn me ever since our marriage. God reward thy love! God bless thee! Farewell——

He fell upon her neck, and almost stifled her with kisses and tears; and the children cried, Oh, dear mother, do not die! mother! dear mother! Ah, mother, do not leave us!

She slipped out of her husband's arms, and said, I shall not die, dear children! I only lay aside this body, as doth the butterfly the hull in which it was inclosed. *The spirit is immortal, and goes to God*, to whom we must all go, and He will reward each accordingly as they have acted in this life; the wicked He will punish—the good place in a better situation, and reward them. Be good, dear children—obey your tender father—offend no one—be affectionate to all men—think at all times that God sees you, He, to whom I, your mother, am now going; so shall we soon in a better world all meet together, and live in eternal happiness. God be merciful

to

to me! Pardon my faults! I——fall——into Thy arms—Oh Thou great Father of us all!—— Here she lost her voice, and sunk motionless on her pillow.

With much difficulty Mr. Jones brought her so far to herself, that she again opened her eyes—but she could speak no more. Her eyes were fixed on her husband and children, and she exerted all her strength, still to shew them, by signs, how much she loved them. Her heart began to beat more violently—she had a rattling in her throat—her limbs were motionless, and a cold sweat was spreading over her whole body. In this condition she laid two hours—Then her spirit departed.

It is impossible to describe the lamentations which her death caused. Husband and children, Mr. Noel and the clerks, men and maids, all wept bitterly, and exclaimed,—Ah, the best of wives! the good mother! our kind mistress, have we lost you! how sad will the house be when you are no more there! Oh mistress! mother!

The following day her corpse was laid in the coffin in which she was to be buried. Then the lamentations grew still louder. As soon as the news was spread over the city that Mrs. Jones was departed out of the world, a number of poor collected themselves from every corner, to see her corpse. And when they saw her, lamented over her—My benefactress—My more than mother!—My support when I had no one to help

help me!—Best of women! best of women! echoed through the whole house. A woman rushed through the croud, and seized her cold hand. God, God bless you! dear woman, for all the good you have done to me. You brought me up, a poor orphan—I could not reward thee but God, with whom thou now art, He will reward thee; and when I come to the judgment seat of God, I will tell how thou didst educate a helpless child;—He alone can bless thee as thou deservest to be blessed.

Afterwards the body was carried to the grave: a great crowd of people followed the funeral, and as they followed, resounded her praise.

When Mr. Jones returned from the funeral, he sunk almost lifeless on a sofa, and his children ran mournfully to him. Dear children, said he to them, the greatest comfort I had in this world God has taken from me. Your dear mother He has called to Himself, to reward her for all the love she has shewn us, and such a number of poor people. Now, there is nothing so dear to me in the world as you. If you should become wicked, I shall not long remain in this world—grief would soon bring me also to the grave. But if you continue to be good, obedient, industrious children, and attend to truth, I shall still find some comfort even after the loss of your mother.

The children kissed his hands,—bathed them with their tears, and promised him, that they would implicitly obey his will.

They kept their word. They grew up; and Mary became a benevolent, sincere, and complaisant, as her mother had been; and those who knew her mother, used to say, this is another Mrs. Jones. And Charles became a worthy man, who by his activity and benevolence gained the affection and respect of all his friends and acquaintances.

For a long time Mr. Jones saw in the conduct of his children the fruits of the good lessons which he and his wife had given them; and though in the following years he considerably increased his fortune, yet he was still more and more convinced, that among all his treasures, he found nothing that afforded him so much pleasure as the gratitude of his children. *And their good behaviour in his old age rewarded him for the pains which their education had cost him.*



FINIS.

